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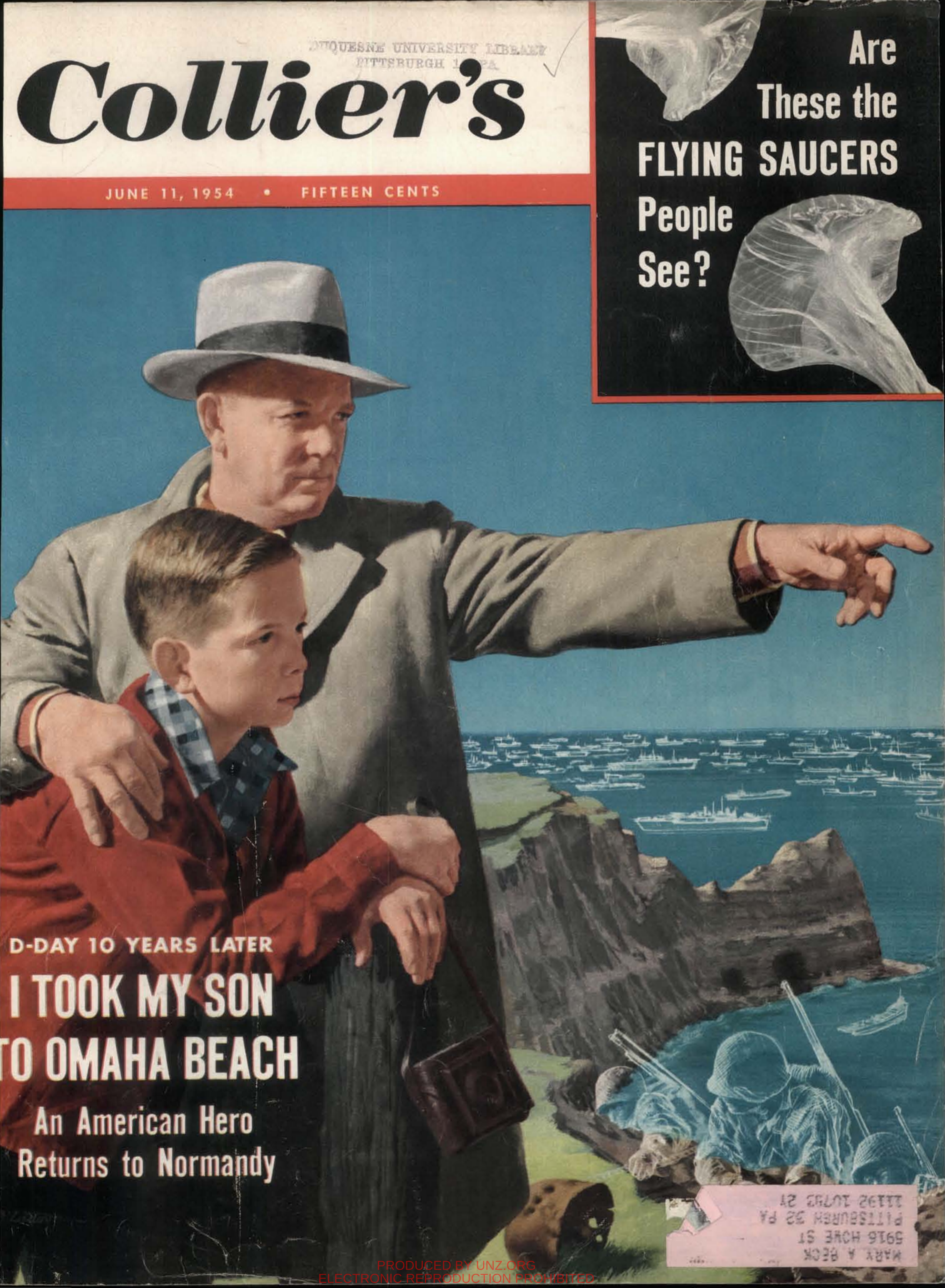

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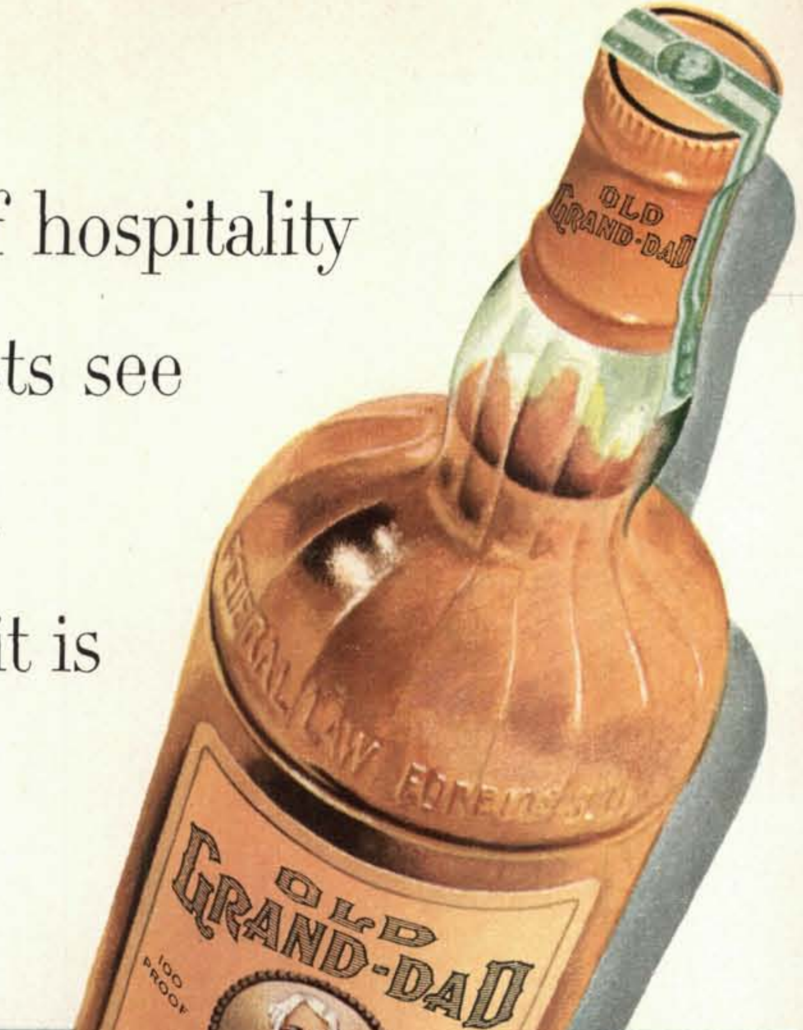
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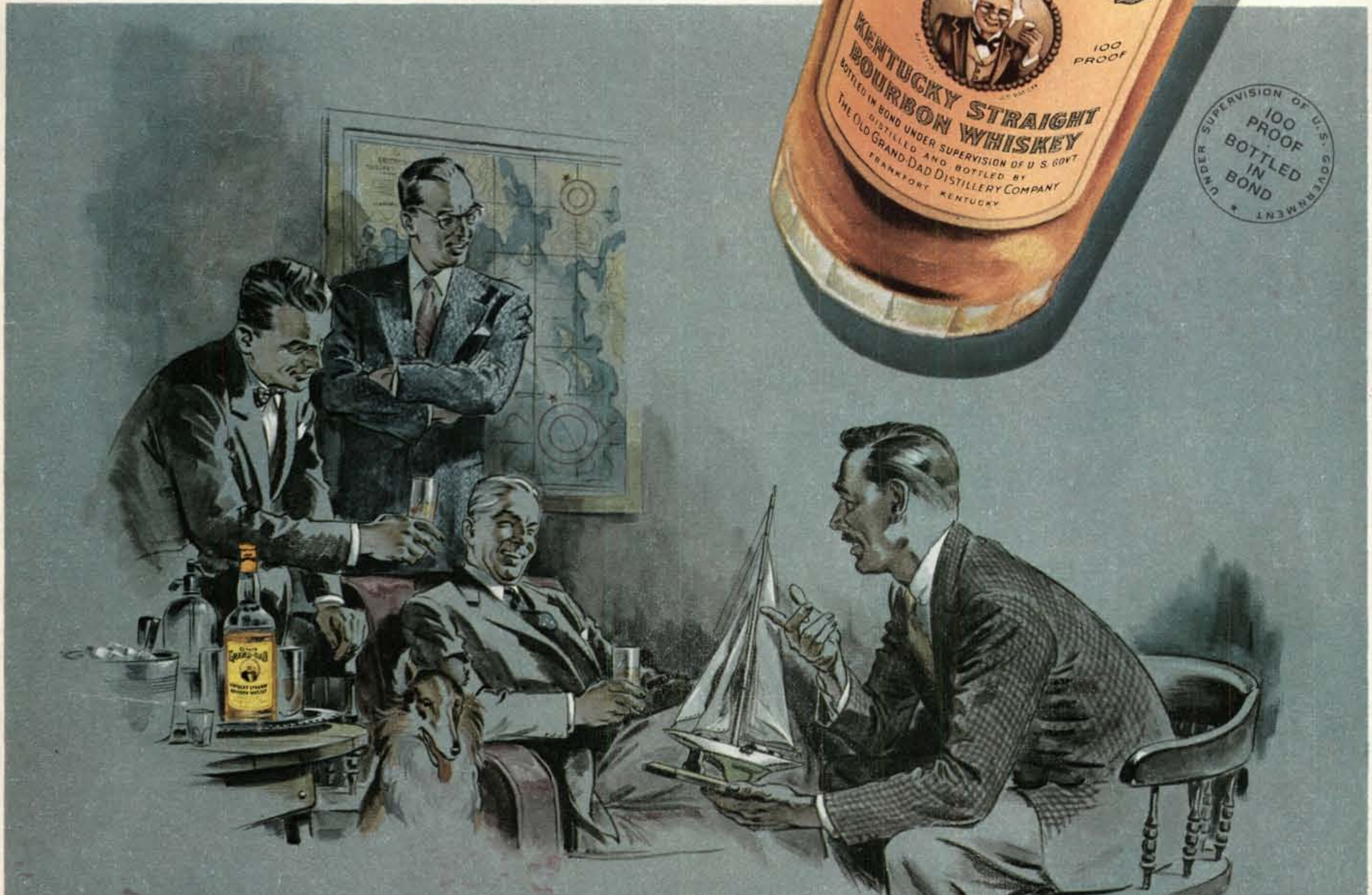
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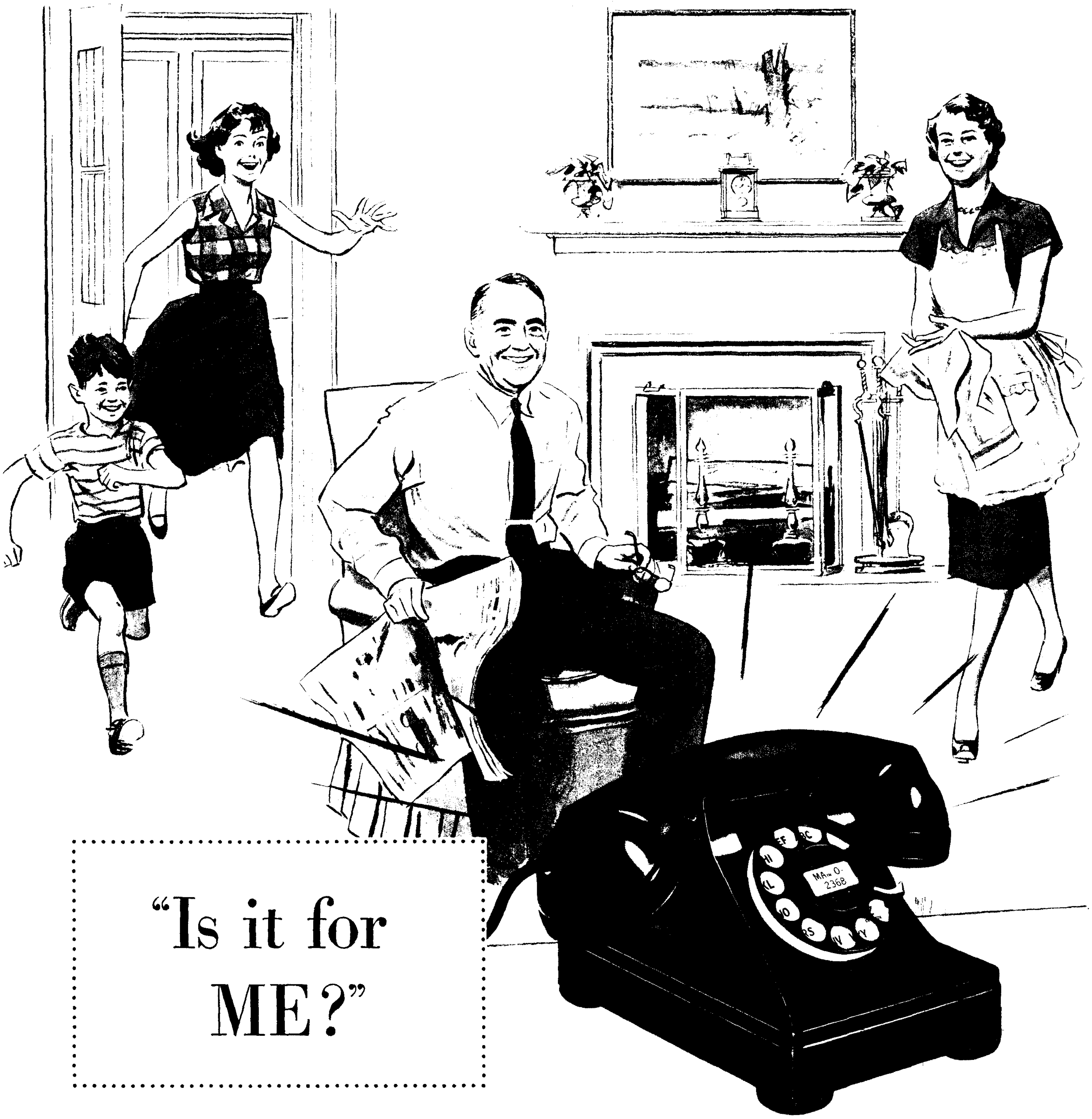

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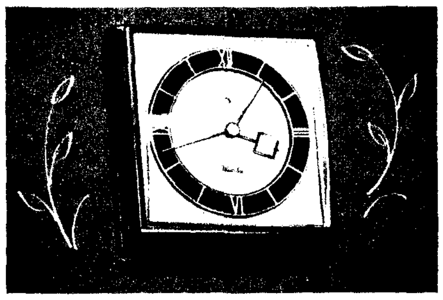

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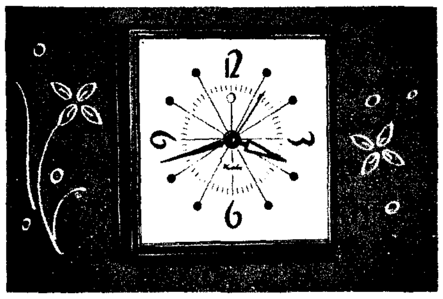

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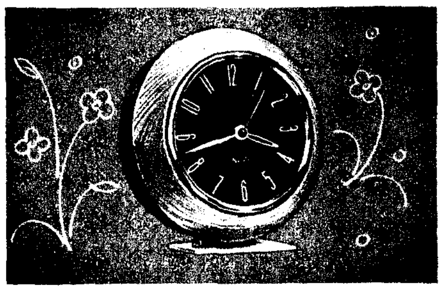

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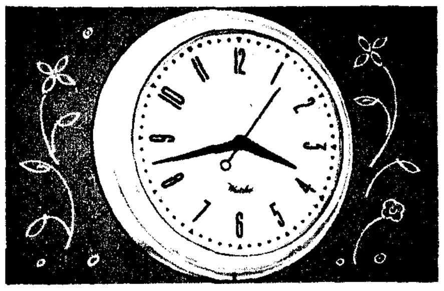

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JUNE 11, 1954

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Colonel James E. Rudder and his young son, James, Jr., stand atop the cliffs of Pointe du Hoe, in Normandy, where, ten years ago, the father led a Ranger attack as part of the D-day landings. The story of the recent visit to France by the Rudders, father and son, is told by W. C. Heinz on page 21

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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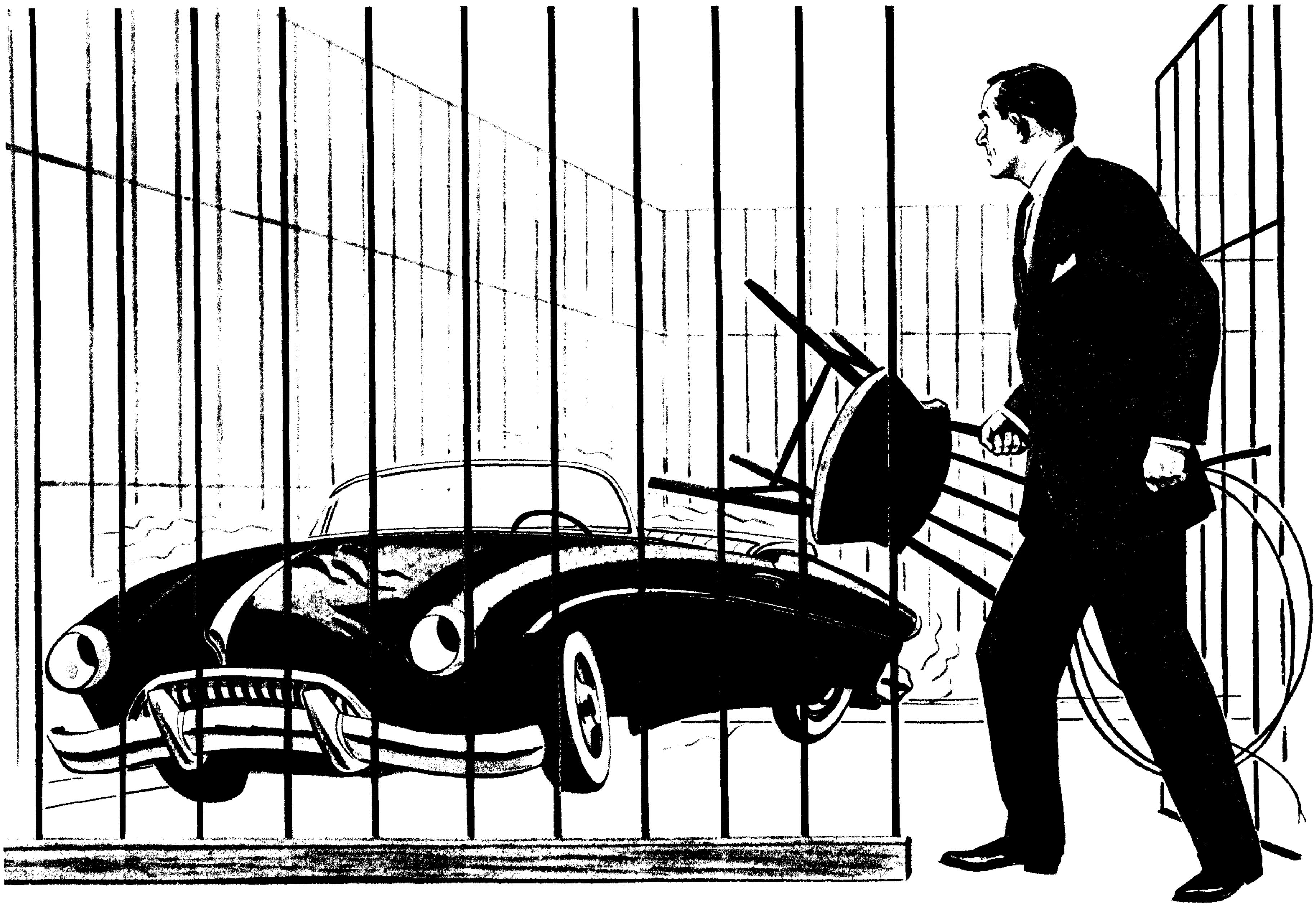

Are you the master of your car?

MOTORING is a favorite pastime for millions of Americans . . . especially during summer when the countryside is so inviting. However, since traffic is heaviest during summertime, long vacation trips . . . or short weekend drives . . . can be hazardous.

Safety authorities say that motoring can be safer and more pleasant and relaxing if all drivers learn to keep their cars under control in varying road, weather and traffic conditions.

No driver should ever "take the wheel" when preoccupied, confused or fatigued. When perception is dimmed, no one can be sure he can control his car. If you are planning a long vacation tour, it is wise to keep the following facts in mind for your own safety and that of others.

The majority of accidents due to fatigue occur after long periods of driving. If long distances must be traveled in a day's time, pace yourself to avoid getting tired. If you do feel tired, pull off the road and take a short nap.

The competent driver always keeps control of his car by traveling at safe speeds. The rate of speed is still the greatest single factor in automobile accidents. In fact, if existing speed laws in every state were rigidly observed and enforced, many thousands of lives could be saved every year.

For safer summer driving, here are other precautions to take:

1. **Follow other cars** at a safe distance. This distance, of course, should be increased at night or when the weather is bad.

2. **Always be alert** for what other drivers may do, and try to anticipate their possible mistakes.

3. **Keep a sharp lookout** for pedestrians, especially at night and when passing through congested areas.

4. **Have your car regularly and thoroughly checked** by a competent mechanic, especially before taking a long trip.

If you are a relaxed and alert driver, and observe all traffic and safety regulations, summer motoring can be fun.

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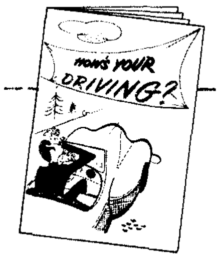
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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

IF YOU have been diligent you are aware that this reporter was in Hollywood a little while ago, collecting material. I never yet have heard a good reporter or even a good novelist say he was collecting, or getting, material, but on the other hand I never have heard the layman say anything else, so—I was collecting material, layman.

I am a great believer in the significance of the insignificant, which is why I attach importance to slang. Wherever I went in Hollywood, socially or professionally, movie studios or TV, the inmates managed to utter the words *goofed, bit* and *boo-boo.* I'm sure you know what the words mean: *goofed* is a word at least 10 years in circulation that has the same meaning as *loused up. Bit* is not 12½ cents, as in two bits; it doesn't mean anything really. You just tack it on, like "I goofed the screen-test bit" means that you have loused up, or blown, your screen test. *Boo-boo,* of course, is the same as *faux pas* or *malapropism.* It makes me feel like goofing the cooky bit to hear a grown man or woman say, "I made a boo-boo." There used to be a Philadelphia citizen named Max Boo-Boo Hoff who must be writhing in his crypt if he hears his name used as baby talk. Well, anyway, of the three terms I heard most in Hollywood, two are used only in describing major or minor disaster. If you have goofed or made a boo-boo (you big slob), you have done a bad thing *and you are telling about it.*

See what I am aiming at? They've moved to a self-castigating phase. Seven years ago, on my last visit, they were all saying that poor So-and-so was "all mixed up," but they always said it about someone else. Now they're talking about themselves and I suspect they're goofing the analyst bit.

Twenty years ago, when I first went out there, they were all saying things were "swell."

* * *

I IMAGINE YOU were as pleased as I was to learn, a year or two ago, that those think machines at Harvard, MIT and the University of Pennsylvania—the ones that can multiply 45,666,896,073½ by 12,465,890,776¼ and get the answer right away—sometimes have nervous breakdowns. As I understand it, the machines just suddenly can't even add two and two (four) and, in effect, burst into cybernetic tears, exhibit the signs of a cybernetic-duodenal ulcer, and in other ways display human frailties.

There was the incident last year where a woman's face apparently could not be switched off a TV screen. (Did that turn out to be a press-agent stunt?) Then there was the woman in Newark, New Jersey, who kept getting WOR programs in her bicuspids (Ethel Merman played that part in a musical comedy).

These observations are inspired by the fact that when I turn off the radio in my car or the one in this room, the program continues. Not for long, but long enough.

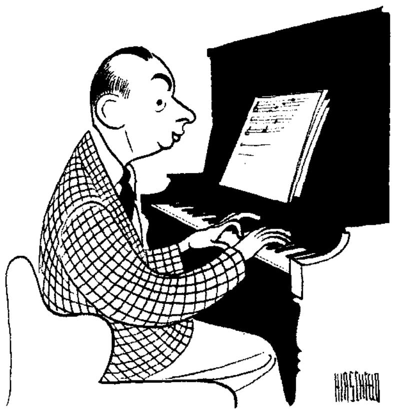
The complicated calculator cracks up. The Newark woman is tuned in on The McCanns at Home, whether she likes it or not. And I can't thumb out the tag-end commercial. That makes the present score 2 to 1 in favor of The Machine. Not a healthy situation at all. When I give the button to Tex McCrary, I want him to go away, quick.

* * *

ONE OF these days I am going to do something I've been planning to do for a long time: I'm going to look up Rube Bloom.

Rube Bloom may be best known as the composer of Song of the Bayou. But he is better fixed in my book as the man who wrote Serenata, Soliloquy and Sapphire. Like the late Colonel E. R. Bradley, who gave all—or almost all—Bradley horses names beginning with the letter B (I seem to recall there were a few exceptions), Rube Bloom went through an S-phase. His S tunes, which I have mentioned, were the songs that always seemed to be in progress when you entered a high-class speak-easy before the big afternoon or evening rush. They were delicate, imaginative, humorous and unique. They were strictly piano-solo pieces, no lyrics. Of course they were played by bands, too, usually small comboes like Hale (Pee-Wee) Byers, but they got their best presentation in softly lighted hideaways where a planter's punch was two dollars a throw. If the movies ever do a good picture about the speak-easy era, Bloom is the man for the music.

AL HIRSCHFELD



For a time all composer Bloom's titles began with the letter S

* * *

IT TAKES a lot to surprise me and it would not surprise me at all if the new movie, Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, based on the old novel Robinson Crusoe, comes in for some discussion among the high-brow critics, of whom I am one when it suits me. I do not now hesitate to call this United Artists release an artistic work for its direction by Luis Bunuel, for its photography by Alex Phillips, for the unobtrusive musical score by Anthony Collins and, with some reservations, the acting of Dan O'Herlihy as Crusoe and James Fernandez as Friday. I qualify my endorsement of the acting; perhaps I ought to qualify my praise of the direction too.

This is a picture in which you have a hard time deciding how much candy to give the director and how much the script, and not only because the script was, in this case, written by one Phillip Roll and Director Bunuel.

The essentials of the early story are there. Crusoe is shipwrecked, drags ashore the raftload of flint and rum and carpentering tools, builds himself his little outpost of empire, suffers loneliness and malaria, and has his life with Friday. They have altered at least my impression of Friday, whom I always thought of as a heavyweight. In this version he is at most a welter, making him, you might say, Welter Winchell's man Friday, not mine. Moreover, James Fernandez, as made up by the Tepeyac Production make-up department, could just as easily, or possibly more easily, have been made up to play a Girl Friday. Thus certain questions are raised that I don't suppose I had better go into, but which must have occurred to the director when Friday put on a woman's dress.

The early years of Mr. Crusoe's island life are described pictorially and by the narrating voice and are skipped over too quickly for me. I'd like to have seen more actual carpentry and solving of engineering and logistical problems, but otherwise it is a satisfactory film. You may not enjoy the rather realistic human barbecue scenes, but then again you may. As the French so aptly put it (don't the French put everything aptly?): *Chacun à son goût.* ▲▲▲

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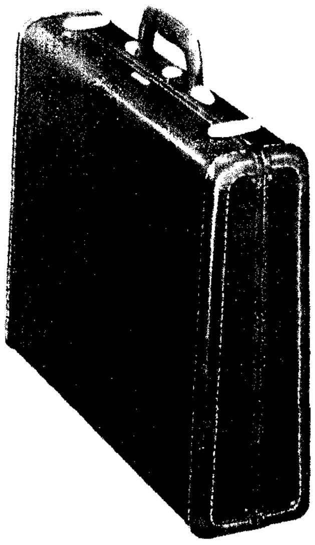

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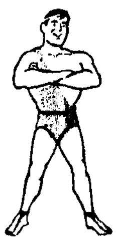

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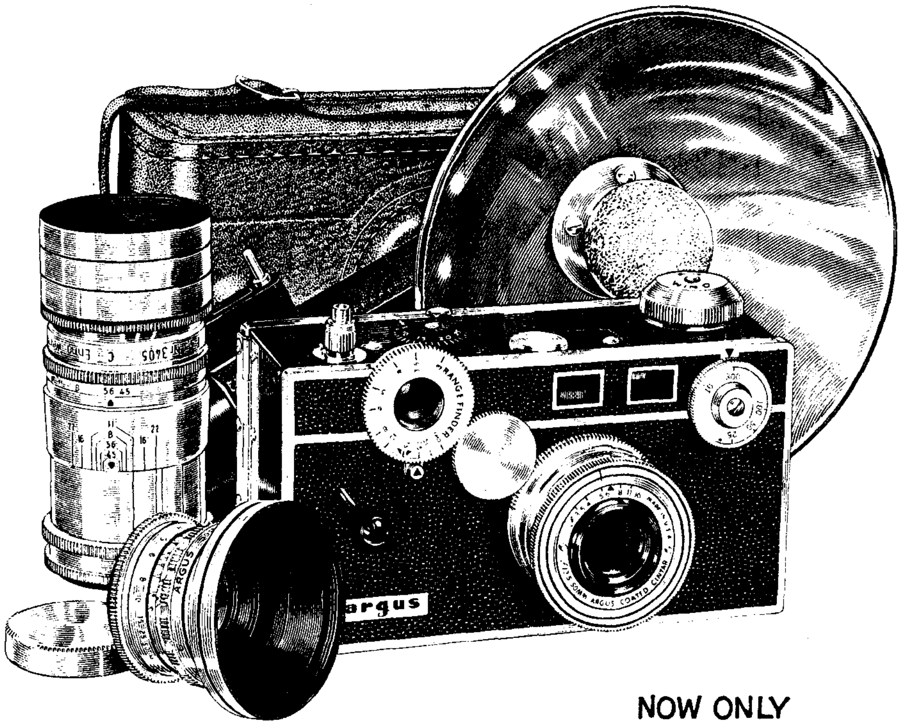

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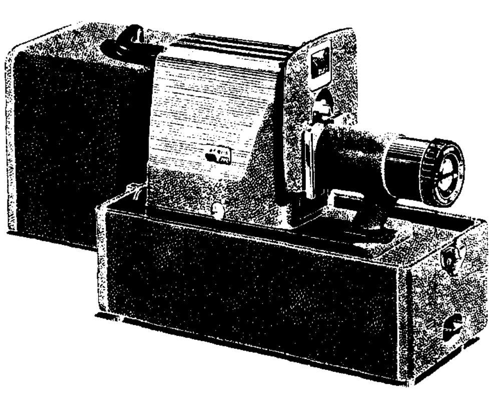

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Great Falls, Montana, wishes it understood that her heart goes out to the Korean kids who need clothes. But, she says, she will be glad to take anyone to see the plight of a lot of Blackfoot Indian youngsters, living near her home town, who haven't been to school all year because they lack clothing. She hopes this will not classify her as an isolationist.

* * *

A new and startling state of mind is reported by a St. Louis, Missouri, salesman. Motorists are absent-mindedly throwing away their cigarette lighters—the ones on the instrument panels of their cars. Drivers light up, then flip the lighters out the window. He has counted eighteen of them in a month. This proves, he adds, that people are in a very disturbed state of mind.

* * *

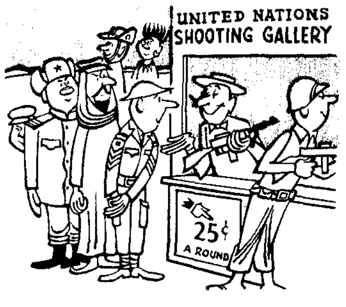
We've just read a pamphlet written by a Chicago pediatrician. Sent to us by Mrs. Lila Cohen, who marks a paragraph and asks us whether we don't think it amazing how child psychologists figure things out. The doctor says flatly that boys and girls who persist in breaking the law are more likely to be a problem than those who don't.

* * *

In Multnomah County, Oregon, there are no fewer than 30 different, independent law-enforcement agencies. This, according to Mr. Blake Yoakum, gives the populace a nice sense of security but leaves it hard pressed to furnish enough crooks to go round.

* * *

In St. Paul, while having his lunch, Mr. Clocker Brandson came to the conclusion that wars should be limited to two nations at a time—one on either side. Any other country insisting on getting into the fight should be charged a stiff admission fee per soldier by the United Nations. One of the virtues of this arrangement, says Mr. Brandson, is that the fight might then proceed on a pay-as-you-shoot basis. He has written to Mr. Dag Hammarskjold.

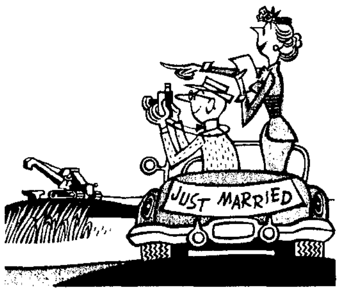


* * *

We pause to announce that this is positively the last word from old 48 about tender hams and hog scratches. First we said that a hog's left ham is the more tender because the creature always lies on his right side. Loud and general rural protests ensued. So we amended to report it's because he always scratches with his right hind leg, thus developing harder muscles on that side. From the Dakotas to Texas, from Virginia to California come louder jeers. They all want to know what the hog does if he itches on the left side. Let's say no more about it. Just remember: a ham is a ham is a ham.

* * *

It is Mr. Jeff Griffin's job to tell the other 47 about Oklahoma. He is public-relations man for the state's planning and resources board. His mail is heavy and varied. As an answer man he is versatile. There was that letter from a Nebraska lady who wanted to know "what a couple can do in Oklahoma on their honeymoon." Mr. Griffin promptly sent her all available information on the state's natural resources.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Cotton planters are finding that octamethylpyrophosphoramide is very effective in keeping aphids and mites away from the bolls. And it's so easy to say when asking your local dealer to send out a few bags.

* * *

From Osceola, Missouri, Mr. Will Clemens undertook a nostalgic pilgrimage to the small town where he was born. He arrived Sunday morning. The streets were deserted. Presently he found the town marshal, an elderly, laconic guardian, and asked him where everybody was. "Since you left," said he, "some's gone to heaven. Some's gone to the devil. Them that's left are over in the church preparin'."

* * *

Just as we think we have everything pretty much under control, someone comes along with something more to know less about. For example, we've been working on little old last year's theory that the world is only three billion years old. Now we're told it's more like six billion. This information comes from the Mount Palomar and Mount Wilson observatory boys in California, and we wish they'd mind their own business. ▲▲▲

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STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY
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NMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
Owensboro — Kentucky
4/5 QUART

Look at the label! If it reads *Distilled and Bottled by,* you know *who* made it, *where* it was made, and *who* bottled it. This phrase is on every Glenmore label.

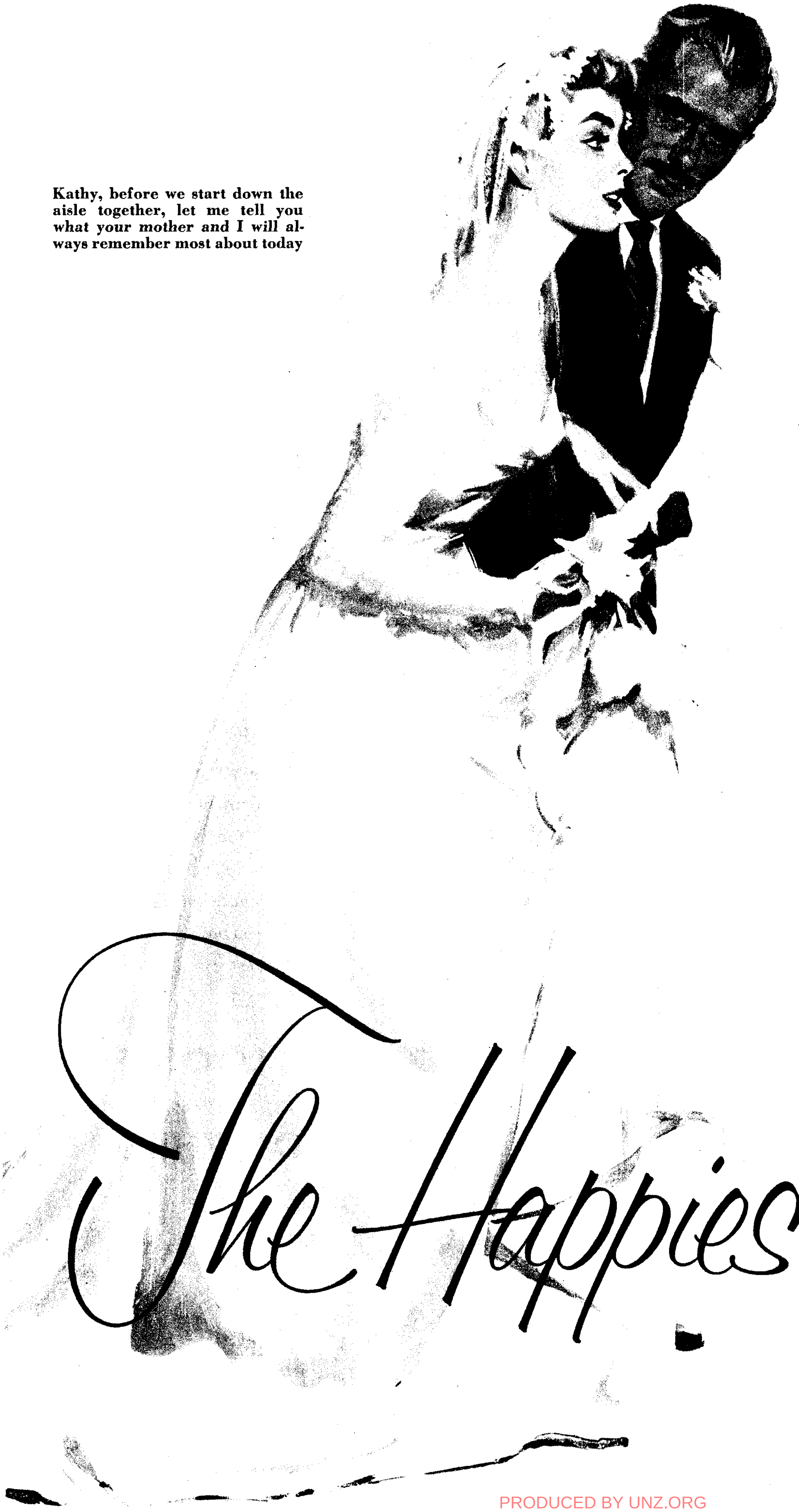
We do not use other whiskies to bottle under the proud Glenmore name. If we did, we could not say *Distilled and Bottled by.*

When you get Glenmore you get uniform high quality because Glenmore is distilled and bottled by us *only.* Look for the word Glenmore on the straight whiskey you buy and you'll be getting the best.

LOOK FOR
Distilled and Bottled by
ON THE LABEL

Available in
86 or 90 Proof

Every Drop Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
Owensboro, Kentucky



COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

The Happiest Day

By SHERMAN DIXON

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

Kathy, before we start down the aisle together, let me tell you what your mother and I will always remember most about today

IN ANOTHER hour, Kathy, it will all be over: the tears and the laughter, the frivolous fashions and the very solemn customs that are part of a wedding.

But now, in this moment before we start down the aisle together, let me look at you once more, while you are still just our daughter. You seem strange and unfamiliar in your white veil; you look so grown-up for eighteen—and, yes, at last, so sure.

To be honest, you're not the most beautiful bride I ever saw, Kathy. There is something different about you. It was always there. You always seemed, no matter how we tried, a little different from the children of other couples we knew here in Woodlake.

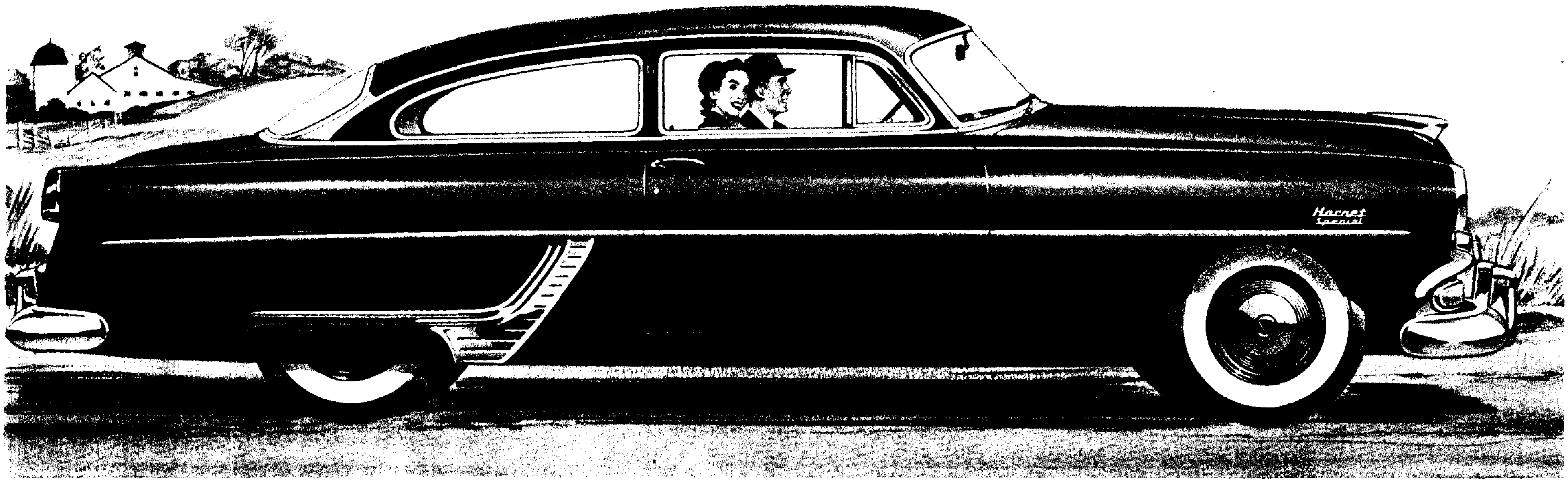
Your mother noticed that from the first. And I couldn't help seeing it too. It was in your laugh, which would start with such a merry ring and end with a note of uncertainty. It was in your eyes too, a look that would come and go. I remember it so well from that day the car broke down when your mother and I were out driving and we couldn't get to a telephone to let you know we were all right. Was it momentary panic, that look? Or was it some constant dread that followed you as inescapably as your own small shadow?

Most of all your mother and I saw that difference in the way you tried to make friends and hold onto them. It frightened us, Kathy. We cannot forget the day you followed that little girl home from school. Some of the children had been teasing you that afternoon, and you turned and ran down that road in back of the school—off into the country—until you caught up with the little girl from your class.

When the two of you arrived at the farm, the girl's parents didn't know who you were. They gave you an apple and a glass of milk, hoping you would be able to tell them who your parents were, or maybe your address. They said you began to cry after a while, and you told them you wanted your mother and father but you didn't know where they lived. So they took you into town to the police station, where we'd gone looking for you two hours before. I'll never forget how anxious I was when I gave a description of you to the police: red hair with just a little curl in it, quite a few freckles, small for seven. Wearing a blue linen dress, blue beret and a red sweater. And your eyes? When I tried, I couldn't describe the color. I could only think of that look you sometimes had, the look that must have been there when you ran away.

But it wasn't your mother's and my anxiety that

ANNOUNCING THE HUDSON HORNET SPECIAL WITH A NEW LOW PRICE



New Hornet Special Club Sedan. Also available in Four-Door Sedan and Club Coupe.

It's here—the magnificent new Hornet Special, built for those who want Hornet performance at a new low price! This great new car has full Hornet Instant Action Power. When you step on it at any point in the driving range, something happens—instantly!

The new Hornet Special is the same over-all size as the Hornet. It has the Hornet's beautiful Flight-Line styling, and luxury far beyond its price.

And it has a low center of gravity and a safe, geared-to-the-road ride—which result from Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design.

It has Hudson's rugged Monobilt body-and-frame*, with box-section steel girders completely surrounding the passenger compartment. No car built is safer than a Hudson!

The new Hornet Special has the *lowest price tag anywhere* for such performance, such luxury, and such an array of important features. See your nearby Hudson dealer. He's ready now to show you this great new value.

*Trademark. Patented.

Power Steering, Power Brakes, Fully Automatic Drives are optional at extra cost.

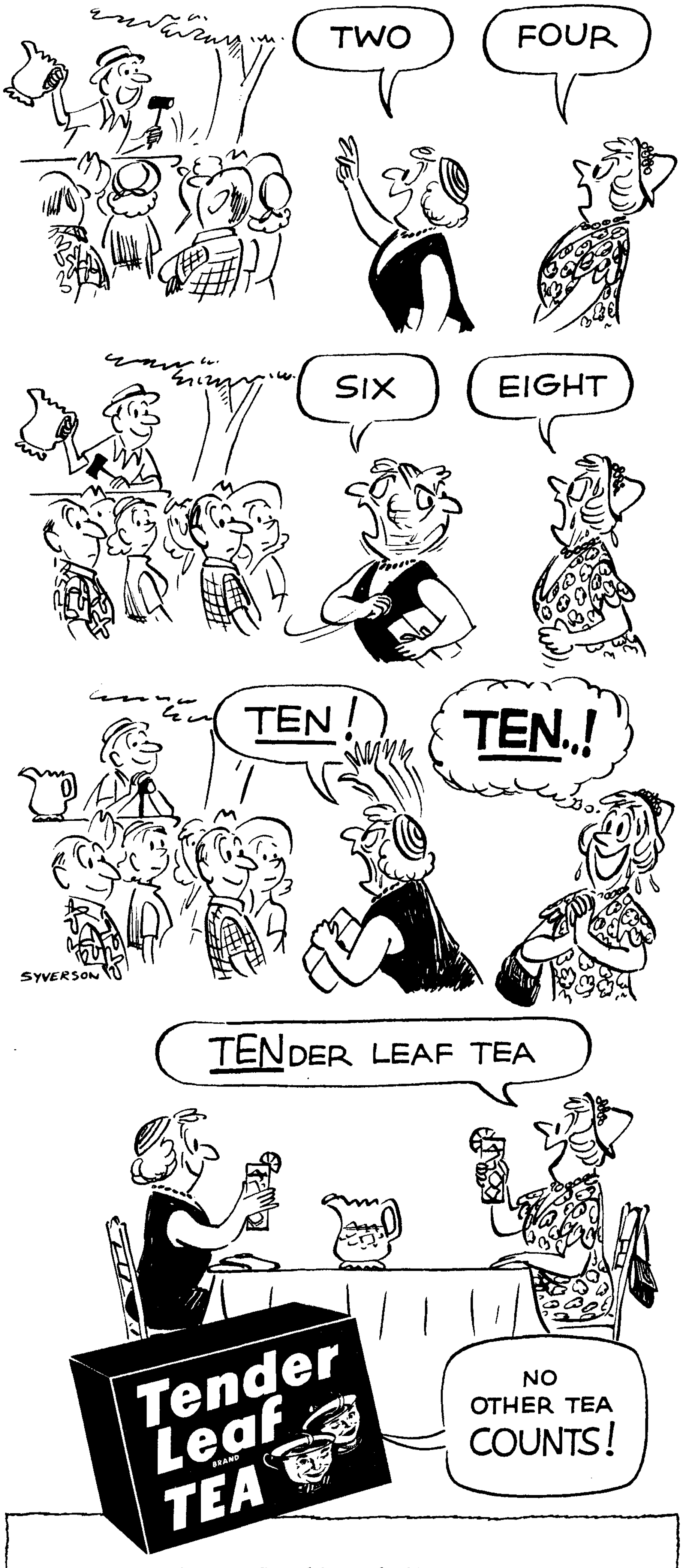
HUDSON

The HORNETS
in the medium price field

The WASPS
in the low-medium price field

The *JETS*
at prices starting with the lowest

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.



Yes, here's *iced tea*—so flavorful, so refreshing, so wonderfully satisfying—you'll never switch brands again! It's the new leaf, the young leaf, the *flavor* leaf that does it. Pick the Bright Red Box with the Smiling Cups—*Tender Leaf Brand Tea.* Loose or in tea bags—it makes the *richest* iced tea you ever tasted!

I remember most clearly, Kathy. It was something else. It was what you said when your mother and I came to get you. Your mother was so weak and pale from fright she could scarcely stand and I—well, I didn't feel too steady myself. We asked you why you had run away, but you wouldn't answer us at first. Then you said you had been looking for something. We asked you what you were looking for, but you wouldn't answer that, Kathy. You only stared at us, your mother and me, with that unreadable expression, and you said you'd come home now and you'd try not to run away again.

I remember how the policemen looked at you, and one of them said, "She's smart, that little one. We've been talking to her and she's got a lot of ideas of her own. She'll get what she wants in life."

I guess, Kathy, if your mother and I could have one wish in the whole world, that would be it: for you to have what you want most.

Maybe we've spoiled you. How can any parent know whether he has done that? I remember the first time your mother held you—a small, vociferously angry little person. You were never a pretty baby, but your mother didn't know that. She simply looked down at you and hugged you, and she kept saying over and over, "It's just that we've waited so long—that's why I'm so happy." There were tears in her eyes and I thought then that she would probably spoil you. I guess I thought that she wanted you too much. Do you think that's possible, Kathy, for a mother to want a child like you too much? To you, that must seem a funny question, I know. But I used to wake up in the night and think about it. Suppose something happens to Kathy, I'd think. Would her mother want to go on living? But I never had to answer that question, thank God.

THERE must have been some abiding power that looked down on your mother and me, softening the blows and easing the kind of heartaches all parents have at one time or another. It was a power that watched out for you, Kathy, and kept you safe on your roller skates, when you were crossing streets to school or when you were running away. And it was taking care of you that day at the lake, Kathy, when you swam out too far and I got to you just in time.

You had a talent for risking your life. Once your mother was so desperate she said she thought you did it on purpose. She used some complicated psychiatric term that I don't quite remember, but I laughed her out of the notion.

I watched you a little more closely after that, though, to see if you ran in front of cars more than other children, if you risked your life at the lake. And what I saw didn't make me happy, Kathy, because your mother was right. The same quality that showed in your eyes was there in you. It was a wild risky panicked something that hung over you like an unseen threat, until just a year ago.

When did I first notice that you had begun to change? Well, I think it was right after you met Ben Summers, Kathy. I remember the two of you, coming home from a swim at the lake one day, in Ben's blue convertible. Your mother and I were planting fall bulbs around the front of the house. I heard Ben's car stop and then he sai something and you laughed. There wa something different about your laugh It was freer than it had even been i the past, and less uncertain. Yo sounded as if you had found something that you didn't really believe existed before.

And when you and Ben came up t the house a little later, you had a lool in your eyes that matched that laugh Kathy. And you said to your mothe and me, right in front of Ben, in tha startling way of yours, "Well, I've tol Ben—everything." You laughed an put your hand in his and then you sai with an odd little catch in your voice "I've told him the worst and—well, i didn't scare him away at all."

I TURNED and looked at Ben Summers then. He was not an extraordinary boy at all, just a little more serious-looking than some of the othe young men here in town, a little steadier. He was a down-to-earth kind o boy who looked exactly like his father, whom I had known and respected eve since we were young men together. He was a nice earnest kid who didn't drive too recklessly and whose background was as solid as the earth under that house of theirs, which hasn't changed a gable or a window shutter in three generations.

I had never thought too much about the kind of man you would one day marry, Kathy. Like so many parents, it never seemed quite real to me that you would ever be old enough to marry—until that day when I looked at you standing there beside Ben, telling us the news that made you so happy, and that was the day I realized you were grown up. You were not grown up in any average sense; you were an adult who had passed through a childhood more perilous than your mother or I had ever wanted to realize. You had passed through shadowed dangers, and now you stood warmed by the steady light of a love that meant more to you—yes, I can safely say that—than love ever means to most persons, who take so much for granted and appreciate too little.

And so now, Kathy, before we start down the aisle together, before I give you to the man you have chosen with your ready young heart and your very sound young mind, let me tell you what your mother and I will always remember most about today. It was something you said to us not a half hour ago. Do you remember? "Someday," you said, "I'll have children of my own. And when I do, I'll ask only that I can give them the happiness you two have given me."

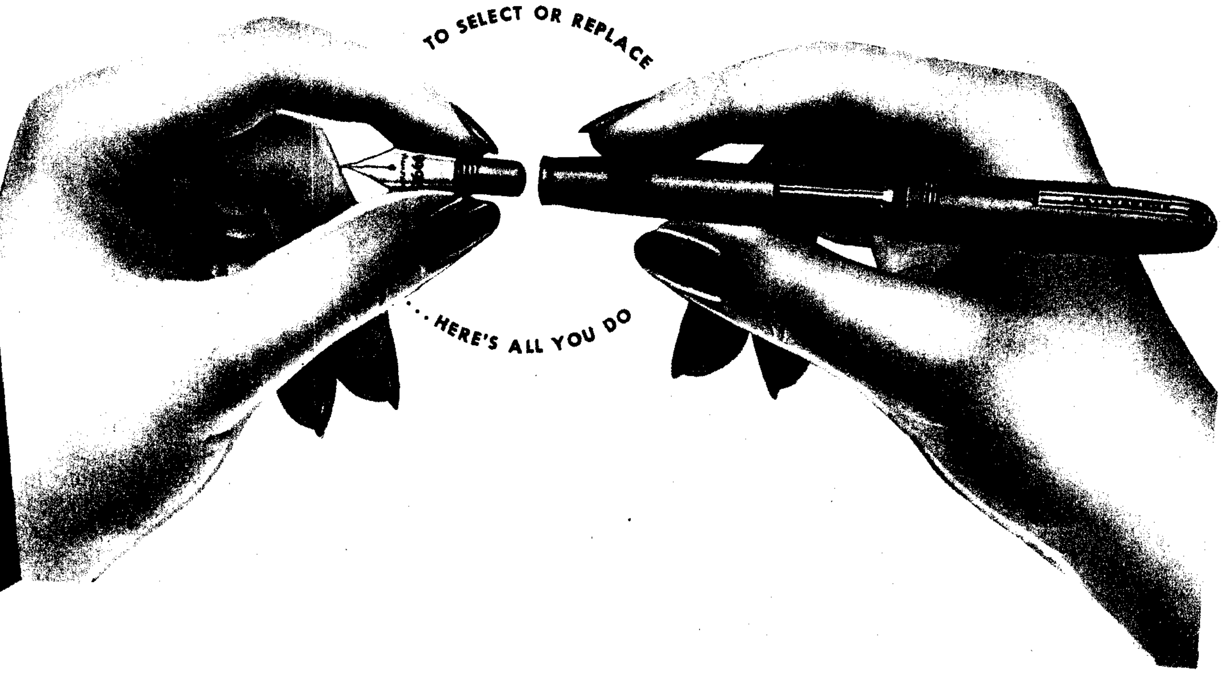
I saw that your mother turned away quickly, Kathy. There were tears in her eyes. Because, you see, we were never quite sure, the whole time you were growing up, whether or not we were really making you happy. We were never sure that you might feel you were missing or needing something that was beyond our power to give.

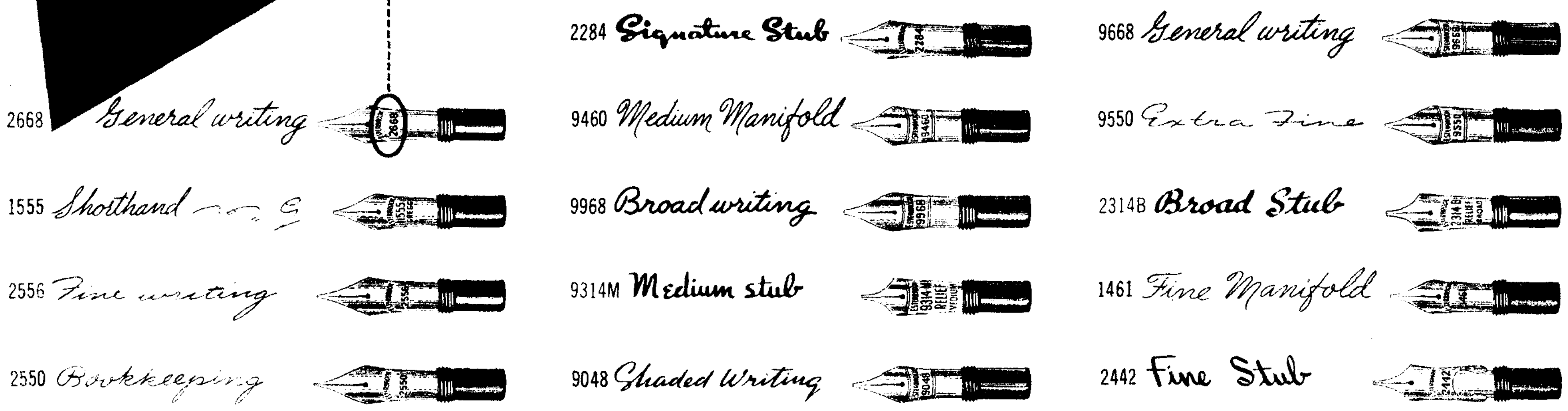
But the Wedding March is starting. Put your hand on my arm. You are about to leave us, Kathy, but your mother is happy—and so am I.

We've always wanted you to have a family of your own—your very own—ever since the day we adopted you from that home where no one could really say who your parents were.

—SHERMAN DIXON

Choose the right point for the way you write… by number





2668	General writing	2284	Signature Stub	9668	General writing
1555	Shorthand	9460	Medium Manifold	9550	Extra Fine
2556	Fine writing	9968	Broad writing	2314B	Broad Stub
2550	Bookkeeping	9314M	Medium stub	1461	Fine Manifold
		9048	Shaded Writing	2442	Fine Stub

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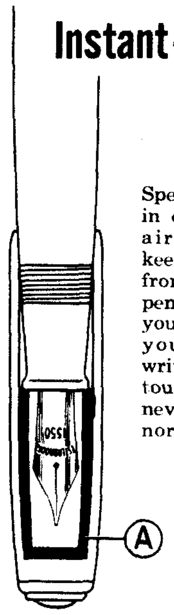
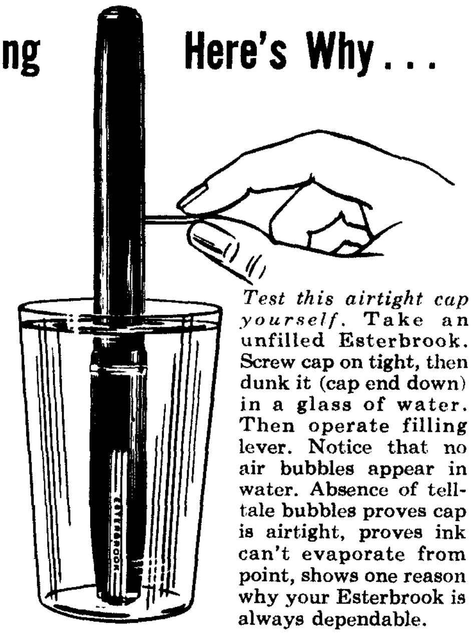


Special inner liner (A) in cap seals point in airtight chamber, keeps feed and point from drying out when pen is capped. When you remove the cap, your pen starts to write the instant you touch it to paper . . . never needs shaking nor heavy pressure.

Here's Why . . .



Test this airtight cap yourself. Take an unfilled Esterbrook. Screw cap on tight, then dunk it (cap end down) in a glass of water. Then operate filling lever. Notice that no air bubbles appear in water. Absence of telltale bubbles proves cap is airtight, proves ink can't evaporate from point, shows one reason why your Esterbrook is always dependable.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

In Normandy: cameraman Joe Covello, Heinz, two Rudders

THE story on page 21 is dedicated to D-plus-3,652—the tenth anniversary of D-day, June 6, 1944—and to all men everywhere who helped make the landings in France the turning point of World War II. Written by W. C. (Bill) Heinz, it is—and we're sure you'll agree—one of the best articles Collier's has yet had the pleasure of Crediting.

Heinz started writing the story by making a phone call to James Earl Rudder, of Brady, Texas. He invited Rudder and his fourteen-year-old son, James, Jr.—called Bud—to visit the Normandy coast with him. Heinz wanted to see how a veteran of the D-day landings would react to the old and cold battleground, and what he would say to his son.

Why did Heinz pick Rudder? "Well," he says, "the French beaches were full of heroes that day in June. As a correspondent for the old New York Sun, I saw many of them. Live ones and dead ones. But while I was preparing for this story, I studied the official history of the invasion of Europe. I also spoke to several generals. The books and the generals told me about Jim Rudder.

"Omar Bradley himself had said that the assignment he gave Rudder, who was then a lieutenant colonel, was the most difficult he had ever, in his entire career, given anybody.

"I decided then that Jim Rudder was not only personally right for our story, but almost perfect as a symbol of those other soldiers who fought on that beach."

Point de l'information for cartographers: Frenchmen call the point to which Rudder returned Pointe du Hoc, but during the war, Army map makers erroneously labeled it Pointe du Hoe (*e* not *c*). And that's the way it appears in all official war histories. Before you take pen in hand, therefore, be forewarned that we are forearmed.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Collier's Bill Stapleton went to Spain to write and photograph What Are We Doing in Spain? on page 84, he thought it would be a push-button cinch to photograph that country's boss, Francisco Franco. But it was no cinch.

After wrangling permission to shoot Franco on a parade day, Stapleton found himself chaperoned by a certain Inspector Gonzales. Gonzales was certain, among other things, that Stape was up to no good. As a matter of fact, Stape finally had to dump the entire contents of his camera bag on the crowded streets of Madrid. All the items in the bag, which were now out of the bag, were then checked—Stape received a pat on the back and was permitted to proceed with the snapshooting—from a distance of one hundred feet away from Franco. And so the picture on page 85 was not made with Stapleton and Franco nose to nose. It was made with a 13.5-cm. lens mounted on a 35-mm. camera. What's *that,* Bill Stapleton? Answer: That's like fitting a small telescope in front of your camera. Thanks, Bill.

★ ★ ★

THE fellow whose photograph appears at the end of this column is the author of Murder at Montego Bay (page 28). For the last seven winters he has lived and written fiction in the Bahamas, Jamaica, Haiti, Grand Cayman, the Virgin Islands, Dominica, Martinique, Saint Lucia, Pigeon Island, Saint Vincent, and Bequia in the Grenadines. Places most of us would have a hard time finding even in an atlas. His name is Ben Masselink and we show you his face because the ladies at Collier's have told the men at Collier's that he is quote very handsome unquote. He is also thirty-four years old and married—and he writes, as you will see, the way he looks.

★ ★ ★

WE WERE sitting at our desk a couple of weeks ago thinking about how it is to be a human being two days before payday, when Ben Merson's story, So He Won $140,000 . . . (page 30), came to our attention. It is about a man who discovered that sudden wealth isn't what it is cracked up to be. The thought was so much opposed to what we had just been thinking that we called Mr. Merson to ask him what *he* thought winning a sweepstakes would be like. "Oh," he said, "I've never bought a sweeps ticket, but two years ago a friend gave me half of his. We didn't win." He seemed a little wistful, as if he didn't quite believe that sudden wealth does a man no good.

We ourselves remain somewhat uncertain on the point, especially in view of the surprise ending to Ben Merson's true story. How about you?

—SEY CHASSLER

At home: Ben Masselink, of Santa Monica, wrote of aquatic murder

She depends on two men

One is her husband, of course. The "other man" also plays an important part in her life.

After the kind of week Jack put in—he was entitled to relax over the weekend. *Not* to spend Saturday morning getting the car lubricated.

Yet any smart wife knows that car neglect brings car repair bills—and no fur scarf for another six months.

One day she got the idea. *"I can have the car taken care of on a weekday—when I'm downtown. That will leave Jack's weekends free!"*

So, now every 30 days—on a weekday—she sees the "other man"—the man she and her husband have selected to take care of the family car. While she shops he works on the car. It's ready when she returns. No rush, no fuss, no waiting—it's a weekday!

Young lady, how about *you* having the car cared for? Set a weekday date for every 30 days. Your husband will be all for it. Your Alemite-equipped dealer will appreciate it. And you'll get every courtesy and attention from them *both!*

MEMO TO A BUSY MAN
Join the Alemite Car Care Program . . .

It's a life saver for you and your car—and no chore for your wife. Here's how it works:

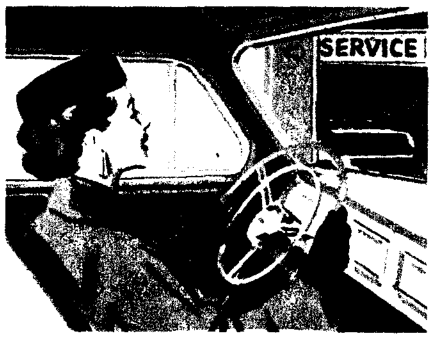
1. To get the *best* in lubrication, patronize the service dealer who uses Alemite equipment, the finest money can buy.

2. Pick a weekday every month, for your wife to take the car in for Alemite lubrication.

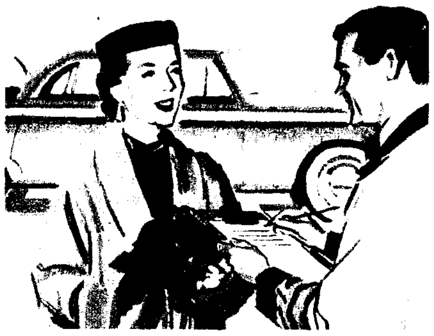
3. As it's lubricated your car is thoroughly inspected—*free*—for possible sources of trouble.

4. Upon delivery your wife receives the Alemite Report Card—an itemized report on work performed, plus *free* extra services; a *free* analysis of your car's condition; suggestions where prompt attention may *save* you many dollars!

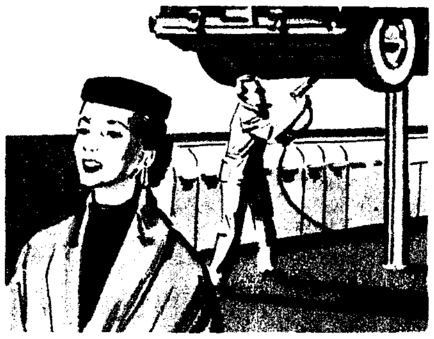
Look, Ladies! You're Money Ahead if you do this:



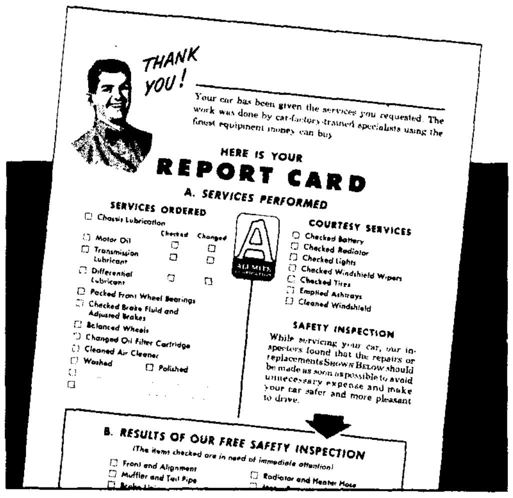
Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is *free*.



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	Checked	Changed
☐ Motor Oil	☐	☐
☐ Transmission Lubricant	☐	☐
☐ Differential Lubricant	☐	☐

☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings
☐ Checked Brake Fluid and Adjusted Brakes
☐ Balanced Wheels
☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner
☐ Washed ☐ Polished
☐
☐

COURTESY SERVICES
☐ Checked Battery
☐ Checked Radiator
☐ Checked Lights
☐ Checked Windshield Wipers
☐ Checked Tires
☐ Emptied Ashtrays
☐ Cleaned Windshield

SAFETY INSPECTION
While servicing your car, our inspectors found that the repairs or replacements SHOWN BELOW should be made as soon as possible to avoid unnecessary expense and make your car safer and more pleasant to drive.

B. RESULTS OF OUR FREE SAFETY INSPECTION
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☐ Front end Alignment
☐ Muffler and Tail Pipe
☐ Radiator and Heater Hose

The job done, you get your Alemite Report Card. Show it to your husband. It itemizes work performed and costs . . . lists *free* checkup services rendered . . . forewarns your husband of repairs needed so he can give them immediate attention and avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience.

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SUAVE—the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing with secret-formula Curtisol—insures perfect hair grooming naturally, without greasiness. Won't stain hatband. To look suave, use SUAVE daily.

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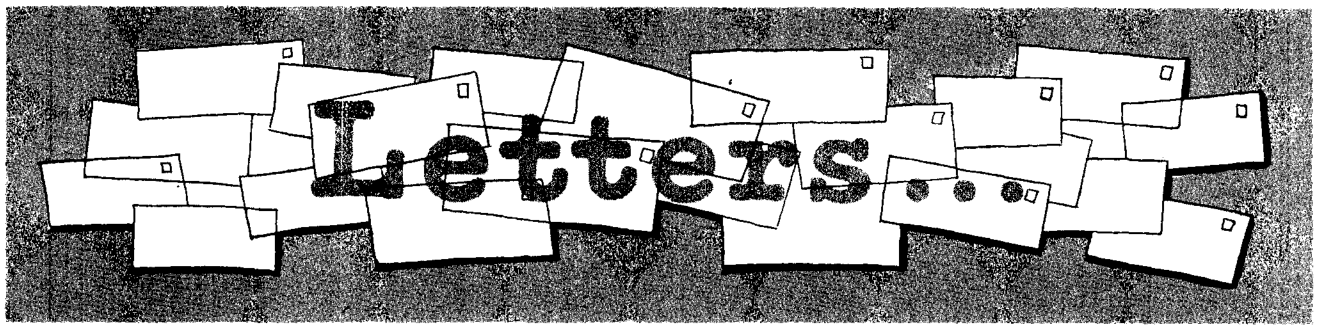


Letters . . .

The Young Asthmatics

EDITOR: The response to the story you published on our Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children at Denver (They've Got Asthma on the Run, Apr. 16th) has been extremely gratifying. We have received many inquiries about our free-treatment program from all over the United States.

Almost immediately after the article appeared we received offers of financial help to aid our program. These offers to help come at a time when we of the National Home are planning to expand our facilities so we can admit even more children who need our help.

FANNIE E. LORBER, Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Lorber is the founder and still the active president of the JNHAC (founded 1907).

. . . May I extend congratulations on your asthma article, and in particular that part which emphasizes the necessity of treating the patient as a complete unit. This theory is subscribed to by such authorities as Dr. Russell Sneddon, of London, who presents this viewpoint in his pamphlet The Treatment of Asthma, which has aided thousands back to their recovery from this devastating disease.

The general practitioner has looked upon asthma as an enigma of the common ailments, and most of them treat the sickness as impossible of cure and are content with offering temporary relief, without trying to eliminate the causes of this agonizing illness.

SYMON GOULD, New York, N.Y.

. . . I was delighted to find the first article in your April 16th issue devoted to a cause to which I am now dedicating my every effort—the alleviation of the suffering of underprivileged asthmatic children. Therefore, I am taking the liberty of introducing the work of Sunair Foundation, which maintains a similar home in Tujunga, California, a suburb of Los Angeles.

Here too children are accepted for residence in a garden spot with crystal-clear air, without regard to race or creed; the only requirements for admittance are that they are unable to pay for such care and are victims of the tortures of asthma, between the ages of six and twelve.

Unfortunately, our present facilities are so limited that we can admit only about 30 children each year. However, the results have been magical in many cases.

EMANUEL FISCH, Tujunga, Calif.

. . . Your article misinterprets the excellent work being done by the Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children. It does not mention that the Home is kept scrupulously clean and sanitary in the allergic sense of the words. In the book It's Not All in Your Mind, of which I am coauthor, the chapter on elimination of household allergens contains the real explanation of most of the cures credited to "parentectomy."

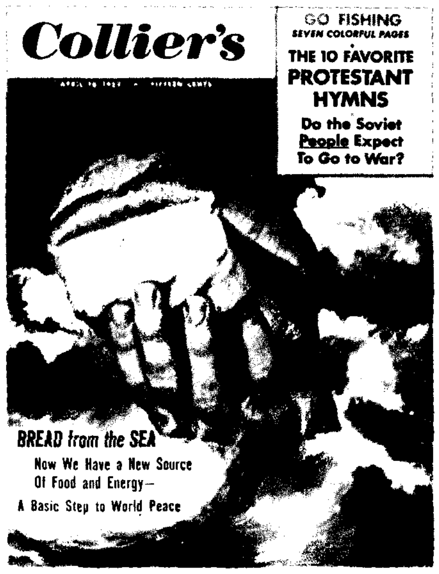
By applying the principles set forth in this book, doctors have accomplished the same "miracle" of healing problem cases of asthma, and kept the children in their own homes and with their own parents, where they belong.

To blame asthma on emotional complications and resentment of parents is to foster a superstition based on ignorance and prejudice.

The "emotional" cases are usually the easiest to diagnose and cure physically, as the associations provide a clue. For example, a child whose asthma follows grief or frustration may be allergic to a stuffed toy to which he turns when distressed, or to the pillow into which he cries.

Cures effected by removal of a toy, covering a pillow, redecorating a room or by mold-bacterial shots, are certainly to be preferred to a years-long exile from home, particularly if it is accompanied by anti-parent propaganda. HAZEL J. BERGLUND, M.D., Greenwich, Conn.

More About Algae


Collier's

GO FISHING
SEVEN COLORFUL PAGES
THE 10 FAVORITE PROTESTANT HYMNS
Do the Soviet People Expect To Go to War?

BREAD from the SEA
Now We Have a New Source Of Food and Energy—
A Basic Step to World Peace

EDITOR: The basic assumption in Now—Bread from the Sea, and your editorial Hope for Hungry Millions (Apr. 16th), is that the solution of the world food problem lies in increased production of food.

In reality the world food problem is fundamentally a population problem, and population unchecked will increase beyond any food production, no matter how effective or efficient.

The solution to the world food problem lies in control of fertility to reduce the birth rate to compensate for the decreased death rate resulting from control of disease.

LOUIS C. WHEELER,
University of Southern California,
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . The optimism in your editorial Hope for Hungry Millions, supported as it was by Davidson's splendid article on algae culture in the same issue, misses the one factor that may very well determine the outcome of the raging struggle throughout the world between population and food resources: the political, economic and social reluctance that discourages—perhaps even prevents—the effective application of such scientific discoveries as Davidson describes.

Science cannot feed the world. It can only provide the tools for doing so. Millions of ordinary men must accept those tools to make them effective.

MONROE BUSH, Washington, D.C.

Anglers' Reactions

EDITOR: I thoroughly enjoyed your fishing articles (Go Fishing with Collier's, Apr. 16th), but I wish that authors advocating very light tackle for salt-water fishing would explain that it should be indulged in solo. I recently had a spinning-gear enthusiast aboard on a boat that six of us had chartered for the day, at a cost of $90. The total result of the trip was one 20-pound cobia—or "lemon fish," as he is called down here.

We had cruised for several hours without a strike when we located the cobia nudging around a buoy like a pig around a scratching post. George, with his six-pound line, was the first to hook one.

For the next hour it was entirely a one-man show and we beamed with George for the first five minutes as he exhibited his skill, which consisted chiefly in running round and round the deck and preventing anyone else from casting a line as he followed the cavorting fish.

When the fish was finally gaffed, the school had gone, our $90 trip was shot and George was on the black list.

M. GILBERT MUNSON,
Baton Rouge, La.

. . . Tackle 'Em Light could start a tourist boom in this tiny northwest Florida fishing village. We have the fish and a big fishing fleet. But our tourist fishermen have adopted our commercially necessary killer tactics—use of deep-sea rigs with steel lines. Party fishermen gleefully winch tons of red snapper aboard every season, but they are not having maximum fishing fun. You have pointed the way to make bottom fishing a top sport.

LEONARD P. HUTCHINSON, Destin, Fla.

Burma Surgeon

EDITOR: The American Medical Center for Burma would like to congratulate you and your staff for the article He's Still the Burma Surgeon (Apr. 30th). We would like to reprint the article in its entirety for distribution to those who have helped Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave in his work.

JOHN F. RICH, Philadelphia, Pa.

Collier's is happy to grant the reprint request, with all good wishes for the Medical Center's success.

Refreshing and Delicious...

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Made only with

Seagram's Gin

As delightful as a dip in the ocean on a hot summer day . . . that's the Seagram Seabreeze, America's *perfect* gin and tonic. The big difference, of course, is that it's made with appetizingly dry, satin-smooth Seagram's Gin. Order a Seagram Seabreeze at your favorite tavern—or enjoy it at home. Pour 1½ oz. Seagram's Gin over ice, add tonic water, a slice of lemon or lime—and you have the tastiest gin and tonic since the drink was invented... the Seagram Seabreeze.

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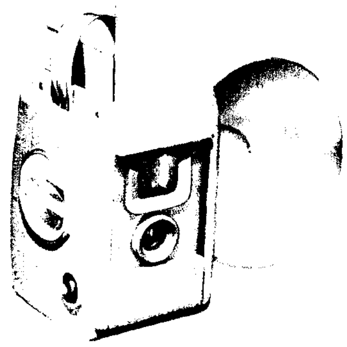
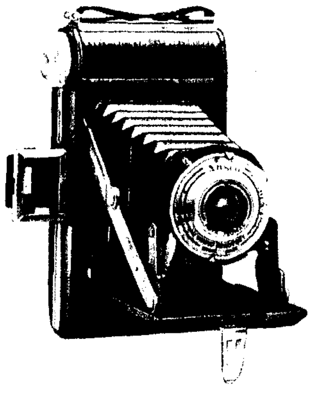


THE ANSCOFLEX

This modern gray and silver reflex camera makes it easier than ever to get fine snapshots! The brilliant, reflex-type finder lets you see clearly what you are taking, while a built-in device guards against double-exposures. When closed, the unique view-finder hood protects lenses. Only **$15.95.** Flash Unit $4.95.



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Combines compactnes and convenience of a fold ing flash camera witl extreme ease of opera tion. Takes 2¼x3¼" albun size pictures. Has "near' and "far" focusing anc "bright" and "hazy" ligh settings. Sturdy all meta life-time constructioi throughout. Exceptiona value at **$18.95.**

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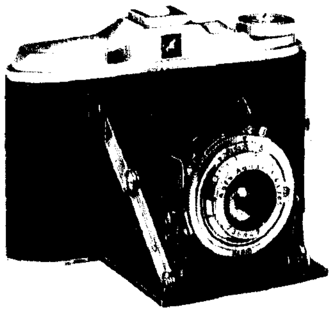

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A truly fine camera at an economical price. Has f4.5 Agfa Agnar coated lens. Vario flash shutter with speeds to 1/200 second. Sturdy metal camera body with easy-to-use optical view finder. Takes beautiful 2¼ x 2¼" black and white or color pictures. Precision made throughout. **$29.50.**

Ansco Shur-Flash Outfit contains camera, flash attachment, 4 flashlamps and 3-roll Economy Pak of Ansco All-Weather Film, all at the down-to-earth price of **$9.45.**

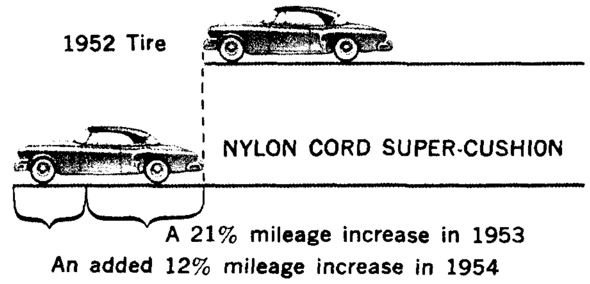
Ansco Flash Clipper Outfit contains camera with metal bellows, Anscoflash attachment, camera case, 6 flashlamps, Ansco Film and waterproof gadget bag with shoulder strap. All for only **$24.45.**

1954 ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHIONS take 1,000 punishing runs on test road of jagged rocks...*not a cord broken!*

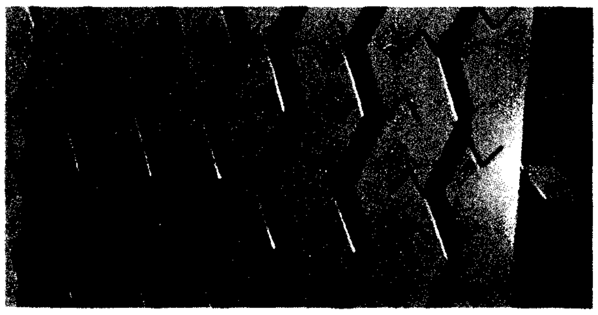
Close-up above shows just one of the punishing blows these tires took!

You never know when you might hit a large, sharp rock on the road. So we multiplied this road hazard thousands of times, made a road of jagged rocks to give these new 1954 All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushions some real punishment!

These tires made the torture run over 1,000 times, pounding over sharp-edged, punishing rocks. When they were removed and examined, not a broken cord was found. This is the kind of extra strength you need for protection against impact blowouts.


1952 Tire
NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION
A 21% mileage increase in 1953
An added 12% mileage increase in 1954

Up to ⅓ more mileage! In 1953, Goodyear's new tread rubber added a 21% increase. Now, a new, flatter tread gives you up to 12% *more*. Total—almost ⅓ more mileage than most motorists have ever experienced.



Quieter ride! 15% greater traction! Squealing on turns has been practically eliminated by a new anti-vibration tread. 1806 inches of nonskid edges, 880 deep-cut safety-slots give 15% safer traction.

There's a big difference in Nylon cord!

Only Goodyear has Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon!

Nylon is the best tire cord—*if the stretch can be controlled!* But, unless properly pre-conditioned, *Nylon stretches under tension.* To control this stretch, Goodyear developed an exclusive triple tempering process involving Tension, Temperature, and Time. The result—Goodyear's exclusive Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord.

Only Goodyear produces a Nylon cord that is fully controlled at its point of maximum strength and resiliency. Be sure *your* Nylon cord tires are made with 3-T Nylon Cord—and that means *Goodyear*. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOODYEAR

See TV's Great Dramatic Show, "The Goodyear TV Playhouse," Alternate Sunday Evenings, NBC-TV.

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

I TOOK MY SON TO OMAHA BEACH

The Story of An American Hero's Return to Normandy Starts on the Next Page

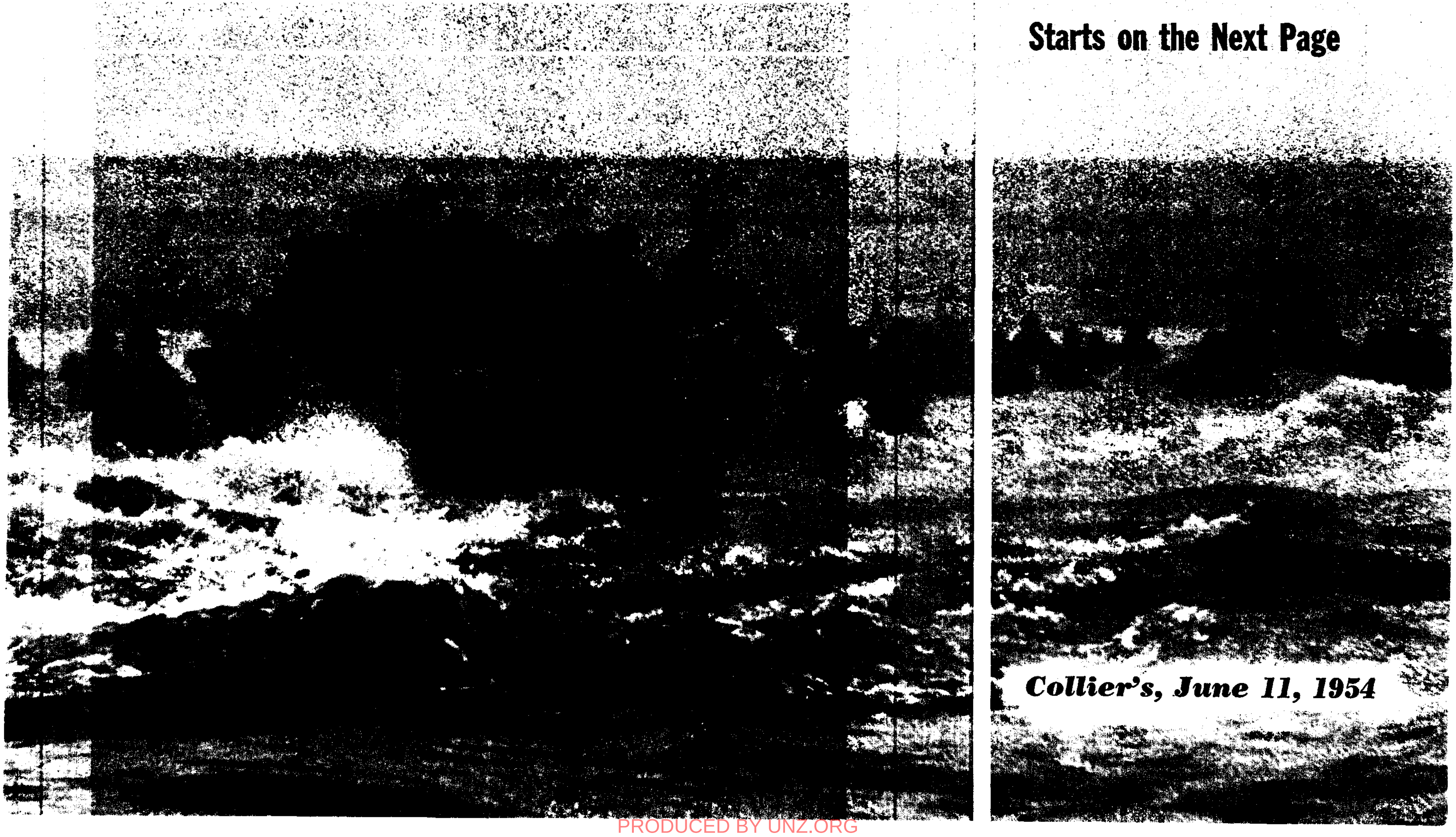
"I'm quite positive we must give the order. I don't like it, but I don't see how we can possibly do anything else." With those words, spoken on a gloomy June night 10 years ago to a group of military men gathered about him in the library of a British country home, General Dwight D. Eisenhower launched the mightiest seaborne attack in history—the invasion of Hitler's European Fortress by 100,000 American and British soldiers.

For three and a half years, the invasion had been planned as the climactic blow of the European war. Preparations had gone forward with mounting intensity. In the final planning, the operation—code name, Overlord—was timed for the period when moon and tides would be right. But, on the eve of the attack, the weather turned bad, the seas rough. D-day was postponed 24 hours. Late in the evening of June 4th, the Supreme Commander hesitated, weighed the evidence, and said, "I don't like it, but . . ."

The next night, 13,000 paratroopers boarded planes to make the initial attack from the air. From ports and inlets along the British coast, 5,000 vessels moved into the choppy Channel. Warships began converging on Normandy to lay down a preparatory barrage and to support the landings. As H hour approached, 11,000 aircraft roared over the beaches, bombing the defenses and providing air cover against enemy attack. At 6:30 on the morning of June 6th, the landing craft moved in and the first Allied soldiers splashed onto French soil.

Resistance was fierce, especially in the center of the area, on Omaha Beach. For a time, it seemed the attack on Omaha might be stopped. Thousands of men were pinned down; most of their heavy weapons and armor were knocked out; they were taking murderous fire. But then small groups started slipping inland, fighting past the German defenses. Soon, all up and down the beach, the Allies had a firm toe hold—the toe hold they needed to start the slugging match that, in less than a year, would destroy the Nazi military machine forever.

U.S. COAST GUARD PHOTO



Collier's, June 11, 1954

Ten years later, a reporter follows a great soldier and his young son back to the beaches of Normandy, in a moving memoir of the bitter and critical battle the whole world watched

By W. C. HEINZ

On 6 June 1944 the V Corps of U.S. First Army assaulted German coastal defenses on a 6,000-yard stretch ("Omaha" Beach) between Vierville and Colleville . . . The attack was made by two divisions, the 1st and 29th, with strong attachments of armor and artillery. On their right flank, a separate mission of unusual difficulty was assigned to a special assault force.

At Pointe du Hoe, four miles west of Omaha Beach, the Germans had constructed a fortified position for a coastal battery of six 155-mm howitzers of French make. . . . This position was regarded as the most dangerous in the American zone, for guns of that caliber could cover not only the V and VII Corps landing beaches [Omaha and Utah] but also both transport areas. . . .

The Ranger Group, attached to the 116th Infantry and commanded by Lt. Col. James E. Rudder, was given the mission of capturing Pointe du Hoe and neutralizing the dangerous German coastal battery. . . .

—FROM HISTORIES OF THE NORMANDY LANDINGS PREPARED BY THE ARMY HISTORICAL DIVISION.

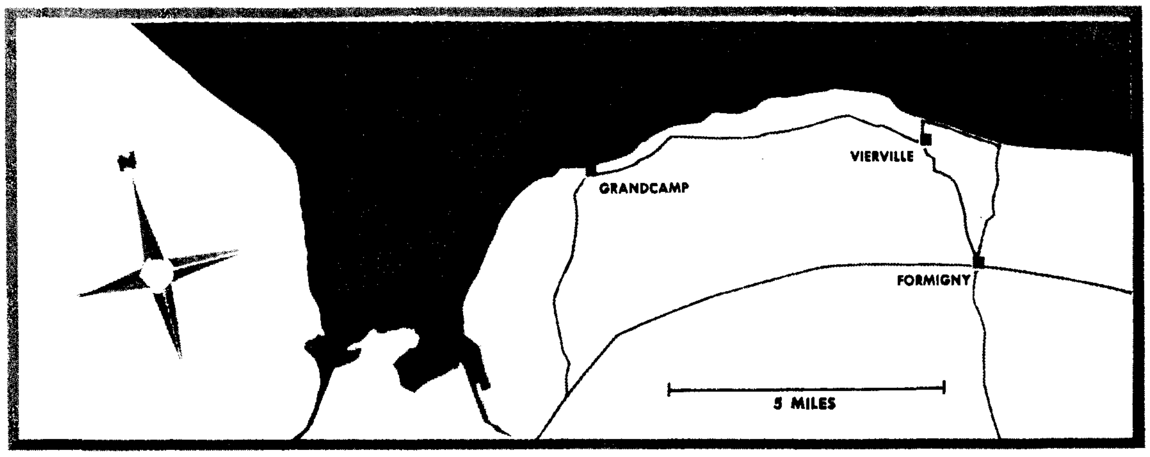
Paris

IT WAS about ten o'clock in the morning when we reached the crossroad just west of Formigny. The mist was still blowing inland off the Channel, coming across the green fields to the right and, where there were trees, coming between the trees.

Ten years had passed since the American had been here, but he remembered the crossroad very well—the calvary on the one corner and the battle monuments on the three others—and he turned the small gray Peugeot to the right and drove down the narrow, winding blacktop, hemmed in between the thick bulk of the hedgerows, until it widened out, where the new road curves through the center of Vierville-sur-Mer.

"The Vierville church," he said now, measuring the words and standing there and looking up at it. "A lot of Americans who landed on the beach will remember the Vierville church."

Next to the church is the walled graveyard, built up above the surface of the road. The church itself is gutted still. the roof gone and only a few fragments of stained glass still sticking in the windows, but from the front a new steeple points up into the sky.



AL TARTER

On Pointe du Hoe the Germans had mounted and were casemating guns capable of firing onto both Omaha and Utah Beaches. It was the Germans' strongest point, and it had to be taken

"He landed at Pointe du Hoe?" The fishermen looked at Rudder. It was easy to read their minds. Rudder is 44 now. He has added four inches to his waist, and about 30 pounds . . .

"The Vierville church," he said again. "Bud, that was one of the old landmarks we studied a lot in England before the invasion. We studied it over and over."

The boy said nothing. He is fourteen years old now, named after his father, and has brown, slightly wavy hair and blue eyes. He was wearing crepe-soled shoes and blue jeans, a blue plaid shirt and a red corduroy jacket, and all of his memories of the war are involved with the small white house with the big mulberry tree in the back yard on South Bridge Street in Brady, Texas.

There was a hut in the tree, and the small boy would play there and, in the mornings, he would stand in the front yard and watch the trucks filled with German prisoners heading out to the farms. In the late afternoons he would see them come back, and he remembers the machine guns on the trucks and the Germans neither laughing nor shouting but just standing in the trucks as they went by. Now the boy looked up at the steeple.

"You haven't any idea how that old church used to worry us," his father said.

"Why?" the boy said.

"Because of the observation it gave the Germans," his father said. "The Channel is only about a half mile down the road here, and the Germans used all these church steeples for observation. That's why we had to shoot the steeple down."

Postgraduate Work in Ditchdigging

In 1932, James Earl Rudder had received his academic degree and his commission as a second lieutenant, Infantry Reserve, from Texas A&M. He had played center for Matty Bell, but that first summer, at the depth of the depression, he dug ditches. From 1933 to 1938 he coached football and taught at Brady High School. He was coaching at John Tarleton College, in Stephenville, Texas, when he went on active duty in 1941 at Fort Sam Houston.

"It's a funny thing," Rudder said. "We shoot down the steeple, and that's the first thing the French build back, even before they build the church."

He drove through the small intersection of the town. Two houses away from one corner two workmen were just starting to put back the stones that had lain in a pile for 10 years, and as the car went by they stopped, turning to watch it. Then Rudder drove down a slight slope that bent around to the left between hedgerows, and as the car came out of the curve, still on the slope, you could see a large new yellow fieldstone house, still not completed, and, straight ahead, the gray-blue waters and the mist above them.

"There's your English Channel, Bud," he said.

"There?" the boy said.

"That's right, and that's where we came in, the men who didn't hit the cliff. A lot of American soldiers came up this road we're on now, because it was the main exit road for everybody who came in on this end of the beach."

The car was stopped in the middle of the sloping road, and the man and the boy just sat there, looking down across the top of the two German concrete emplacements and at the tilted hulk of a hollow concrete floating pier that had been driven by storm onto the shore. Then Rudder released the brake and the car rolled down the road toward the emplacements and then stopped on a wide, sweeping curve.

"And there's Omaha Beach."

He had known it was there, he said later, but still it came as a surprise. There it was, three and a half miles of deserted crescent, curving east-

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

ward, the blue-gray waters of the Channel on the left, the white waves rolling up onto the stretch of smooth, tan sand.

"What's this gun here?" the boy said.

The car was parked now on the rise behind the two concrete emplacements. The boy had run around to the front of the first of them, and was looking at the long, rusting barrel that pointed down the beach.

"That's an old 88," Rudder said. "You can see how it was set here to cover the beach."

"I wish we could go in this blockhouse," the boy said, "but there's this screen over the front of it."

The Gun Had to Be Taken by Assault

"You can see they had direct hits from the Navy on it," his father said, "but they never could get that gun. That's why the soldiers had to come in and take it."

The boy had run now to the second emplacement, and his father walked after him. The father was wearing black shoes, gray sharkskin trousers, a reddish plaid shirt, a mixed-tan sport jacket, a covert-cloth topcoat and a light tan fedora.

"Can I go in this one?" the boy said. "You can get in, and there's a big machine gun here."

"That was covering the beach, too," the father said and then he swept his hand below, "and right over there is where Frank Corder got hit. They were trying to make it up here."

Frank Corder was a young captain from Rock Springs, Texas, who had joined the Rangers late. Rudder had hand-picked the Second Ranger Battalion at Camp Forrest, Tennessee, in July of 1943. The battalion had shipped to England in December of that year, and it was a month later, when he was in Northern Ireland recruiting volunteers to be used as a reserve after the invasion, that he signed up Corder, whom he had met before. After the war he and Corder went into the general-appliance and tire business in Brady. Now Corder has three children and is a livestock dealer.

"He lost his left eye and some of his teeth on this beach," Rudder said. "He still gets some pain, on and off, but I'll never forget one day I was trying to take him on a livestock deal, the way you will, and he squinted at me and he said: 'Colonel, remember this. I've still got one good eye.' "

Where the sand ends at the top of the beach the white, smooth, egg-shaped stones begin. There used to be about 50 feet of them, but now the French have built a six-foot, sloping concrete and fieldstone sea wall that covers most of them. On top of the sea wall there is a curbed sidewalk and a two-lane roadway that runs the length of the beach, for the convenience of sight-seers.

"What's this?" the boy said. "A gas mask?"

They had walked along the sidewalk and then down one of the flights of stairs leading to the beach. They had crossed the stones and Rudder was just standing, looking east along the sand, when the boy ran up to him with the olive-drab rubber facepiece in his hand.

"An old American gas mask," Rudder said turning it over in his hands. "The old canister gas mask. I didn't think you'd find anything here."

He turned now, and started to walk slowly back toward the two concrete gun emplacements. Then he stopped, and with the toe of his right shoe he started to scuff into the smooth, tight sand.

"Can you imagine," he said, "some poor American kid trying to find cover in this?"

"It sure is pretty now, with the waves and everything," the boy said. "You'd never think there was any fighting here."

The late-morning sun had finally started to eat through the haze, and you could begin to feel its warmth. It was quiet on the deserted beach, with just the soft rhythmic slur of the waves and the occasional cry of a wheeling gull.

"I want you to try to picture this, Bud," Rudder said, turning again to look along the length of the beach and sweeping it with his right arm. "A lot of American boys died here."

"Yes, sir," the boy said.

"You've got to picture this whole beach covered with all kinds of equipment, with boats and trucks

"A rope," Rudder said. "There's still a rope here." It was a whole length of three-quarter-inch single rope, still fastened to the iron pickets. "Lapres' boat put it there," he said

The general had ordered him not to lead his Rangers

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

It was quiet on the deserted beach, with just the soft rhythmic slur of the waves and the occasional cry of a wheeling gull. "I want you to try to picture this, Bud," Rudder said, ". . . this whole beach covered with boats and trucks and jeeps and tanks, a lot of them wrecked . . ."

and jeeps and tanks, a lot of them wrecked, and with American soldiers, and the Germans firing into them from the high ground and a smoke haze over everything."

"Yes, sir."

"You remember General Cota, Bud?"

"Yes, sir."

Major General Norman D. Cota, of Philadelphia, was assistant commander of the 29th Infantry Division and took the 116th Regiment into Omaha on the right flank of the 1st Infantry Division. Later he became commander of the 28th Infantry Division, and Rudder led the 109th Regiment, under Cota, through the Bulge and on to Germany.

"Here's where he did his good work, getting the boys up off the beach," Rudder said. "A lot of them just froze from the horror of it, and he got them up."

"Is he the one gave me that toy watch?" the boy said.

"His wife gave it to you."

"I remember."

They walked along the beach together, not saying anything, the boy swinging the mask at his side and watching the white waves slush up on the sand. Then the father turned back toward the smooth white stones at the foot of the sea wall and the boy followed him. When Rudder reached the stones he kneeled down. With one hand he began to pore among them, to the smaller stones underneath.

"Here," he said, handing three or four to the boy. "Put these in your pocket."

War Souvenirs for Corder's Children

The boy, kneeling beside his father, took the stones and looked at them. Then he looked at his father. "Why?" he said.

"Take them back to Buddy and Elene and Mary Glenn," he said, speaking of Corder's children. "These stones are off the beach where their daddy was hit. They might want them."

We left the beach and drove back through Vierville and then turned right and followed the blacktop coastal road west toward Grandcamp-les-Bains. Looking down from the crest of the road we recognized the town at once, the red-tiled roofs that many an American Navy man will remember when he thinks of the little fishing and bathing community of a couple of hundred houses that stood, by a miracle of war, almost untouched between Omaha Beach and Utah Beach.

We drove through the narrow, cobblestoned street, to the rectangular quay west of the town. In the basin below the quay the black-bodied fishing boats, side by side, were rising slowly with the tide, and on some of them nets were drying, strung from their masts and booms. On the quay a half-dozen fishermen were standing, and they turned and looked at us when we drove up and stopped the car.

"But it is not necessary to go by boat," one of them said, when I told them what we wanted to do.

"I know," I said.

"It is very easy to go with your car," he said, standing there on the quay in the sunlight and pointing. "You drive here through the village and five kilometers on the left you will see the road."

"But you do not understand," I said. "The day of the invasion, this gentleman, here, was a colonel of the American Rangers. He was the first American to land at Pointe du Hoe."

"He landed at Pointe du Hoe?"

"Yes."

"He mounted the cliff?"

"Yes."

They looked at one another and then at Rudder. It was easy to read their minds. Rudder is forty-four years old now. His brown hair is graying at the temples. He has added four inches around the waist and about 30 pounds, and he was standing now, his topcoat open, trying to understand some of this.

"It was very difficult and very dangerous," one of them said, "what he did."

That is how we got the boat, an old, dirty-green, 20-foot launch with the engine in the middle only partly housed, and the oily water slopping in the pit. There were three Frenchmen in it—the old man with the week's growth of gray beard who owns it and the two younger ones—and they sat in silence together near the tiller and when, now and then, we looked back at them they would smile and nod their heads.

The sun was bright now, so the Channel was very blue around us, and when we had passed beyond the breakwater the old man turned east. Now we could see it unfold, the sharp nose sticking way out into the Channel and, beyond the nose, the dark cliffs rising 75 to 100 feet straight up from the narrow beach.

"There it is," Rudder said quietly, leaning with his elbows on the waist-high forward deck, with his son beside him. "Pointe du Hoe."

He had heard of Pointe du Hoe for the first time five months before the invasion, in a second-floor room in London behind a whitestone front, with the blackout drapes drawn and four of them standing there with the maps and photos on the table. Rudder and Max Schneider, a colonel out of Iowa who had trained the First Ranger Battalion, had come up by train from Bude, in Cornwall, and they got their D-day assignment from Truman Thorson, the tall, thin-cheeked colonel out of Birmingham, Alabama, who was G-3 for First Army, and from the officer who was Thorson's assistant.

"When we got a look at it," Rudder said, "Max just whistled once through his teeth. He had a way of doing that. He'd made three landings already, but I was just a country boy coaching football a year and a half before. It would almost knock you out of your boots."

German Strong Point Had to Be Taken

The cliffs rise as high as a nine-story office building, and on the tableland above them the Germans had observation on the whole Channel area and had mounted and were casemating guns capable of firing onto both Omaha and Utah Beaches. It was the Germans' strongest point and it had to be taken. It was what General Omar N. Bradley was later to describe as the most difficult assignment he had ever given a soldier in his military career.

Rudder and Schneider took the assignment back to Bude, put a 24-hour guard on the door and at night would get out the maps and the pictures and study them. Every time the Germans dug another trench or set another mine field the P-38 reconnaissance planes, skimming over the cliffs, got pictures of it. The French brought back samples of the soil and the cliffs, and Rudder, in England, held the dirt in his hands and finally made the decision to scale the cliffs. . . .

"Do you think?" the boy said now, "we'll be able to climb it?"

The two of them, the father and the son, were leaning forward and studying the shaded face of the cliff. The old Frenchman was still taking the boat parallel to it about a quarter mile out, waiting for us to tell him to turn it in.

"No, son," Rudder said. "We won't."

"But you climbed it before."

"I was younger then, son, and we trained for it. We had the special equipment, too."

In the months before the invasion they had found, at Swanage, on the south coast of England, 'm sorry to have to disobey you, sir," he had replied

cliffs of almost exactly the same height and composition, and they climbed these, sometimes three times a day. They had ropes, affixed to steel grapnels to be propelled to the clifftop by rockets, and they also carried four-foot sections of tubular steel ladders and had mounted, on four DUKWs, 100-foot extension ladders borrowed from the London Fire Department.

"It wasn't," the boy said, "a nice day like this, was it?"

"It was a good deal colder and rougher," his father said, "and early in the morning."

Disasters of a Landing Operation

It had been 4:05 in the morning and still dark when the Rangers loaded into the British LCAs from the Amsterdam and the Ben Machree. They were 10 miles from shore and there were 225 of them and they had to start bailing with their helmets almost immediately. Twenty-one men from D Company had to be rescued by launch. One supply craft sank with only one survivor, and another threw its packs overboard to stay afloat.

"Can you imagine," Rudder said now, "anybody going up that thing?"

"It's twice as high as I thought," the boy said.

Lieutenant General Clarence R. Huebner, of New York, commanding the 1st Division and mounting the Omaha assault, had forbidden Rudder to lead the three companies of Rangers in. "We're not going to risk getting you knocked out in the first round," Huebner had said.

"I'm sorry to have to disobey you, sir," Rudder had replied, "but if I don't take it, it may not go."

Now the two younger Frenchmen moved forward quickly between us and, as the boat scraped down, they were in the water. They had on black knee-boots and together they pulled the launch another couple of feet up onto the stones. Then they motioned, laughing, and one took the boy on his shoulders and the other took the father, and that is the way Rudder went in the second time, his topcoat open, his hat knocked back on his head and the Frenchmen staggering a little under the weight of the 230 pounds.

"This is what we hoped to land in," Rudder said, looking down at the stony beach where the Frenchmen had deposited him, "but what we got was bomb holes and muck."

The heavy bombers and the mediums had plastered the cliff, and the near misses had torn the beach open. Most of the Rangers debarked up to their shoulders in mud and water. The DUKWs with the ladders foundered and were useless. Most of the rocket-propelled ropes were so heavy from the wetting that the grapnels failed to carry to the clifftop.

"Right here," Rudder said, "is where Trevor touched down next to me. He was a British commando colonel, Travis H. Trevor, who volunteered to give us a hand and he just stepped out, right here, when a bullet hit his helmet and drove him to his knees. I helped him up and the blood was starting to trickle down his forehead, but he was a great big, black-haired son of a gun—one of those stanch Britishers—and he just looked up at the top of the cliff and he said: 'The dirty --------.' "

Fifteen men were lost on the narrow strip of stones. Some of the wounded crawled from the water line to the base of the cliff.

"Hey, Daddy!" the boy called. "Come here."

Between two large boulders against the base of the cliff the boy had found a hollow shaft of rusted metal protruding from among the smaller stones. He had started to scoop the stones away with his hands, and now one of the Frenchmen got down on his knees and we watched him dig until, smiling, he got up and handed it to us.

"A grapnel," Rudder said, taking it. "One of the grapnels."

There was the hollow shaft, about six inches long and an inch and a half in diameter, and then, at the head of it, the six bent prongs, petal-like, the whole about the size and shape of a small boat anchor. As Rudder held it and turned it over, the rust flaked into his hands.

"This is amazing," he said, shaking his head. "After ten years you can walk back here and find one of the grapnels on the ground."

"Can we take it home?" the boy said.

"Certainly we'll take it home," Rudder said. "This must be the last of those grapnels."

He handed it to the Frenchman and pointed to the boat. The Frenchman nodded and ran to the boat and put it in, and now the boy was gone again and the father stood looking up at the top of the cliff, and the jagged dark line against the sky.

"Will you tell me how we did this?" he said. "Anybody would be a fool to try this. It was crazy then, and it's crazy now."

When the naval fire had lifted from the clifftop the Germans had come out of their holes and trenches and concrete emplacements and, in addition to using small arms, they had dropped grenades on the heads of the Americans. In less than five minutes, however, the first Ranger had scaled the cliff, and within 30 minutes the whole force, minus casualties, had reached the top.

"M'sieur!" It was one of the two younger Frenchmen, who had walked ahead of us, west along the small beach. He was standing now, calling and waving to us, close to where the nose of the point knifes into the Channel. *"Regardez, M'sieur!"*

"A rope," Rudder said. "There's still a rope here."

It was a whole length of three-quarter-inch single rope. It had taken on the mustard color of the clay that had washed down around it, and it hung there on the serpentine curve of the slope, still fastened to the iron pickets driven every 10 feet into the cliff, its end flapping loose about six feet from the ground.

"Lapres' boat put it there," Rudder said.

Lieutenant Theodore E. Lapres, Jr., was from Philadelphia, and, about three weeks later, he lost a foot outside of Beaumont, just west of Cherbourg. Twice the rope had been cut that first day, and two men were hit getting it up there.

"M'sieur?" the Frenchman said. He was pulling at the loose end and waving it as if to detach it, laughing at Rudder.

"No," Rudder said, shaking his head.

"Can we climb it, Daddy?" asked the boy, who had run up to us now.

"No," Rudder said, shaking his head.

"Why?"

"Because," Rudder said, "we're not going to get you hurt, son, on this cliff . . ."

Further Study of the Rusted Grapnel

On the way back to Grandcamp the sea was running with us, so it took us less than a half hour. Once Rudder noticed the rusted grapnel lying on the floor of the launch and he picked it up and looked at it closely again and shook his head. Then he put it carefully back on the floor of the boat.

"Grappin!" the same young Frenchman said, nodding, and then he laughed and, with his hands and by shaking his body, he made the motions of climbing a rope. "A good souvenir."

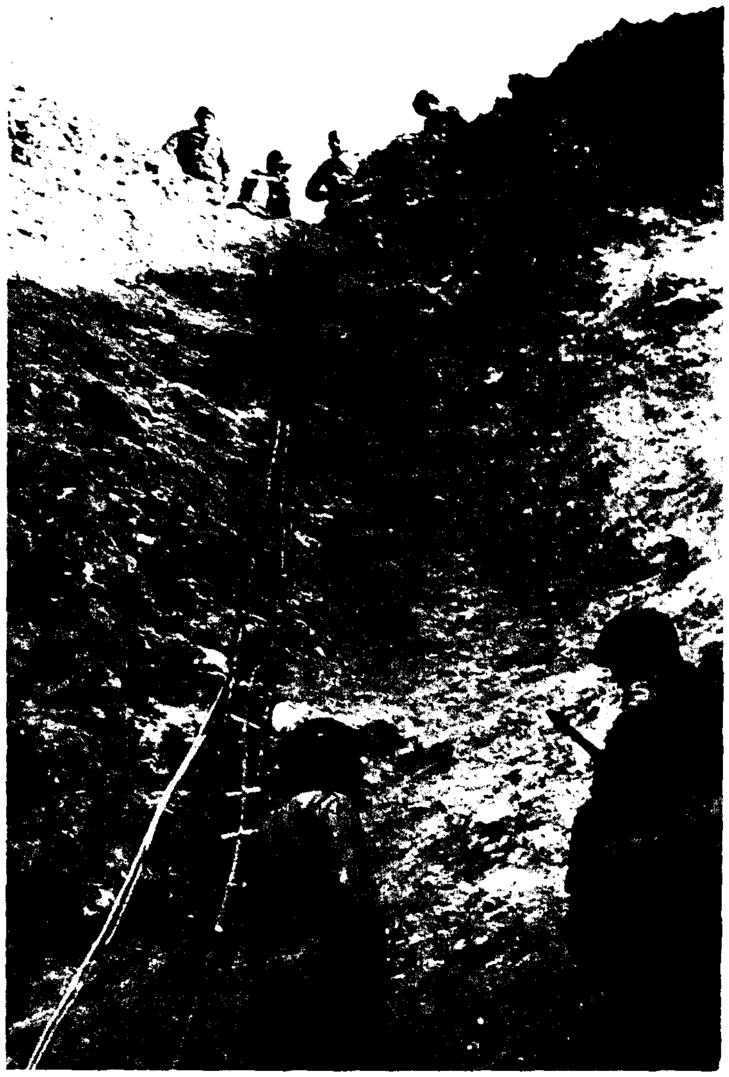
When we got back to the quay there was a small group waiting for us, a half-dozen fishermen and a thin, dark-haired, middle-aged man from the Information Bureau of the town. With him was a younger man, in his mid-thirties, and they wanted to know if they could show us the ground where the fighting had taken place at the top of the cliff.

"They can show us if they want to," Rudder said, smiling, "but I know it better than I know the palm of my hand."

The Rangers, fighting until relief could come up from Omaha, had been isolated on the clifftop for two days and two nights. About a half mile of flat, pastured tableland had spread back from the

The cliffs rise as high as a nine-story building, yet in less than five minutes the first Ranger had scaled them. "It's twice as high as I thought," the boy said. Rudder said: "Will you tell me how we did this? It was crazy then and it's crazy now"

U.S. NAVY PHOTO



"You wonder so long what it would be like to come back . . ." said the man who led t

"The way I pictured it," he said, "you could just about reach up and touch the place where the naval shell hit, and you just about can . . ."

V edge of the cliff to the road that runs east and west between Vierville and Grandcamp, but when the Rangers had reached the top they found it an erupted wasteland of dirt and mud, made unrecognizable by the heavy preparatory bombing from the air and the heavy shelling from the sea.

"Now you stay close to us, Bud," Rudder said. "Don't go running off."

"I just want to see," the boy said.

Rudder had parked the Peugeot on a small patch of level grass at the end of the hedgerowed lane that runs from the blacktop out toward the point of the cliff. We had started along a path between the shoulder-high growth of dark-green thorn bushes with the stalks of small, tight yellow flowers that the French call *épines* and the British call gorse.

"There wasn't this growth here then," Rudder said. "It was all just ripped-open dirt."

The bomb and shell holes, one opening into another and some of them 30 feet across and 10 feet deep, were grown with grass now, and Rudder picked a path between them. Then he came upon the concrete blockhouse, standing dome-roofed about eight feet above the ground, open toward the Channel and its floor strewn with concrete rubble. He looked at it a moment, then called the boy.

"Bud," he said, "come back here. I want you to see this."

He walked down the two steps among the pieces of broken concrete, and the boy followed him. Then Rudder turned around.

Men Who Died at the Blockhouse

"This is where the shell hit," he said, pointing up just above his head to a broken section of the corner where two rusted reinforcing rods protruded. "They say it wasn't from one of our ships, but when you look at the direction, it had to be.

"The artillery captain," he said, "a nice-looking, black-haired boy—I wish I could remember his name—was killed right here. The Navy lieutenant, who was spotting with us, fell right here." He pointed. "It knocked me over right here."

He pulled back the right sleeve of his topcoat, unbuttoned his shirt cuff and exposed his forearm and the small red welt on it.

"Right under that," Rudder said, "is a piece of the concrete from right here."

"The colonel was wounded here?" the older of the two Frenchmen said.

"You carry it around in you for ten years," Rudder said, "and you bring it right back where it came from."

"I thought you had two pieces in there," the boy said, looking at his father's arm.

"I've thought about this a lot," Rudder said. "I mean, you wonder how close it really was, if it was as close as it seemed and how a man could live. The way I pictured it, you could just about reach up and touch the place where the shell hit, and you just about can."

The boy had found an old red-handled American toothbrush in the dust and broken concrete on the floor. He handed it to his father and his father looked at it and tossed it on the ground.

"Come around here with me," he said to the boy.

They walked around to the east of the blockhouse. The shelling had ripped half the concrete off the side, exposing horizontal rows of reinforcing rods. Rudder climbed up onto the second one and the boy climbed up beside him, where they could both look toward the lane.

"Earlier that morning we were right here," the father said. "The Navy lieutenant was on my right, where you are, the artillery captain was on my left and we were trying to direct fire over there when I got shot in the leg."

"Where was the German?" the boy said, turning.

"I don't know," Rudder said.

The first time the boy had ever seen the bullet wound had been in the little house on South Bridge Street, sitting one night in the parlor. His grandmother was there and his uncle and his aunt and his sister and his two cousins. Someone had asked about the wound and his father had rolled up the left pant leg and there, just above the knee, was the pink scar where the bullet had gone in and, on the other side, the pink scar where it had come out. It had been a clean penetration, and so it had not looked like much of a wound to the boy.

"This way, Bud," Rudder said now, calling again to the boy.

The boy had run ahead, running along the ridges between the bomb craters. There would be times when he would disappear completely in the growth, and then you would see his red corduroy jacket.

"I just want to see the CP," the boy said, coming back out of breath.

"You'll see it," Rudder said. "Just be patient."

"I think it's over there," the boy said, pointing over the rough ground and the green growth.

"You stick with me, son," Rudder said, "and you won't have to worry about where things are."

"But I can find it," the boy said.

"I'll find it," Rudder said. "I've been here before."

He walked as directly to it as you could, considering the turbulence of the ground. It had been his first command post in France, a hollow scooped out of the edge of the cliff by a bomb, and it was from here that Rudder had sent out his first message: "Praise the Lord," the code meaning: "Rangers up cliff."

"Need ammunition and reinforcements," he had sent out later. "Many casualties."

"No reinforcements available," was the answer that had come back.

Now he stood in the middle of it, and the boy was at the edge, peering down where his father had once climbed, down the sheer drop of about 90 feet, with the narrow stony beach below.

"Bud!"

"Yes?"

"Look, son. I want you to keep away from that edge."

"I'm just looking."

"You could fall off there, and I'd have to go home and face your mother."

"Is that where our flag was?" the boy said.

"No," Rudder said, pointing. "It was right over here."

They had anchored the American flag to the cliff with rocks. When the relief had come on D plus 2 the tankers had presumed that the Rangers had been annihilated, and so they had started to fire onto the point. He had waved the flag on a stick and the firing had stopped, and now the flag is in the wooden box in the den of the white limestone house in Brady. Along with the flag are the two German revolvers, the two German chrome-plated 20-mm. shells, the two German knives, the French beret and the D.S.C., the Silver Star, the Bronze Star with cluster, the Purple Heart with cluster, the Croix de Guerre and the Légion d'Honneur.

"Mommy finally got a box with a glass in front and put the medals in it and hung it on the wall," the boy had said one night. "Then it fell off the wall and broke to pieces, and after Mommy went to all that trouble Daddy just laughed."

Rudder climbed up now on one side of the scooped earth. He walked around to the side of the buried blockhouse.

The Freckle-Faced Little Prisoner

"We got our first German prisoner right here," he said. "He was a little freckle-faced kid who looked like an American, and we were so proud of him, because when you're trying to get your first prisoner, it's like diving for pearls.

"Then I had a feeling there were more of them, and I told the Rangers to lead this kid ahead of them. They just started him around this corner when the Germans opened up out of the entrance and he fell dead, right here, face down with his hands still clasped on the top of his head."

"How many were in there?" the boy said.

"We killed one and got seven or eight out," Rudder said. "It was right here, too, that we left the artillery captain, lying right here on a litter when we took off on D plus two."

"We can go down in here," the boy said, calling up from down inside the entrance. "It's open and we might find something in here."

"He was only about twenty-five years old," Rudder said. "I'm sorry I've forgotten his name."

We walked back to the car and drove out the lane that leads off the point and then down another lane where Leonard G. Lomell, of Toms River,

It had been his first command post in France, a holl

tack on Pointe du Hoe. "Then you come back, and it's hard to know what you feel"

New Jersey, then a sergeant and later commissioned in the field, and Staff Sergeant Jack E. Kuhn, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, had found the big guns, hidden behind a hedgerow and set up to fire onto Utah Beach. The Americans had bashed in the sights and had blown the recoil mechanisms and the barrels with thermite grenades.

Now you could still see the gun pits dug into the drainage ditch along the hedgerow, almost covered with creeping vines.

We walked down the green lane and then walked left along another hedgerow and then down across a hundred yards of field that, in season, would be a field of wheat.

"I want you to picture this, son," Rudder said.

The field was covered with a lush green, ankle-high growth of winter rye and clover. At the foot of the field was a mortared stone wall, about 18 inches thick and four feet high.

"This is where Sergeant Petty had his squad, Bud," Rudder said, stopping where a rough opening still gaped in the top of the wall. "From here they could look right down into this valley."

"Was there any fighting here?" the boy said.

"There was a lot of fighting here, son," Rudder said. "That first night the Germans attacked right through that orchard there, and got around behind Petty, who was way out here."

An Eager Candidate for the Rangers

Sergeant William Petty had come from Cohutta, Georgia. He was a pale-faced, unimposing kid with slick blond hair and no upper teeth, and he kept coming to Rudder during the heat of that summer of '43 in Tennessee.

Rudder had turned him down twice and then, when he had gone over to screen the 80th Division volunteers, Petty was in the front line. "I thought I discouraged you, Petty," Rudder had said.

"Please, sir," Petty had said. "I'll look better when I get my teeth."

"All right," Rudder had said. "If you want the Rangers that bad, I'll take you."

Petty was made a Browning automatic rifleman. When he got up to platoon sergeant he asked Rudder if he could still carry the heavy BAR. He carried it up the cliff and killed, they figured afterward, about 30 Germans with it, and there are many among the Rangers who today still say that Petty saved their lives.

"These were brave men, here," Rudder said now to the boy.

The boy had thrown his leg over the wall and was looking at the hole that Petty and his men had knocked into the top of the wall to give them a better field of fire for the BAR. He nodded his head.

"You have to remember, son, that it was pitch dark and they didn't know how many Germans there were or where they were."

"Yes, sir."

"You remember how you used to feel when you had to go to the henhouse at night at the ranch?"

"Yes, sir."

Rudder turned around and looked back up the slope of the green field. With the toe of his right shoe he made a pass at the rye and clover.

"If I had this kind of stuff at home," he said, "I'd sure put some sheep on it."

He had finished with his piece of ground. It was late afternoon and we drove back, through that crossroad outside Formigny and east to Bayeux. That night we sat in the small linoleumed lobby of the Lion d'Or waiting for the BBC news on the small radio standing on the radiator cover. The boy had gone up to bed.

"You wonder so long," Rudder said, "what it would be like to come back. Then you come back and it's hard to know what you feel."

We were alone in the lobby except for the woman in the black dress leaning on the desk with her elbows and watching us and then turning her eyes down when we happened to look at her.

"It was hard to believe when it was going on," Rudder said. "It's even harder to believe now."

When Rudder had come back from the war he had lost himself in his family and his work. There were the two children before he went to war—the boy and Margaret Ann, who is now twelve—and three after the war—Linda, who is seven, Jane, five, and Robert, born last April. There is the office at the Brady Aviation Plant of the Intercontinental Manufacturing Company, Inc., where he is vice-president. He is on the State Democratic Committee and the State Board of Welfare, and for six years was mayor of Brady.

"You think of the wonderful kids you had with you," he said. "You think that if you could have men like that around you in a peacetime world, men as devoted as that, there wouldn't be anything you couldn't accomplish."

"What about Bud?" I said, after a while. "What do you suppose he thinks of all this?"

"It's hard to say," Rudder said. "I kinda hope he'll think a lot about it in years to come."

I thought of the younger of the two Frenchmen from Grandcamp, watching the boy on the top of the point. The Frenchman had been unable to understand what the boy or his father was saying, but he was able to comprehend it, nevertheless.

"The boy looks for souvenirs," the Frenchman had said.

"Yes," I had said. "He was four years old at the time of the war."

"It is like it was with me," the Frenchman had said. "When I was young my father would tell me about his war, the war of '14. I could not understand. Then came the war of '40 and '44. After that I understood war. I understood my war, and I understood the war of my father."

The next morning we had breakfast in the new hotel in Carentan, where, right next to the bar, there is a frosted wall light with the Screaming Eagle patch of the 101st Airborne painted on it. We had lunch in Saint-Lô, that was dust 10 years ago and against which, 10 years ago, we measured all destruction from then on.

Slaughter of German Troops Recalled

That afternoon we drove south and then, finally, east toward Paris through the winding, climbing country of the Falaise gap, where the Americans and the British had slaughtered the last of the German army that had tried to hold Normandy. It was about midafternoon, and we had just passed through Argentan, when the boy spoke up from the back seat.

"What did we do with the grapnel, Daddy?" he asked.

"I'm afraid," his father said, "that we forgot it. We left it in the boat."

"But we were going to take it home," the boy said, "for a souvenir."

"I'm sorry, son," his father said, "but we just forgot it."

I thought about the grapnel, lying in the bottom of the boat. We had paid the old man well for his boat and so, I supposed, he would leave it there for a while, thinking that we might still come back. Then one day, I imagined, he would be hurrying forward to check his lines or to catch the engine before it coughed out, and his foot or his pant leg would become entangled in the grapnel. Then he would stop and pick it up and look at it and think of us. Finally he would shrug his shoulders and, taking a last look at it, he would drop it overboard. The sun would be shining, as I imagined it, and the grapnel would sink through the blue waters to the bottom of the English Channel.

It was the last of the grapnels and it had taken 10 years for it to find its place, so that would be the end of it all. ▲▲▲

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

ooped out of the edge of the cliff by a bomb. They had anchored the flag to the cliff with rocks

I was out to prov

"Mr. Ridley was trying to protect my husband," she said. "And he did hit the shark, but it just kept coming"

Murder AT MONTEGO BAY

at Schyler had been murdered. And I nearly got myself killed

By BEN MASSELINK

"WHERE would I find Mrs. Schyler?" I asked the desk clerk as I signed the registration card.

He turned and looked at the clock above the safe. It was four thirty. "She'd be down on the beach now." He glanced at the registration card. "You're from the police, Mr. Bullock?"

"No. Insurance."

"Terrible what happened, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Even though he was only with us a week, we here at the hotel got to like Mr. Schyler very much. A nice man."

"When exactly did it happen?"

"Two days ago this morning." The clerk shook his head sadly. "It's bad publicity, you know—for the hotel and Montego Bay."

I followed the bellboy down a narrow arcade. On the left was a tightly enclosed patio, hot in the sun, and green and red with banana palm and hibiscus. On the right were the doors to the rooms. He opened the end door and stood waiting for me to enter. The room was typically West Indian, high and bare and clean. A white mosquito netting was festooned over the bed like a bridal veil. The boy put my bag on the mahogany stand, and then opened the sliding glass panels; the Caribbean was sloshing against the rocks fifteen feet below. I had forgotten to exchange my money at the airport. I gave the boy two quarters, afraid that it was too much or too little.

"Thank you, sir." Grinning, he turned to leave and almost bumped into another boy carrying a tall rum punch.

"Compliments of the hotel, sir." He set the tray on the bureau. "I hope you enjoy your stay on Jamaica."

I sipped the cold, spicy punch and looked out at the quiet water of Montego Bay and the white line, two or three hundred yards out, that marked the barrier reef. This was starting off great. I was going to have two warm, sunny days in Montego Bay—the Riviera of the West Indies—all expenses paid. There would be pink beaches, clear water, cold drinks, curried chicken and a few routine questions.

Of course the office was concerned about this case. They had a right to be. The company stood to lose fifty thousand dollars. I was sent down here to see if maybe they didn't have to pay off.

I could see the dark blotches of coral heads out in the bay. Miami didn't have water like this. I wished now that I had brought my spear-fishing gear along. But maybe Ridley—was that his name? I opened my brief case and glanced at the report. I had it right: Ridley—Harry Ridley, 1936 Olympic swimmer; Santa Monica lifeguard; California beach bum, abalone and lobster diver (caught three times by fish-and-game warden with over the limit of off-season lobster); Navy frogman during the war (two deck courts-martial, honorable discharge); resort beachboy of Fort Lauderdale, Nassau and St. Thomas; professional spearfisherman; and, as of now, recreational director for this hotel, The Sands. Maybe Harry Ridley could lend me some underwater gear. I unpacked, put on my trunks and went down to the beach.

"You would like to rent an umbrella, sir?" a native beachboy asked.

"No, thanks."

"An air mattress for sea bathing?"

"No, but you could tell me which one is Mrs. Schyler."

"Way down, under a big orange umbrella."

I walked on the hard pink sand along the water's edge. People sat under umbrellas or on towels in the warm sun of late afternoon. Beachboys wearing white mess jackets were carrying drinks down from the bar. At the far end of the beach, isolated from the other guests, was the big orange umbrella, and under it, a man and a woman. I suppose you could say that Mrs. Schyler was in mourning. She *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY

IRISH HOSPITALS' SWEEPSTAKES TICKET
The DERBY
TO BE RUN AT EPSOM, ENGLAND
SUBSCRIPTION £1 ONE POUND STERLING
HOSPITALS' TRUST (1940) LIMITED, DUBLIN
Examine Portrait · See Back

SO HE WON $140

After he won last year's Irish Sweepstakes, aircraft worker Joseph Hearl (salary $78 a week) figured he and his family would be secure and happy forever. "We're the luckiest people in the world," the Hearls exultantly told newspaper reporters. But were they . . . ?

EVERY year several million Americans gamble $3 each in hope of winning a top prize in the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes. Mathematically it is a forlorn hope, for the odds are more than 450,000 to 1 that their dreamed-of pot of gold will contain only a hash of frustration. Nevertheless the sweet illusion persists. Disappointed when they lose on the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England, in March, they rush out to buy sweepstakes tickets on the Derby at Epsom Downs in June. Thwarted in June, they eagerly invest in the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket in October.

What keeps their hopes alive (and the Irish Hospital Fund prosperous) is the tantalizing spectacle of the few who actually do win, the incredible half dozen or so who defy the law of averages and draw a horse that runs first—and thus collect $140,000 apiece.

It happens twice every spring, and again in the fall. And each occurrence is always a one-day newspaper sensation. Clothed in glittering clichés, the winners are depicted as Fate's Chosen People, who may now choose to remove themselves from everyday reality and eat pie in the sky. It is a stereotyped picture, easy to paint and easy to believe—especially by the millions of nonwinners, who are anxious to believe it.

As a former newspaperman who contributed as much to this hackneyed portrait as any of my confreres, I've often wondered what ultimately happens to a winner after the huzzahs and shouting die down. Last spring—on June 6th, to be exact—I decided to find out. That was the day Pinza won the Derby at Epsom Downs, defeating Aureole, the favorite, and thereby unexpectedly kicking a $140,000 first prize into the laps of Joseph Hearl, a $78-a-week Long Island paint sprayer, and his attractive wife Caroline.

"We're the luckiest people in the world," the Hearls dazedly told reporters.

Theirs was typical sweepstakes-winner ecstasy. But how, I wondered, would the Hearls feel a year later? What would they do with their money? How would it affect their personality and character, their families and friends? Would sudden riches enrich their existence? Or would their winning create a host of new problems that money couldn't solve? I determined to keep in touch with the couple, and study the impact on their lives. Here is their story today:

"Okay," says Hearl, a thirty-one-year-old ex-Marine sergeant, lean, blond and tight-lipped. "You want to know what winning that $140,000 did for us? It paid off the mortgage on the house. It bought us some electric gadgets. It got us a nifty new car. It made us financially secure. Yeah. And it made us the loneliest people in town."

"It's hard to believe," says Mrs. Hearl, a tall curly-haired brunette of twenty-eight. "But ever since we won, hardly anyone ever calls, or even talks to us. You'd think we were typhoid carriers."

"They're jealous," says her husband. "They're jealous because it happened to us, and not to them.

000...

By BEN MERSON

IRISH HOSPITALS' SWEEPSTAKE TICKET
DERBY
TO BE RUN AT EPSOM ENGLAND
£1 ONE POUND STERLING
HOSPITALS' TRUST (1940) LIMITED, DUBLIN
Examine Portrait · See Back

Hearl thoughtfully examines a sweepstakes ticket like the one that brought him a fortune

So they snoot us and ignore us and try to make us feel like outcasts."

"At first," says Mrs. Hearl, "I would get so bored and lonesome sometimes that I could scream. But Joe would tell me, 'Don't bother. There won't be anybody around to listen, anyway.'"

"Maybe we'll get used to it," says Hearl. "Or maybe things will change."

Before they won the sweepstakes the Hearls had no time for loneliness. They didn't even have much time for each other. He worked nights, she worked days, so that one of them would always be around to keep an eye on their two children, Carol Jean, now six, and Joseph, Jr., five. As Mrs. Hearl recalls, "Joe and I practically had to make an appointment before we could see each other. Our only consolation was that by both of us working we might someday pay off the mortgage on our house, and stop living on borrowed time from the bank and Sears, Roebuck."

The house is an attractive five-room, one-and-a-half story, stone-and-shingle bungalow standing on a quiet, tree-lined street in Central Islip, Long Island. Hearl and his wife built it single-handed, from basement to roof. And it has been the dream—and sometimes the nightmare—of their married lives.

The Hearls had met in February, 1946. Joe Hearl, just mustered out of the Marines, had returned to his old job as cook at the Central Islip State Hospital. Caroline Helf was working there as an assistant cook. Four months later she became his bride.

"Aside from our jobs," says Hearl, "we had nothing. Not a dime to furnish a home or start housekeeping. As for renting a decent place, there weren't any. This was the height of the housing shortage. And even if we could find a place, we couldn't afford it. We were only earning about sixty-five dollars a week between us."

All they could afford was a one-room cottage in nearby Brentwood—a converted chicken coop, without gas or adequate plumbing. For cooking, they had a kerosene burner; for heating, a balky coal stove that gave off more smoke than heat.

"It was pretty miserable," recounts Mrs. Hearl. "Not so much the discomfort—Joe and I could put up with that. But we couldn't put up with the thought of raising a family in a shack like that. And we wanted kids. It got so that all we could think of, talk of and dream of was a home of our own. But it all looked hopeless."

It did, that is, until Hearl strode into the shack one afternoon waving a do-it-yourself manual he had bought for a dollar. He flipped the pages to a set of blueprints. "Here's the house we want," he announced. "I'm going to build it myself."

"That's wonderful." His wife was delighted . . . then suddenly doubtful. "But what do you know about building?"

"Nothing," said Hearl. "But I know how to follow directions. And I know the bank'll stake me to a GI loan. I've already asked them."

A few weeks later Hearl bought a piece of ground

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY FRIED

The evening before the big race, the Hearls turned down $5,000 for their ticket

with his borrowed money and got to work. He still can't believe his own exertions. Toiling as long as 50 hours a week—besides his regular job at the hospital—he dug the cellar, poured the concrete and erected the foundation. Step by step, following his manual, he laid the brick, built the framework, plastered the walls, set in the windows, put down the floors and raised the roof. He installed plumbing, heating and lighting; built the porch, sidewalk and steps. He literally did the work of ten men. And whenever she could, his wife (and, on a few occasions, his father-in-law) worked with him, painting, hammering, sawing, digging.

The Dream That Became a Nightmare

Finally, after 18 weary months, the house was finished. The Hearls moved in two weeks before the birth of their daughter. And the following year their son was born. Their dream had come true. Then the nightmare set in. "We had what we'd wanted," says Mrs. Hearl. "But now it had us by the throat. We were being strangled by the installment plan."

They actually owned nothing. Everything was financed—not only the house, but all that went with it, from furnace to plumbing; from sink to stove to TV set; even the paint was bought on time. To add to their burden, their ancient jalopy perished, and they were forced to buy another car so that Hearl could commute the 12 miles to his new job at Republic Aviation in Farmingdale.

"I hadn't worked since the children were born," says Mrs. Hearl. "Carol was still only twenty-three months old, and Joe, Jr., nine months. Kids that age need their mother. But I had no choice. I had to get a job or we'd lose everything."

So in January, 1950, Mrs. Hearl went to work as a $40-a-week attendant at Pilgrim State Hospital, six miles away. She worked days—8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Her husband worked nights—6:00 P.M. to 3:42 A.M. He was off Saturday and Sunday. She was off Monday.

Hearl would get home after 4:00 A.M., grab four hours' sleep, and drag himself up a moment before his wife went dashing off for the bus.

He'd bathe, dress and feed the children and try to keep them amused. By the time he quit trying, it was time to cook their lunch. More feeding, more washing, more dressing. Then he'd put them down for their naps, hoping to sneak one himself. He never succeeded. His progeny were individualists. They would sleep only alternating shifts. The tussle generally ended with him hurriedly cooking supper, hurriedly gulping it down—and dashing off to work as his wife came through the door.

Her evenings were just as hectic—more feeding the children, undressing the children, bathing the children, putting them to bed. Then sweeping, dusting, mopping; cooking, sewing, polishing. Finally the laundry: the entire family wash plus a dividend of at least two dozen diapers. She rarely finished before 3:00 A.M.

The frantic pace went on for more than three years. "At the end of each week," says Hearl, "after we got through paying our bills and the installment plan, all we had left from our combined salaries was two dollars—a dollar for Caroline and a dollar for me."

It took him three weeks to save up the three dollars he needed to pay for a sweepstakes ticket. "I bought it from one of the boys at the shop," he says. "And after I bought it I felt like a chump. I kept thinking how I might have used the money to buy a toy for the kids or a fancy pair of stockings for Caroline. When I told her about it, she just grinned and said, 'Three-dollar stockings? Phooey. I only wear the five-dollar kind.' She was just being a good sport, and it made me feel guiltier."

His conscience was still tormenting him when he received the news that he'd drawn a starting horse. That was a week before the race. To Hearl and his wife it was a week of agony, doubt and suspense. Pinza, their horse, was not the favorite. And his jockey, Sir Gordon Richards, had never ridden a Derby winner. Nevertheless Sir Gordon was Britain's most celebrated jockey, and he had publicly vowed he'd win this time. The Hearls could barely eat, sleep or work, wondering about the outcome. To make it more agonizing, a neighbor strode in the night before the race and offered to buy their ticket for $5,000. The Hearls refused to sell. They didn't know why. They don't know now. In their debt-racked existence $5,000 loomed as a colossal fortune. But with one breath they both blurted, "No."

Added to their other tensions, this decision made Mrs. Hearl so distraught that she couldn't go to work the next day, the day of the Derby. Drinking endless pots of coffee, she and her husband sat by the radio, numbly waiting for the results of the race. At last came the announcer's voice, "The Derby at Epsom Downs today . . ." Then suddenly static intervened . . . followed by total silence. "My heart seemed to stop with the radio," says Mrs. Hearl. A few moments later the station came in again—just as the announcer proclaimed, "Sir Gordon has won his first Derby!"

Overwhelmed, the Hearls sat there, too dazed to talk or even to congratulate each other. When reporters streamed in on them, they could only repeat over and over, "We're the luckiest people in the world."

"You just can't put it into words," Hearl says now. "There we were, Mr. and Mrs. Installment Plan, without a dime to our names and in hock up to our ears. And then suddenly, in a few seconds, we were Mr. and Mrs. Moneybags, stinking rich, with one hundred forty G's. What a feeling!"

Learning the Grim Truth About Taxes

It lasted less than twenty-four hours. The rude awakening came the next afternoon when Hearl went to a lawyer friend for advice. "I'd advise you," said the attorney gently, "to read this." He handed Hearl a schedule of federal and state taxes. Hearl shook his head in bewilderment, and the attorney offered to translate. "It means," he said, "that you've got to share your prize with two other gentlemen, the federal and state tax collectors. Between them they get a total of $85,000 or so. That is, if you and your wife don't continue working this year. If you do, the taxes will be higher."

"Maybe we'd better retire," said the crestfallen Hearl. Then with animation: "I always wanted to know how it feels to have enough leisure."

"Me too," said Mrs. Hearl.

Whereupon they quit their jobs. "It was wacky," says Hearl. "We had $140,000 coming to us. Yet we had nothing to live on until the prize money came through. And we didn't know how long that would take. For a few days it actually looked like we'd starve. The bank that held the mortgage on our house wouldn't lend us another cent on it, even though they admitted the house was worth far more than the mortgage. And they wouldn't accept our sweepstakes ticket as collateral. They said their stockholders might object. We ran ourselves ragged until we found another bank that would refinance the mortage and lend us a few thousand dollars."

Their prize money arrived six weeks later: a certified check, drawn on a Swiss bank, minus $42.50 for transmission charges. The Hearls deposited the $139,957.50 in the First National Bank of East Islip, took a deep breath and decided that the first purchase they would make would be a new car, a $3,100 hardtop convertible, painted two

Hearl and his family: Joseph, Jr., five; Carol Jean, six, and wife Caroline. He built the house himself, before winning sweepstakes, now owns it outright. Garage, automobile and stone facing on house are new—and paid for. But he's back at his job as a paint sprayer

Out front with the finest . . . the beautiful new Ford Mainline Tudor Sedan and Crestline Victoria.

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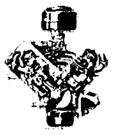
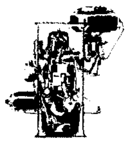
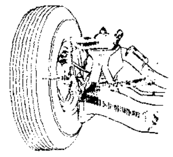


Third, only Ford of all the low-priced cars has a modern ball-joint front suspension system. This revolutionary new development allows greater shock absorbing movement of the front wheels . . . you enjoy a softer, more stable ride. And Ford's simple, sealed ball-joints help to preserve that "new-car feel" for a far longer time.





Fourth, to take the "drive" out of driving, Ford offers *five* optional power assists: Fordomatic Drive . . . a *4-Way* Power Seat . . . Swift Sure Power Brakes . . . Power-Lift Windows *all around* . . . Master-Guide Power Steering.

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'54 Ford **Worth more when you buy it . . .**
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“Sometimes,” says Mrs. Hearl, “I wonder if it was worth it”

shades of gray. It felt strange—and luxurious—writing a check for the full amount.

Then they decided that as new members of the leisured money class they should take a trip and broaden their outlook. Mrs. Hearl, who has worked since she was sixteen, had never been more than a hundred miles from home. Her husband had been in Saipan with the Marines, but that wasn't exactly sight-seeing. So they headed north, sure that the trip would be wonderful.

“It was miserable,” says Hearl. “The weather was hot and the roads were jammed. So were the hotels. And the prices they charged made your hair stand up. The kids were carsick. Even the sights weren't what we'd expected.”

When Long Island Looked Good

The climax came in Bangor, Maine, where little Joe jumped off a rock, fell on a broken beer bottle and rammed a glass sliver into his hand. “To heck with this,” said Hearl. “We can find busted beer bottles in Long Island.”

So back they went to Central Islip to adjust themselves to a leisurely summer at home. As Mrs. Hearl recalls, “We thought it would be a second honeymoon. Except that we'd never had a first. Nor a married life either, when we both worked on different shifts. Now we had a chance to be together, almost for the first time, it seemed.”

But not without interruption. There were the children, and a continuous procession of salesmen—every imaginable kind, plus a variety of confidence men intent on selling them everything from a diamond mine in the Catskills to a secret process for making gasoline out of garbage.

Hearl wasn't interested. He had his own ideas. The most enchanting was paying off the mortgage on his house. He did it by cash, then went home, sat down on the sofa, touched a match to the canceled mortgage papers and lighted his pipe with them. “I know it sounds goofy,” he says. “But I couldn't resist it. It was the kind of pipe dream I'd never believed could happen.”

Mrs. Hearl shared it by taking one puff of the pipe. Then they completed the ritual by making a list of their creditors and sending them checks for payment in full. Including the mortgage, they paid out $10,000. But now what they had belonged to them.

They still found it hard to believe. “Every once in a while I'd have to pinch myself and take a quick look at my checkbook to make sure that it really all happened,” says Hearl.

“The same with me,” says Mrs. Hearl. “I'd think about cooking dinner, and automatically I'd begin figuring that if I added a half a pound of cracker crumbs to the hamburger I could make it go twice as far. Then all at once I'd remember that we could afford porterhouse or roast beef, or anything else we wanted.”

During the weeks that followed, the Hearls remembered many other things they'd wanted, and they set out on an exciting round of shopping. “Not screwball stuff,” says Hearl. “We knew the value of a buck. But stuff for the house. That house had driven us nuts for years. Now we were out to complete it and enjoy it.”

They bought a nine-cubic-foot refrigerator, new kitchen furniture, new living-room furniture, a new television set. Also an automatic washing machine and an electric drier, which Mrs. Hearl dubbed the Twins.

But by the time autumn arrived the excitement of shopping had subsided—and with it the rarefied emotional atmosphere in which the Hearls had been living. Now suddenly they were lonely. And, as they tell it, they became acutely aware of what they had hardly noticed before: the telephone rarely rang, and almost none of their relatives or friends ever came to call.

Baffled at first, the Hearls finally saw the irony: their sweepstakes fortune had liberated them from a prison of debt, and in its place had erected a wall of isolation.

They were bitter and resentful. They felt that their loneliness was all due to stubborn misunderstanding on the part of their relatives and friends.

“Take the case of the car, for example,” says Hearl. “When we bought the new one, we decided to give the old car to a relative, instead of trading it in. ‘Look,’ I tell this relative, ‘you've got to give me a dollar for the car. That makes it a legal sale. If I just give it to you for nothing, I might be giving you a headache. Because then you might have trouble proving title, or on your income tax or getting insurance or what not.’ I have to talk myself tongue-tied to convince this relative. But finally he says okay, he understands.

“Not some of the others, though. They raise the roof about it. ‘Imagine that cheapskate,’ they scream. ‘Imagine a guy yelling for a lousy dollar when he's got $140,000.’ I can't make 'em understand, no matter how hard I try. And I can't make 'em understand that I haven't $140,000 either—that the tax people got around $85,000, and my creditors another chunk; that I'm left with only about $30,000. ‘Poor Joe,’ they say. ‘Only $30,000.’ To them that sounds like 30 million. I know, because it used to sound that way to me, too. So they think I've gone high-hat. They're wrong. But if they think I'm going to get down on my knees to them, they're even wronger.”

As for their friends, it was pretty much the same. “They were so jealous we won,” says Mrs. Hearl, “that almost none of them phoned us until a month later, and then only to make Joe some business propositions. Joe thought the propositions were silly, and told them. So right away they passed the word around that we'd gone snooty and tightwad, and that we wanted nothing to do with ordinary people who worked for a living.”

As a result, says Joe Hearl, former friends—and even tradesmen—would cross to the other side of the street to avoid saying hello to him or his wife.

Lonely as she was, Mrs. Hearl found some escape in her everyday chores. Cooking, cleaning, taking care of the children was still a novel career for her. But not to her husband. He had always resented it as an affront to his masculinity. To pass the time away he dreamed up work more suitable to his masculine talents. He built three bedrooms in the attic, built an alcove for the washer and drier, and supervised the construction of a stone front for the house. He painted the alcove apple green and the kitchen canary yellow. Then, finding that all this work had been accomplished too quickly, he built a garage. He did it the hard way, with heavy cement blocks, perfectly fitted planking and precision steel windows. It took him a month and a half. When he was done, he could think of nothing else to do.

“It drove me wacky,” says Hearl. “When you've got a job, you look forward to your day off. It's something special. But when you're retired, every day is like every other day. And it gets more monotonous every week.”

He tried sleeping. “When Caroline and I were working those crazy shifts and I got only four or five hours of sleep a night, sleep was all I thought of. Sleep? I got so fed up with sleeping I began to hate the sight of a bed.”

COLLIER'S “What funny story can I be reminded of at graduation exercises tomorrow?” BARNEY TOBEY

Then he tried reading. “Newspapers, I read them by the dozen. It got so I could recite some of the stories by heart.”

So Joe Hearl scouted around for a hobby. He took to tinting photographs. “That was okay for an hour or two,” he says. “But just how much paint can you slap on how many photographs?”

Finally Hearl turned to raising parakeets. He figured it would amuse the whole family, since he knew parakeets could talk and, as he recalls gloomily, “there were so few outsiders who ever spoke to us.” But what he didn't know, he says, is that a parakeet will speak only if there are no other parakeets around. And he'd made the mistake of buying five pairs.

Hearl gave up. He could find no more distractions. Thereafter he spent his time numbly counting the days until he could go back to work as just another wage earner named Joe “instead of Mr. Moneybags, who would have to pay Uncle Sam 87 cents in taxes for every dollar he earned.” That day dawned with the New Year. The next Monday Hearl went job hunting.

Back on the Job—and Happy

Today Hearl is back as a paint sprayer at Republic Aviation. He works from 7:00 A.M. to 3:42 P.M., and his take-home pay is $78 a week. By ordinary standards the work is monotonous but to Hearl it's a blessed relief. “When I start getting a little fed up,” he says, “I just think of all the time I stayed home doing nothing and then I can practically kiss my spray gun.” He doesn't even mind, he says, the coolness of some of his fellow workers who can't understand why “a guy with all that dough should be working and taking a job away from somebody who might need it more.”

“What shall I tell them?” shrugs Hearl. “That all I've got left is thirty thousand, and that, invested in blue-chip stocks, it brings me less than two hundred a month? Will that make them any friendlier?”

As for Mrs. Hearl, she has become somewhat less embittered, too. “I guess nothing ever turns out the way you want it,” she says. “The money brought us security. And now we're paying for it with loneliness. Sometimes I wonder if it was worth it.”

“Me, too,” says Hearl. “But I wonder what would happen if we won again. I wonder if things would be different. Maybe I'll find out.”

Maybe he will: he has bought three tickets on the next Irish Sweepstakes.

“And I have a hunch I'll win,” says Hearl. “It's never happened before, the same guy winning twice. But it's bound to happen to somebody. And I have a feeling it'll be me.”

Then what?

“Then my trouble would be over,” says Hearl. “I'd have a real wad of cash. And I'd just pack up my wife and kids and clear out of here forever. I'd have to. I couldn't go through it again in a town like this, where people make you miserable because you're luckier than they are. Florida, I think. That's where I'd go. Someplace that has good fishing and lots of other people with dough.” ▲▲▲

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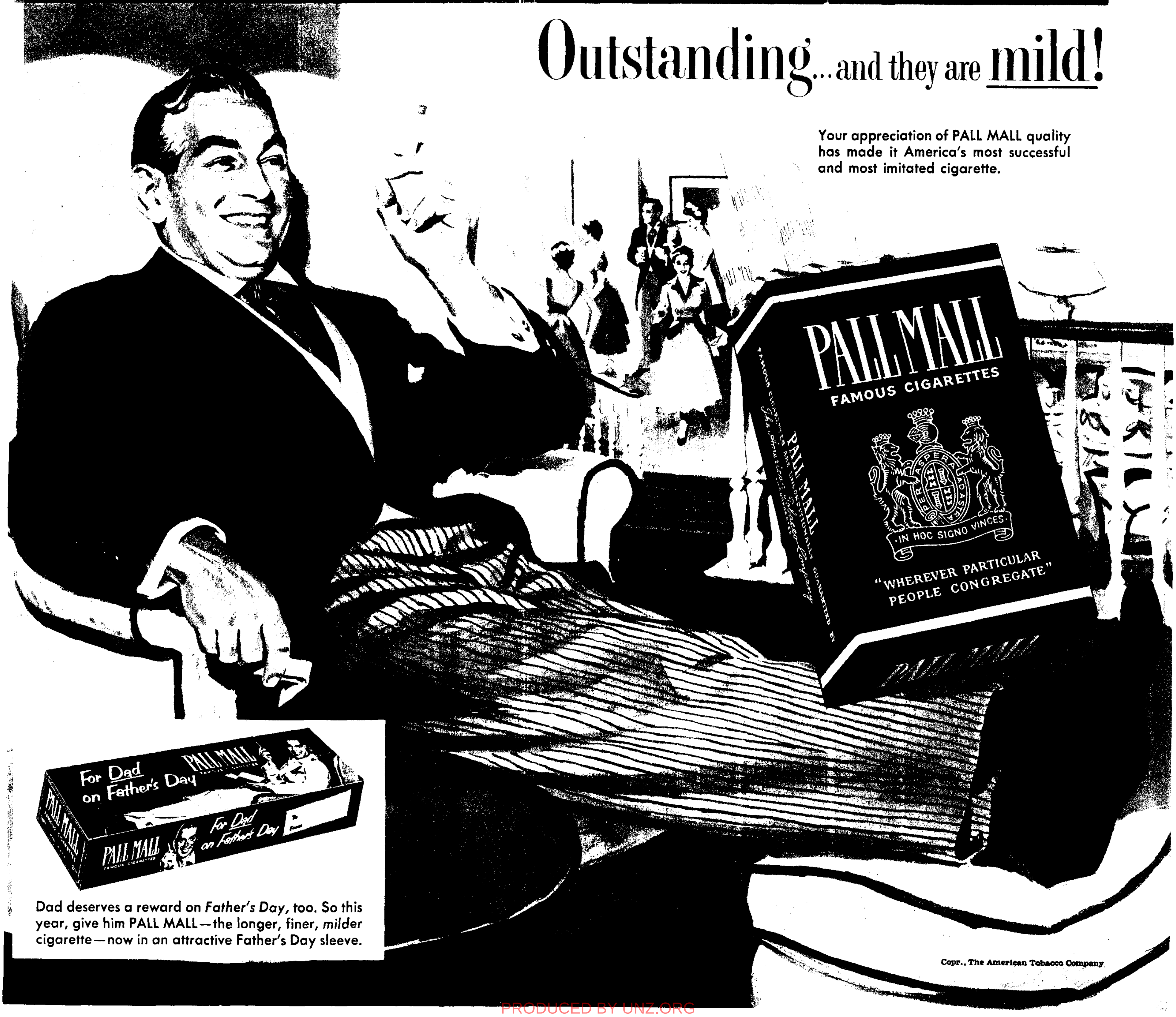
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Murder at Montego Bay

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

wore a two-piece, black bathing suit. She lay on her side on the beach towel, showing the smooth round swell of her hip. She was smiling into the man's face, which was about six inches away. He was about my age, thirty-five or so. He was a big guy, dark brown from the sun, with a swimmer's smooth, long-looking muscles.

"Mrs. Schyler?"

She looked up quickly. Her eyes were pale blue and cool. "Yes?"

"My name's Bullock," I said. "I'm from Acme."

SHE sat up and smiled. "Oh, yes. The insurance. We were—or rather I've been expecting you. Pull up some sand and sit down."

I sat down where I could see both their faces.

"Mr. Bullock, Mr. Ridley."

"Oh," I said, shaking his hand. It felt like elephant hide. "You're the spearfisherman."

"That's right."

"Mrs. Schyler," I said. "I know how you must feel—"

"Yes," she sighed, shaking a cigarette out of the pack. Ridley had the match all ready for her. "Poor Roger. I miss him so."

"I hate to drag it all out again, but there are some questions I must ask."

"I realize that. Anything you want to know."

"I believe you said in your letter that you saw most of what happened. You were looking through the glass in the bottom of the boat."

"Yes," she said, and exhaled smoke through her nostrils. "Wouldn't you like a rum punch or something?"

"All right."

Ridley called a boy over and gave him the order.

"It all happened so fast," she said.

"Did anyone see the shark before the attack?"

"Buddy saw it first."

"The boatman, you mean?"

"He's just a kid," Ridley said. "Just a Jamaican boy."

Mrs. Schyler continued: "Buddy was looking out over the water while I was looking through the glass well, watching the men spearfish. Buddy couldn't see into the water but he saw the shadow of this shark near the surface coming through the reef opening."

"Where was all this?"

"Off Bogue Island," Ridley said.

"Where's that?"

He pointed south into the bay. I could see a low clump of gray-green mangroves above the turquoise water.

"Is there an opening in the reef there?" I asked.

"It's where the banana boats come in," Ridley said.

"Isn't it dangerous to spearfish so close to blue water?"

Harry Ridley shrugged. His face was beat up and cracked from the sun. "Been out there a lot of times, never been bothered. Mr. Schyler wanted something big. That's why we went."

"You see," Mrs. Schyler said, "there was blood in the water from the fish they had speared and that attracted the shark."

I looked at Mrs. Schyler. So she knew all about spearfishing.

"You must have speared a lot of fish," I said to Ridley.

"Half a dozen or so," Ridley said. "But big ones. Grouper and mutton snapper. I hit one in the belly. Lot of blood from that."

"What kind of shark was it?"

"Mackerel. About fifteen feet."

I felt my skin grow cool in the hot sun. I had seen only one shark under water, a harmless, toothless seven-foot nurse shark, and I would never forget that dusty-brown sliding shape with the vacuum-cleaner mouth.

"Would a shark attack a person who wasn't bleeding?"

Ridley squinted at me. "You can never tell about shark. Shark get crazy drunk at the smell of blood."

"But don't they usually make a first pass just out of curiosity? That would give you time to get out of the water."

"I said you can't tell about shark," Ridley said evenly. He wouldn't look at me. "You can't set down rules."

"Was the boat nearby?"

"Yes."

The drinks arrived and we all drank as if we were thirsty.

"Okay then," I said. "Buddy saw the shark coming from the reef opening. Did he yell?"

"Yes," Mrs. Schyler said. "But the men were under the water, and they couldn't hear."

"How about you, Ridley? When did you first see it?"

"Mr. Schyler had just speared a grouper." Ridley said this slowly, in a bored way, as if he had said it many times before. "He was pulling on the line which was fastened to the detachable spearhead in the grouper. I was chasing a mutton snapper and all of a sudden there was the shark."

"Did you try to scare it off?"

"Sure." He scowled at me. "I yelled. The bubbles are supposed to scare shark. But it kept right on coming. Then I fired at it, hit it in the gills."

"What happened?"

"It kept right on coming."

"For the grouper?"

"No, for Mr. Schyler. It just kept coming in at Schyler. After its first pass there wasn't much left."

Mrs. Schyler shuddered.

"I guess that's enough for now," I said. I sipped the drink. The story sounded all right to me. It didn't sound phony, but it didn't sound convincing either—it just sounded all right. The way I had always heard it from spearfishermen was that shark would go after a speared, bleeding, flapping fish first. The shark in this case would have gone after the grouper first. This would have given Schyler plenty of time to get out of the water. I knew too that shark, unless there were more than one, were cowardly. Shouting, bubbles in the water, a smack on the nose, or the prick of a spear point would have driven a single shark off for a while, at least long enough to allow a swimmer to get out of the water and into a nearby boat.

"Guess I'll cool off," I said, standing up. "Thanks for the drink and the information. See you later."

I fell forward into the warm water, swam out a short distance and then turned parallel to the beach, swimming toward the dock. Even without a mask I could see the purplish blots of coral heads and the red-green flash of parrot fish.

I HUNG onto the gunwales of one of the glass-bottom rowboats and spoke to the boatman. "Which one is Buddy?" I asked.

"Down there, boss. Boat called My Own."

I swam over to the dock and crawled up the ladder and walked down to where Buddy was lying back in the bow of his boat. He wore a tattered shirt and shorts. His felt hat was over his face.

"Buddy?"

He jerked upright and clapped his hat on his head. "Yes'uh, boss."

"I want to ask you a few questions about the other day when the American man was killed by the shark."

Buddy's eyes opened wide. "Yes'uh."

"Where was it that Mr. Schyler and Mr. Ridley were spearfishing?"

"Off Bogue Island."

"Is that a good place?"

"Plenty fish there. Good place."

"Do your fishermen fish there?"

"Sometimes."

"What do they catch?"

"They fish for shark. Plenty shark there. The shark come in through the reef for the garbage."

"The other day you saw the shark first, didn't you?"

"Yes'uh, and I holler but it don't do no good."

"Why do you think the shark came?"

"Mr. Harry say, because he smell the blood."

"Had Mr. Harry and Mr. Schyler speared that many fish?"

Buddy thought this over, remembering. "Three snapper."

"Would three snapper leave that much blood in the water?"

"I guess so."

"Did Mr. Harry fire at the shark?"

Buddy frowned. "Yes'uh."

"Did you see him fire at the shark?"

"No, suh. I wasn't looking through the glass."

"Then you're not sure that he fired at the shark."

"Oh, yes'uh. He say he did. He come up for air after he fired."

"Was that before you saw the shark from the surface?"

Buddy's shiny black forehead was furrowed and his eyes had a worried look. "Lemme think. Yes'uh. After Mr. Harry shoot for the last time he come up for air and dived again and then I saw the shark."

"Then he didn't shoot at the shark."

Buddy looked pleadingly up at me, "I don't know, boss. I don't know. Mr. Harry say he shoot the shark. His arrow was gone."

"Did you tell the police this?"

BUDDY'S skin was like wet licorice; his big, trapped-animal eyes rolled in their sockets. "No, suh, boss, no, suh." He looked up at me as if I could help him somehow. "They don't ask me that. They just ask, 'Did you see the shark?' and I say, 'Yes'uh,' and then they ask, 'Did Mr. Harry shoot his spear gun?' and I say, 'Yes'uh.' " Buddy looked down at his fumbling black hands. "They don't ask me all that like you ask me."

"All right, Buddy. Thanks." I smiled and bent over and patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry about it." I turned to walk away and then stopped. "Buddy, what kind of man was Mr. Schyler?"

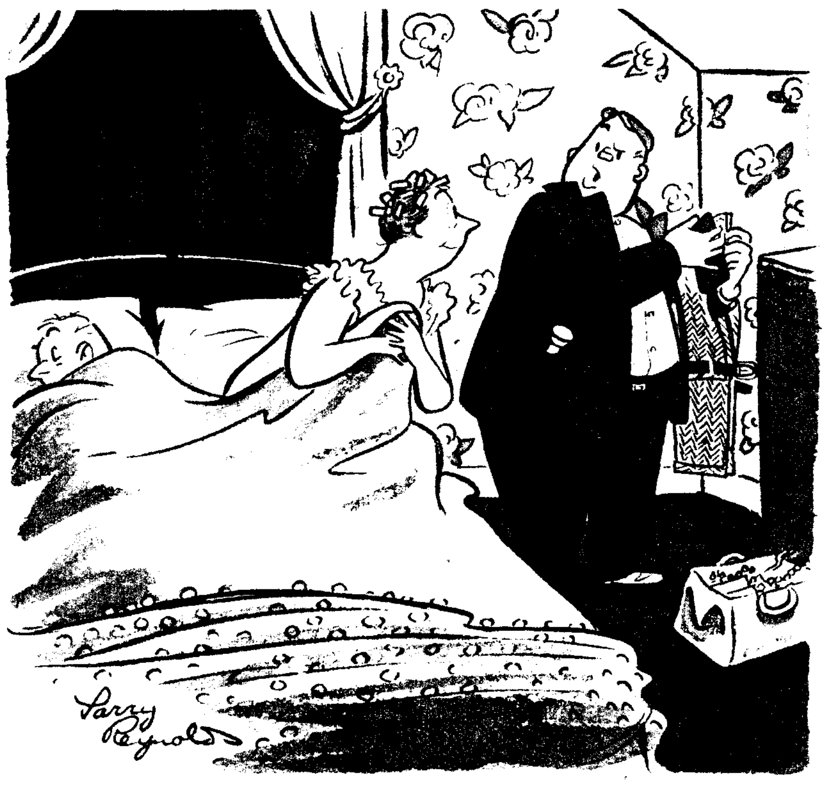
"Nice man. He give me two pounds every time I take him out."

"What did he look like?"

Buddy grinned a little. "Fat. Fat man with no hair." . . .

After supper I sat out on the edge of the patio dance floor and looked out at the quiet water of the bay. Big fish fed now in the dark water. Cow-nosed rays leaped out and slammed down on the

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

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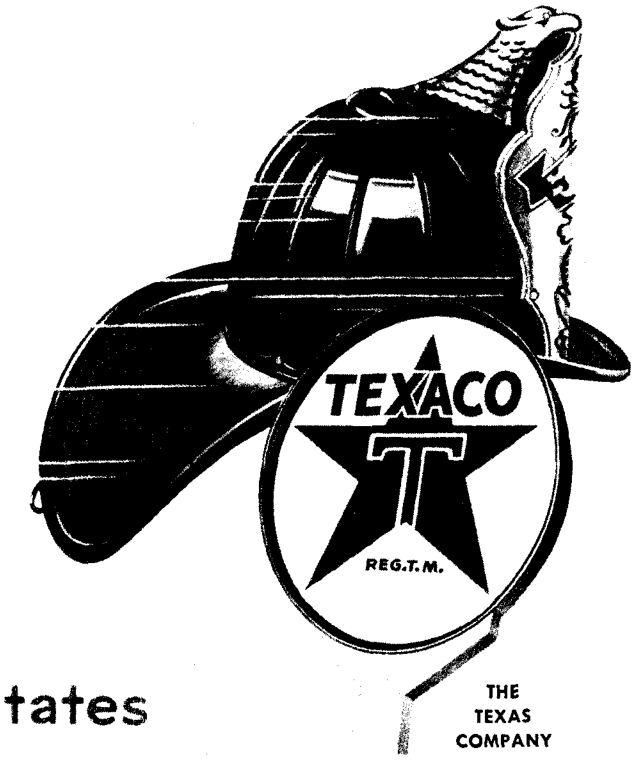

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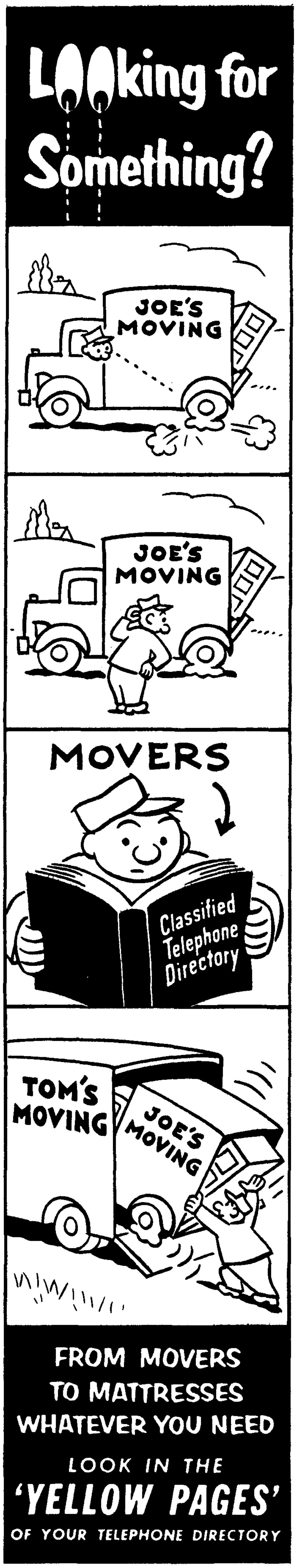
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water like garage doors. Barracuda, unwanted and feared, roamed the fringes of the kingfish schools like wolves preying on a herd of sheep. The sea was calm but occasionally there would be the smooth, one-after-the-other eruptions of the tarpon rolling off the great reef.

I was thinking about spear guns. From what I knew about them, none of them were repeaters. You shot, and then you had to retrieve, and then cock the gun again. Harry Ridley claimed he fired at the shark. According to Buddy, Harry fired before the shark appeared. He didn't have time to retrieve, load and cock the gun again. So when the shark came, Ridley was caught with an unloaded gun. What had he fired at before? Then there was another discrepancy. Harry claimed that he and Schyler had speared half a dozen fish. Buddy said three snapper. Would the blood from three snapper be enough to attract a shark?

"Do you mind if I join you?" someone asked.

I stood up. "No, of course not." Mrs. Schyler was wearing a white dress and red stole. Her hair was fastened back with a gold bandeau and her lips were red and moist.

"You get all the information you needed?" she asked.

"Almost." I leaned forward. "Mrs. Schyler, you were looking through the glass bottom. Could you see the men all the time?"

"No," she said. I offered her a cigarette and lighted it. "My vision was limited. The glass wasn't very large."

"Did you see Mr. Ridley shoot the shark?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "That I did see. Mr. Ridley was trying to protect my husband. He hit the shark but it just kept coming. Mr. Ridley had to cut the nylon line that was attached to the spearhead." She shook her head. "Mr. Ridley feels so badly about it all. It's bad for his business, you know."

"I wonder if he would mind a little business tomorrow morning?"

She looked up quickly. "What do you mean?"

"My job's finished. I can't get a plane back to Miami until tomorrow evening. I'd like to get in a little spearfishing."

She smiled and for the first time I saw her relax. "Why, of course. He'd love it."

After she left I went down to the dock to look for Buddy. He and a couple of the other boys were handline fishing for the tiny snapper and grunt that hung around pilings. A dozen or so of the tiny fish lay stiff on the planking. They looked like the little wooden fish you catch in a carnival concession, the kind that have a number inside telling you which prize you have won.

"Buddy?"

"Yes'uh." Buddy scrambled to his feet and removed his felt hat.

"I'm going spearfishing with you and Mr. Ridley tomorrow."

"Yes'uh."

"I'd like to have another boy go along."

"Yes'uh." Buddy reached down and touched a boy's shoulder. The boy jumped to his feet and looked solemnly at me. "Axelson will go. He's good boy."

Axelson was about Buddy's age, in his late teens. But Axelson was a little bigger than Buddy, and I was glad of that.

"All right. And, Buddy, you don't need to tell Mr. Ridley about Axelson going along. We'll tell him tomorrow."

"Yes'uh."

"Good night, boys."

"Good evening, boss," they both said.

On the way to my room I saw them, Harry Ridley and Mrs. Schyler. saw her white dress blossoming in the warm darkness of the night and, next to it, Harry Ridley. They walked slowly along the lane behind the hotel, his brown arm around her white waist, and then they walked down toward the beach, disappearing into the darkness.

The following morning as I came down to the dock, I heard Ridley say to Buddy, "Watch it, boy. How many times I got to tell you to watch those guns!"

"Yes'uh," Buddy said as he loaded the rowboat with the spearfishing gear. Ridley stood smoking, scowling at Buddy. I didn't see Axelson.

"Good morning," I said.

Ridley looked up and nodded. "You all set?"

"All set."

"Boss," Buddy said to me. "Axelson can't come. His sister's sick."

"That's too bad," I said, trying to sound casual.

Ridley looked at Buddy. "I told you I don't like any of your pals along when we're spearing."

"I asked him to go along," I said. I got in the boat and sat in the stern over the glass well. Harry got in the bow and Buddy shoved off, then jumped in and took up the oars.

Ridley was staring at me. "Why'd you ask him?"

"Well," I said, "I thought he could spell Buddy on the oars."

Ridley laughed. "Buddy needs a good workout. He's getting lazy, like all the rest of them. Besides we're only going out two hundred yards."

"I'd like to go to the reef off Bogue Island," I said, suddenly becoming interested in the dark water farther out.

There was only the noise of the water slapping lightly against the bow of the boat as Buddy rowed out into the bay. I looked around and into Ridley's eyes. "I'd like to see the reef," I said innocently. "Been hearing a lot about it."

"It's not that good."

"Like to get one of those mutton snapper. Don't have them that big in Florida."

"All right, Buddy. Get out there."

"Yes'uh, boss."

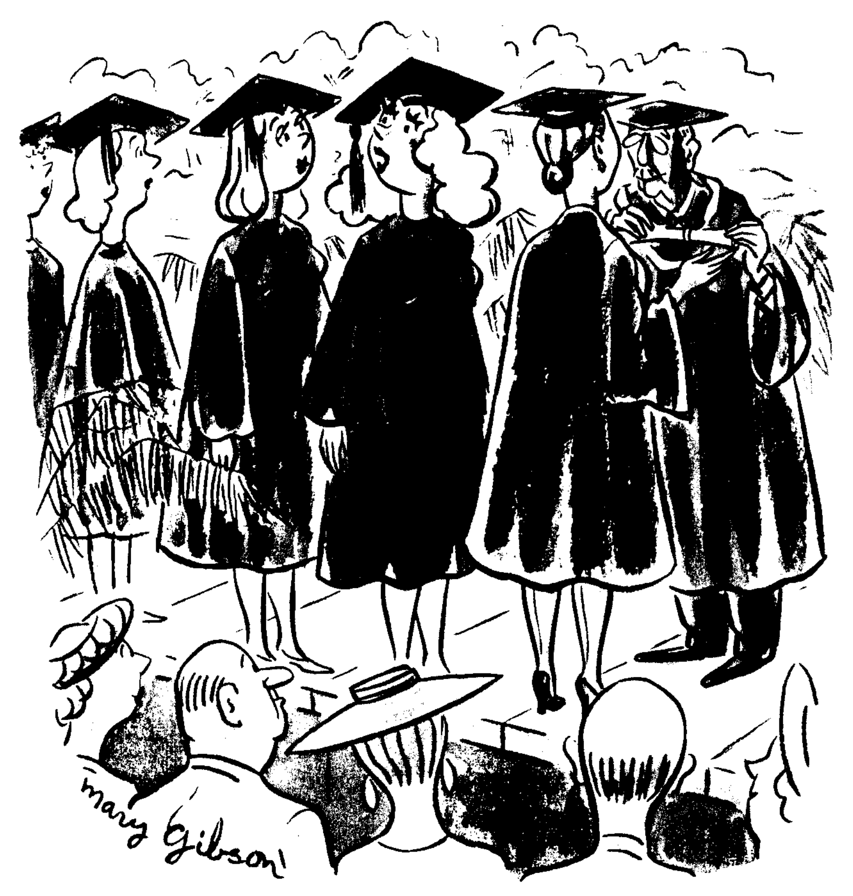
In the east, behind the charcoal mountains, the pale sky began to show the colors of a new day. We rowed parallel to the beach, past the resort hotels, and then as we came nearer town, I could see the shacks of the native people and the boarded-up stores which were not yet open. Axelson was in there someplace attending his sick sister. This morning Axelson was really needed, by his sister and by me. He'd never know that, of course, no matter what happened. He'd never know that just his being along would have made me feel a lot happier.

Bogue Island, no more than a low clump of mangroves, was in the middle of the bay; we headed out past it, and then the island was between us and the main island. The night was gone from the water now, and through the glass I could see black spiny sea urchins clumping along the white sand bottom, and an occasional coral head looking like an enormous furrowed brain. Tiny reef fish, the bees and butterflies of the underwater world, darted in and out of coral crevices. Once a cow-nosed ray swept beneath us, flying in a different world like some lazy, oversized bat.

I examined one of the light blue, dural-and-steel, rubber-powered spear guns. A length of green nylon line was attached to the spearhead.

"Detachable head," I said, flicking the hinged barb off the tip of the spear shaft.

"Yeah," Ridley said, looking down into the water.



COLLIER'S "Thank goodness, we're graduating in time to *do* something about everything!" MARY GIBSON

"This what you used the other day?"

"Yeah. Best rig. Comes off in the fish. Stand less of a chance of him breaking off. Okay, Buddy, hold it."

"Is this where it happened?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"No, boss," Buddy said.

"What do you know about it, boy!" Ridley shouted at Buddy. "You weren't under the water."

Buddy wiped his wet palms on his tattered shorts and stared at his enormous feet. "No, suh."

I touched Buddy's knee. "Where was it, Buddy?"

Buddy looked up at me, caught now between two white men who were demanding something of him that he didn't totally understand.

"He doesn't know where the hell he's at," Harry Ridley said, putting on his flippers. "None of these boys do. They're stupid."

"Tell me, Buddy."

Buddy didn't dare turn around to face Ridley. He waved one hand behind him, pointing vaguely to where the turquoise water turned to the deep blue of the channel. "Farther out. Out at the reef break. That's where I first saw the shark coming through the reef break."

"Row out there, Buddy," I said.

"Yes'uh boss," he said and took up the oars again.

Ridley was crouched up in the bow staring at me. "I thought you wanted to go spearfishing."

"I do. But I want to look around a little too."

He snorted. "What do you want to do? Question the shark?"

"I wish I could."

"Well, maybe you can, friend, maybe you can." Ridley tied a sheath knife to his belt. "I'll see what I can do."

Buddy stopped rowing as we neared the channel. Ridley spit in his mask to clear it, washed it out and adjusted it over his face. He swung his legs over the gunwales and slipped into the water. I followed.

DOUBLING up, jamming the pistol grip of the gun into my stomach, I pulled back the rubber strands and caught them in the notch on the spear shaft. Below me was a ruined city of coral. Mossy green canopies hung over dark forbidding ledges. The buildings were torn and cracked and shattered, making caves and large ragged openings where moray eels fluttered like slimy green ribbons. I saw a school of large mutton snapper feeding in a sandy arena between us and the great rusty mass that was the barrier reef.

Harry Ridley, sucking air through his snorkel, his back rounding over seal-like, dived for the snapper. One of the big gray fish, more curious than the rest, stayed watching him. Harry fired. The spear shaft clattered out of the gun and struck the fish just behind the gills. The fish jerked and twisted, and Harry, working down the nylon line, grabbed the fish and surfaced. I dived for another snapper, met him face to face behind a coral head. The shaft caught him just below the dorsal fin and I saw his mouth open in a silent scream.

Buddy took the fish, removed the barb and handed the shaft back to me. Ridley dived again.

"This about where it happened, Buddy?"

"Yes'uh." He looked at the dark blue channel. "Me and the missus was sitting in the boat right about here. I can tell because of that big lump of coral there. Boat scraped it once."

I didn't know exactly what I was looking for, but I wanted to see where Schyler had been killed. Something might give me an idea just how it happened. I didn't know what it would be. As I speared fish I kept my eyes open for something—anything—strange.

I speared another snapper. Harry, ahead of me, got an amber jack. By now the fish knew what we were up to and, no longer curious, they fled deeper into the coral shelters.

Only the eel remained fearless and unconcerned, opening and closing their needle-filled mouths, staring blindly past us.

I dived for a grouper. I saw him underneath a ledge, saw his pectoral fins moving and his big eyes and his fat lips. I pulled the trigger and there was the sound of steel on steel as the shaft left the barrel, and then a flat sound as the spear struck the grouper just behind the gills. I was tugging on the line trying to drag him out when I saw what I had hoped I would find.

TANGLED around a crusty yellow branch of staghorn coral was a length of green nylon line. I forgot about the grouper and began working at the tangled line. Tiny reef fish darted in and away, snatching at something on the end of the line. Then I saw the detachable head. Dangling from the hinged barb was a scrap of cloth, and I hated to think what else. The cloth was madras, the kind they use for bathing trunks.

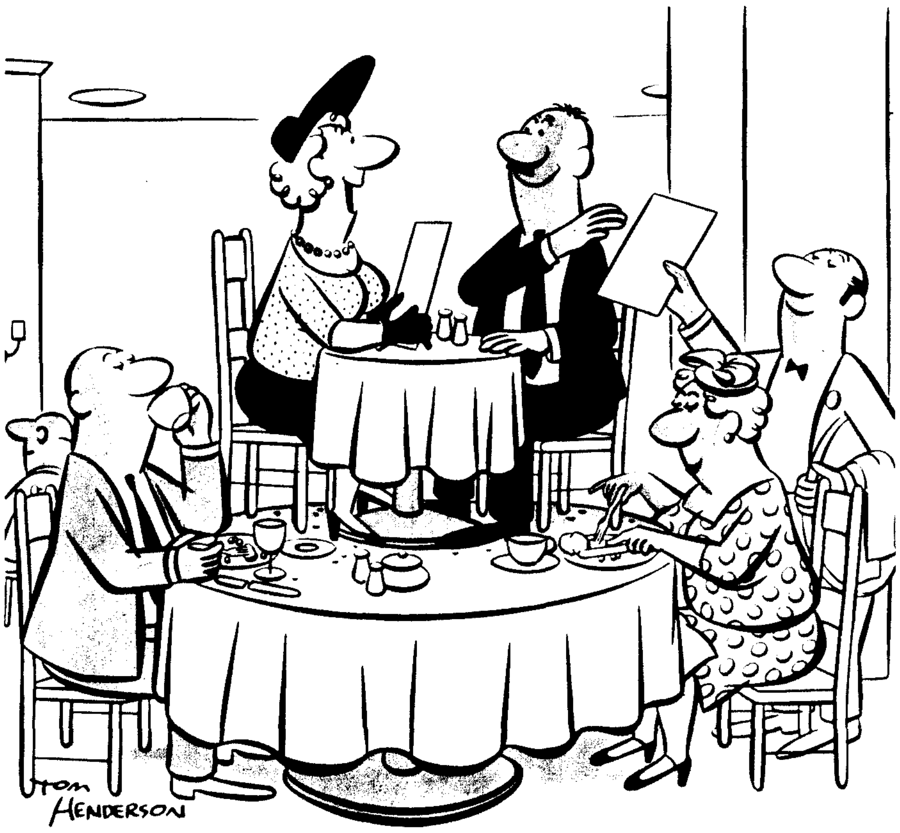
I cut the barb free and started to kick for the surface. Then I saw Ridley dead-man floating directly above and sighting down at me over the barrel of his spear gun. Instinctively I doubled up. I heard a clattering, tinny sound and then felt a sharp, hot pain in my left leg. I grabbed at the pain and felt the spear shaft. Blood poured from the wound. Ridley dived. My spear shaft was still hung up in the grouper under the ledge. I cut the line, whirled around and slammed the butt of my spear gun into his face. I heard a dull shattering of glass, and with aching lungs I kicked toward the surface.

I had barely gasped some air when I felt a tug on my leg and I went under. Ridley had got me the way he would have got a fish, the way he had got Schyler, only not as good. He had speared Schyler in the belly, but he had only got me in the leg. I turned to face him. He was bleeding from face cuts and was unable to see clearly under the water now that his mask was shattered, but he swam toward me. I drove the gun into his face again, and as he began to go down, I cut the line attached to the spear in my leg. And then I saw the shark.

It was so huge that it dwarfed everything around it. It moved slowly, slowly toward us, swinging its head, its tail sweeping back and forth. It seemed to ignore us as it made this first pass. Its flat, dull yellow eyes were like cloth-covered buttons.

I felt Buddy's hands underneath my arms, pulling me up out of the water and over the gunwales. I flopped into the boat, near the glass well. Buddy began removing the detachable head from my leg and I stared down into the glass well. I could see only part of what was happening; I could see the shark wheeling and smashing and shaking its head, turning and smashing again, tearing and ripping. And then I couldn't see anything any more because the water became cloudy, as if pink dust had been tossed into it.

—BEN MASSELINK



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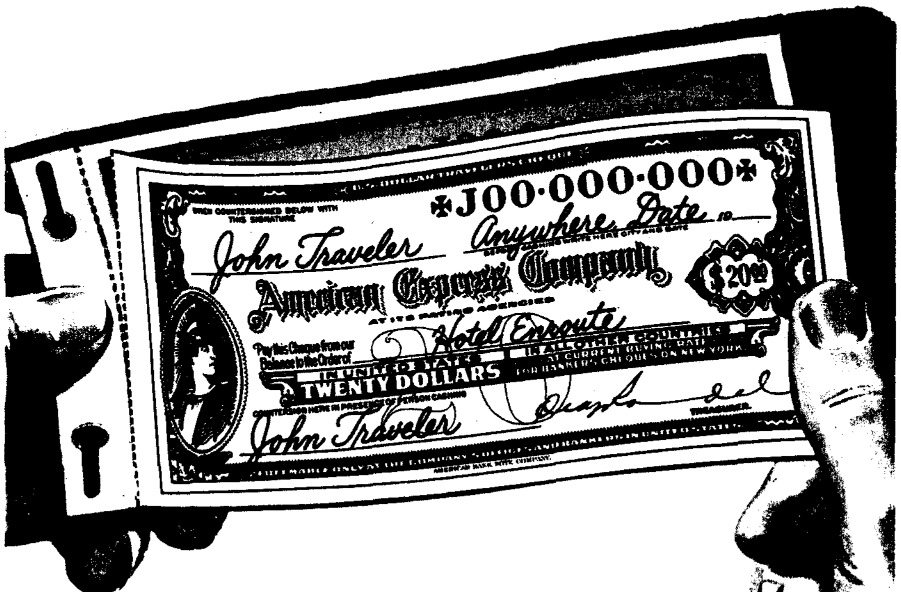

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By CLELAND JUDD

She was younger
than he and not
so wise – except in
the ways of love

FRESHMAN COURSE IN WOO

LIBBY strolled across the campus in the May morning sunshine. She climbed the worn stairs to the second floor of Math Hall, took her seat, laid her books and notebooks on the floor and put her scratch pad and pencil on the desk-arm of her chair.

Mr. Noble came in. He was tall and nice-looking, pleasant but remote. He smiled briefly at the class in general, and then arranged his notes and room chart on the long table in front of him.

Libby made a few quick pencil strokes on the pad. She outlined his smooth, well-shaped head, drew in his bright, impersonal smile.

Jim Sparks spoke up: "You going to give another test before finals?"

Mr. Noble raised his hand but he didn't look up; he wanted to finish taking roll. Libby smiled. His utter concentration was childlike. She tore off the first page and drew a little boy with a tuft of hair rising from the crown of his head.

The room was very still. Libby glanced up and saw Mr. Noble looking over the class vaguely. Jim Sparks obligingly repeated his question, and added, "There's only three more weeks till finals for the seniors."

The vague look left Mr. Noble's face, and he frowned in surprise. "Is that *all?*" he said. It was common enough for students to react that way when the end of a term suddenly loomed very near; but those on the other side of the desk were usually prepared for it. Mr. Noble turned to look at the calendar on the wall behind him. When he faced the room again, his uncertainty was gone.

He said, "Miss Lane, may I see you a moment after class?"

In that instant, Libby felt herself being gazed at curiously by twenty-seven pairs of eyes. She ducked her head to hide the burning flush on her face and neck.

Mr. Noble said, "No, no more tests. Now yesterday we were discussing . . ."

Libby did not know why Mr. Noble should want to see her after class—any more than she knew why butterflies were fluttering in her stomach at the very idea. But she made no effort to discover the reason. She made no effort of any kind. Her hands lay motionless on the scratch pad.

Mr. Noble's deep voice droned on. Libby finally lifted her eyes to his face; it was an impersonal mask. She turned to look out at the bright day, the lacy trees against the clear blue of the sky. The air coming in through open windows was cool, spring-scented. She let her mind wander out of the room, out of the day, back to October.

She had been walking across the campus, and had stopped at a corner because a car was coming—a bright turquoise-blue convertible. She had looked at the driver with interest.

He had stopped to let her pass. Libby half-lifted one hand and smiled in appreciation. She was about to go on when he smiled back. His face was young and thin, stern in repose. But when he smiled it lighted up. The blue of his eyes deepened, darkened.

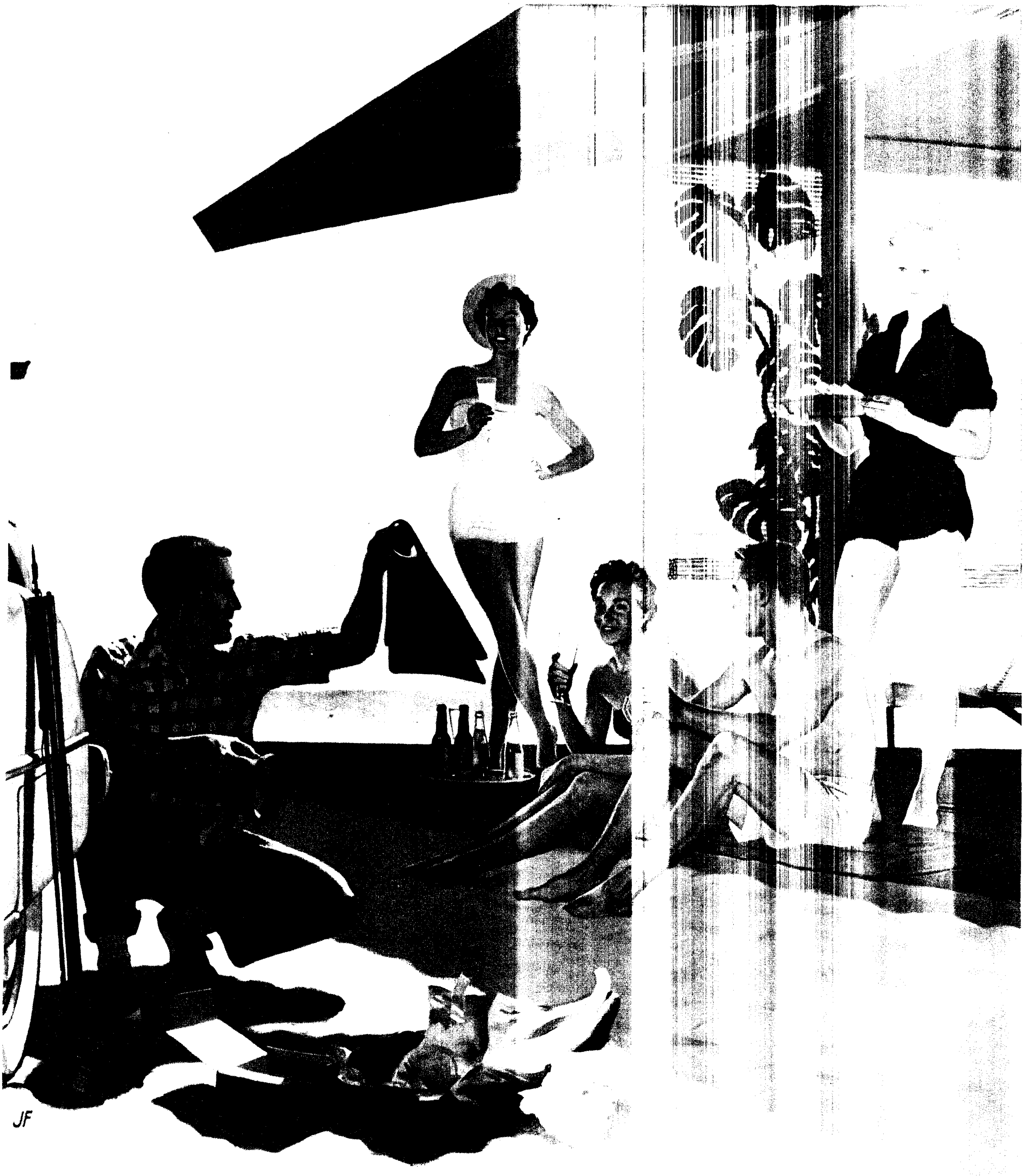
Libby looked at him for a long moment. Then she had realized she was delaying him and walked on. But the memory of the smile stayed with her, and when she took her weekly cartoon into the campus newspaper office that afternoon, she asked her roommate, Kay Burroughs, if she knew who drove a turquoise-blue convertible.

Kay laughed. "You aren't the first girl to ask that," she said. "But no soap. He's a grad student, working on a problem in nuclear physics for his Ph.D. Didn't you read that item about him the first week of school? I'll find it for you if you're interested."

Libby was interested, and she read the clipping eagerly: *William Horace Noble, son of Dr. Horace Noble and Mrs. Margaret Noble. . . .* There was a long list of their joint contributions to science. *William Horace born in Cairo . . . parents were on important expedition in Egypt. Parents educated him themselves during these trips and in their home when they were writing up their findings and lecturing in colleges. No formal schooling until Princeton . . . completed four-year course in two and a half years. War interrupted study for master's degree . . . . Sent alone on several OSS missions . . .*

When she had finished reading, one word stood

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



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out in her mind: "alone." While other children were walking to school together and playing tag at recess, he had been studying alone in a jungle or in some dim ancestral library. Had he ever had a Christmas tree or a birthday party? It seemed improbable. Even though he was brilliant, he must have spent most of his time at college studying. Did he know how to do anything else? But he must! No one who smiled like that could be dry as dust.

After that, every time Libby saw the blue car she would think of the little boy, playing and studying alone. Several times she was near enough for them to exchange brief smiles again. When she heard that the physics department had lent Mr. Noble to teach Math 313, she registered for the course. It was a good one to take this last term of college, she rationalized; since it was a comprehensive review of three other courses she had had recently, it wouldn't require much work.

That first day, when he saw her coming in, his look of surprise was followed by a vivid, delighted smile. But in a few days Libby had to accept the fact that by taking his course she had lost instead of gained. With her changed schedule, she no longer saw him on campus between classes. Instead, she received the daily quota of one brief professional smile in greeting and one in dismissal, along with the rest of the class. She had acquired an excellent teacher and had lost her chance ever to get to know him better.

Well, she thought, she could still drop the course. But she didn't. While she was considering that one day, she began idly drawing lines on her scratch pad. She drew a thin young boy with a notebook in front of him, gazing out the window at a girl and boy his own age laughing together. That young Mr. Noble was more real to Libby than the man he had become.

To the others, Mr. Noble was simply an excellent instructor; to Libby, he was the starting point for endless daydreams. He was sometimes a child to whom she gave her love, to make up to him for what his parents hadn't given him. And sometimes he was a boy she knew in high school, whom she liked and enjoyed being with more than anyone else. She would sketch his head, look up at his face, and then pencil in an expression she would like to see there. It was strangely satisfying, and there were times when she was surprised at how good the results of a few simple lines could be. But at the end of each period, as she left the classroom, she tossed the papers, crumpled into little balls, into the wastebasket.

TODAY, she had done just the one sketch. She tore it off the pad slowly and crumpled it, as a change in the tone of Mr. Noble's voice warned her the period was nearly over. Quickly she took down the assignment for the next class.

You were never asked to stay a moment after class for anything serious, she told herself. Why get all fluttery about it?

She concentrated on gathering up her books so she would be ready the moment the last student left the room, on walking toward the front of the room, to a spot from which she could throw the sketch into the basket without actually going to it. The paper landed neatly inside. She turned at last to face Mr. Noble.

He glanced with interest at the wastebasket and then at her. She blushed, and then saw that, unaccountably, his expression of interest had changed to worry. "There are sometimes delays in obtaining a passport," he said. "We must see about one for you at once."

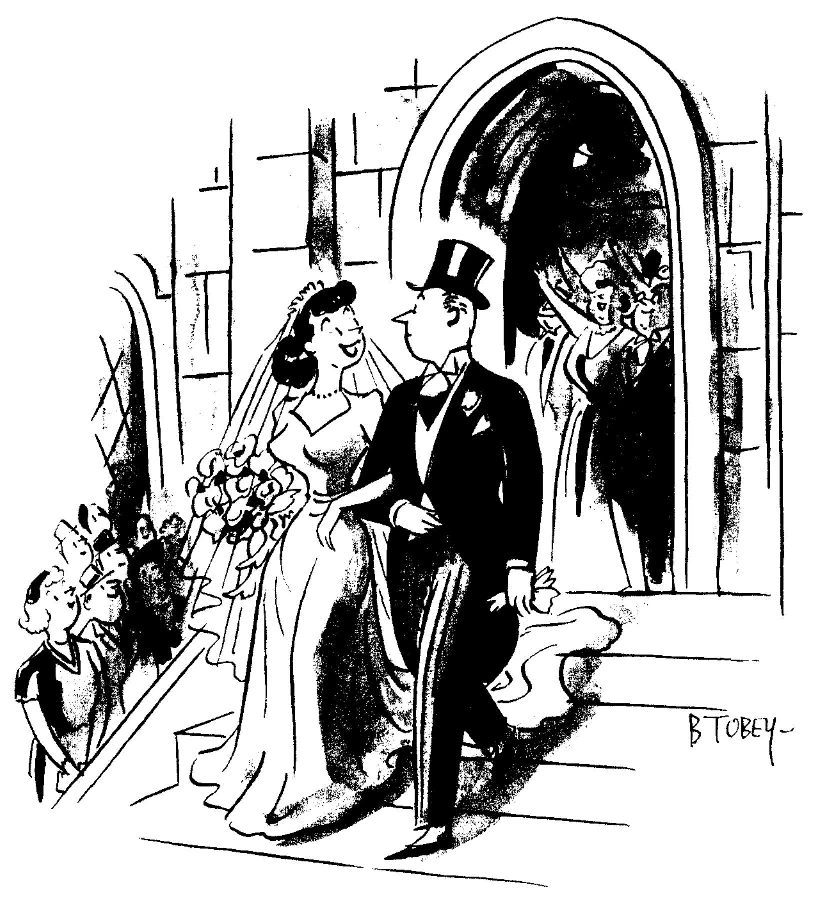
She stared at him. "Why—why should I need a passport?" she said.

He answered her like a professor impatient with a dull student: "You can't go to Europe without one."

Libby looked carefully at his face. Her throat and her lips were dry; she couldn't have spoken even if she'd known what to say. And then he smiled. "I shall enjoy showing you Europe," he said. "I'll have nearly two months before my work begins at the Sorbonne, you know. I booked our passage on the Queen Elizabeth for June twenty-third. Is that all right?"

It was like a movie, Libby thought, and she'd come in too late to understand the story.

"It sounds beautiful," she said finally. "Only—I'm not going to Europe."



COLLIER'S

"No more classes, no more books, no more pupils' dirty looks . . ."

BARNEY TOBEY

His smile disappeared, and he frowned, puzzled. He said, "I have to think. I've thought through the whole business so thoroughly that I forget what we've discussed."

Libby caught her breath. Then she said very carefully, "We've never talked at all."

"No," he agreed after a long moment. Then, with more belief in his tone, he said, "No, we haven't." He stopped again, his eyes thoughtfully on the blackboard across the room. Then he squared his shoulders. His tone was assured. "This late in the academic term, I presume there would be no objection to social contact between teacher and student," he said. "We'll have dinner tonight at Breckinridge House. I'll call for you at six thirty."

She couldn't take any more. If he would only stay either one person or the other: the impersonal teacher, or the smiling man she thought she could learn to like. And if he'd only *asked* her, like a date, instead of making it sound like an assignment. "No," she said flatly and turned and walked out of the room.

His voice, calling after her, seemed to come from a great distance, "But it's so late. You can't say no."

It wasn't until she was out in the open, taking great gulps of fresh air as she hurried to the library to meet Kay, that the echo of his words came back to her—sounding like the sad wail of a boy who had never had a chance to learn to be any different.

When she saw Kay, the words spilled out before she thought. "Mr. Noble asked me to go to Breckinridge House with him tonight."

Kay clutched her arm. "Oh, Lib," she said, "how fabulous! What'll you wear?"

Libby hesitated, trying to swallow the lump in her throat. "I told him no," she said.

"For Pete's sake, why?"

She forced her voice into steadiness and said, "It was the way he asked me . . ." But even as she spoke, a question formed in her mind, and she couldn't imagine why it made her so happy. "I guess maybe the no didn't take, though," she said, smiling. "He's—he's sort of—stubborn."

At lunch she managed to eat her soup, but that was all. Afterward, she stood around the piano with some other girls, but she didn't feel like singing. She went to the library and then to a two-o'clock class, where she took notes faithfully. But when she met her friend Joan on a path right after class and Joan asked what course she'd come from, Libby answered, "Math three thirteen."

She said no, she didn't want to go down to the Av for a Coke; then she agreed to go with such enthusiasm that Joan stared. She was more talkative, laughed more than usual. Joan asked, "Were you in class, or did one of the fellows take you out for a few beers?"

Libby looked at the clock. "It's nearly four!" she exclaimed in horror. "I've got to dash." She left Joan and hurried back to the house.

By five she was showered and dressed. She was redoing her mouth for the third time when Kay came in. "So you're going after all. Good! What time's he calling for you?"

Libby turned from the mirror, looking at the clock as she turned. Then she began to slip the dress off over her head. "I was just trying this on," she said. "Mother sent it last week." She put the dress back in the closet and got into jeans and plaid shirt. He probably wasn't coming. If he did, let him wait. She sat down at the study table and was reading so hard that when the first gong sounded for dinner, she didn't even look up.

KAY was back at six thirty-two. She leaned against the doorframe. "You look terrific," she said. "By the way, he's here."

Libby took a last look at herself in the full-length mirror. She had done her hair the way she always did it for class—brushed back from her forehead, curling softly around her face. He might feel strange if she looked different, she thought. She wore a pink linen dress with a low neckline. There was warm color on her cheeks and she was smiling.

"He's *here?*" she whispered. Then, as Kay nodded, she was out of the room with the speed of wind.

Mr. Noble looked different. He was wearing summer dinner clothes, and his bow tie was a little askew. He walked very stiff and straight. As they went out, she took his arm: she needed support; her knees wobbled.

They got into the turquoise-blue car and drove slowly past Fraternity Row, past the substantial, older houses of the town, over the bridge across the ravine, and past the newer, smaller homes of the addition beyond. After the first moment of worrying about her hair with the car top down, Libby gave herself up to the joy of riding, to the relaxing quality of the silence, which neither of them made any effort to break.

As they waited for the traffic signal at the main highway, he said, "I've been giving the matter more rational thought this afternoon, and I don't believe you have ever given any indication that you've considered matrimony. I should have noted the fact before." He added, as an afterthought, "Matrimony with me, I should have said."

She was too annoyed at his manner of speaking to comprehend what he had said. He was being Mr. Noble the professor again. But when she thought about what he had meant, she was horrified. She was no longer concerned about hurting him. "How *could* I consider marrying you?" she said indignantly. "I don't even know you."

She saw his eyebrows lift and a suggestion of a smile at the corners of his mouth. He reached into the right pocket of his jacket.

"Tell me," he said, "do you have as complete a dossier on all your professors as you have on me?" He drew his hand out of his pocket and tossed half a dozen bits of paper into her lap. They had been crumpled, smoothed out carefully, then folded back into neat little squares. Without opening them, Libby knew what they were. She blushed furiously.

"You had *no right*," she said. "They were my private property."

Again he raised his eyebrows. "Are you accustomed to consigning articles you value highly to a public waste receptacle?" He paused a moment, and

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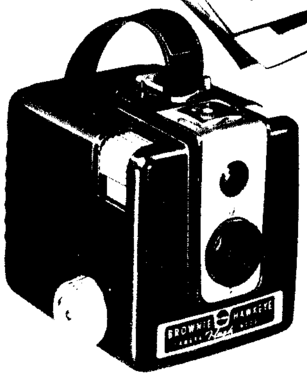
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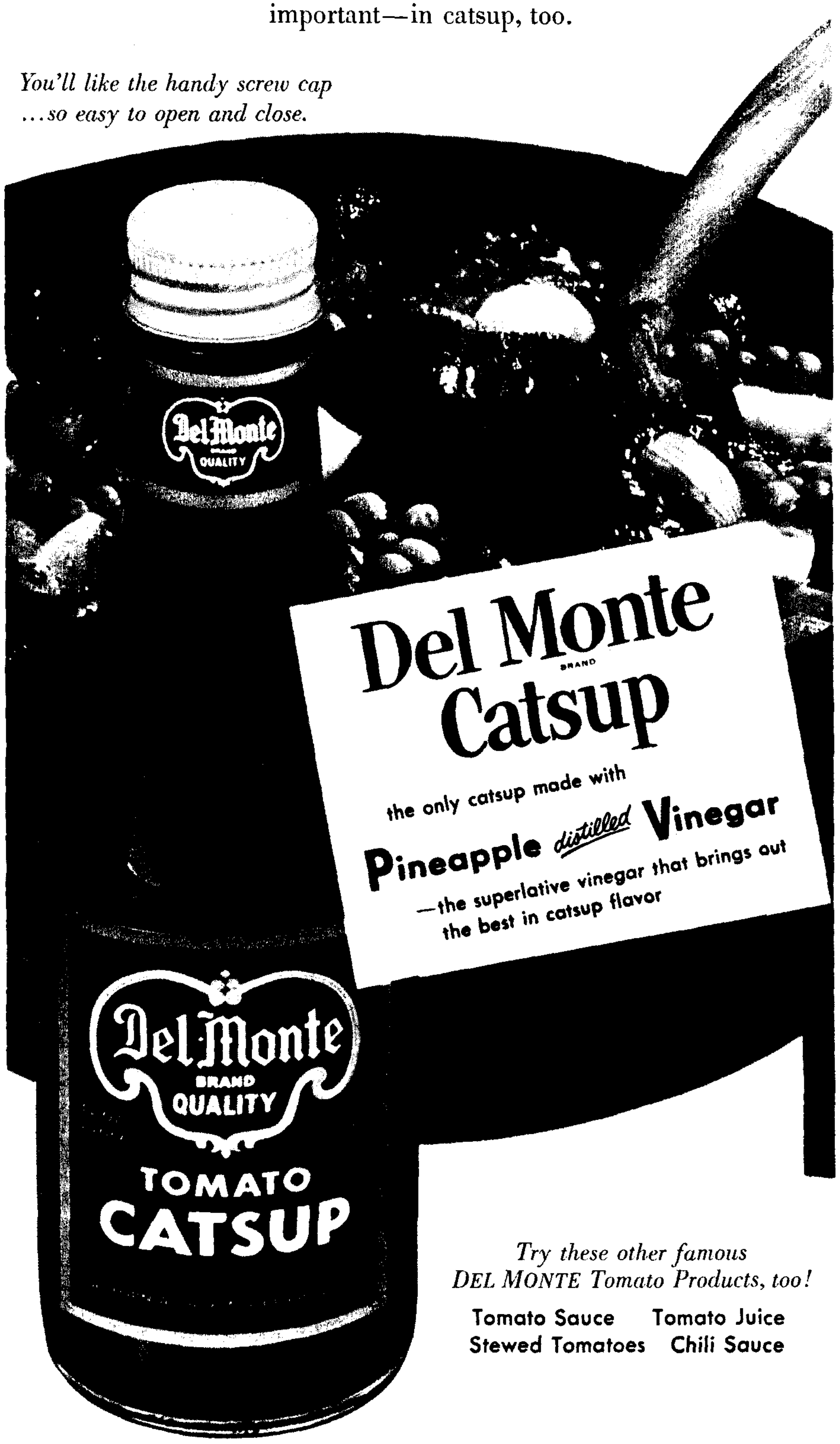

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when he spoke again his voice was so low she could barely hear it: "Without the encouragement I received from them, I would never have dared proceed as far as I have."

He had made another abrupt shift in personality, and Libby's anger faded in an instant. "What do you mean?" she said.

She hadn't realized before how close to him she was sitting. Now she felt the tensing of the muscles of his arm against hers. She glanced at his face. The lean jaw was clamped shut. It scarcely moved when he said, "I have been attracted to girls before. Always the wrong ones."

HE HAD to stop at a traffic light to let pedestrians pass. Libby scarcely noticed. She'd never thought of him in connection with girls, ever. She didn't really like the idea.

"What made you think I was the right one?" she said.

He didn't answer at once—he waited until he was through the business district and out on clear highway again. Then he said carefully, "I went at the matter scientifically. One shouldn't let mere attraction carry one too far. I considered outward details. You are tidy; I dislike sloppiness in mind or person. You tend to conceal instead of parade your intelligence; I abhor stupidity, yet I have always before found the intellectual woman unattractive."

The voice, the phrasing, the laying of fact on fact to formulate a conclusion had become very familiar to Libby in the last few months. It was her habit not to look at him when he lectured, and she had automatically turned her eyes away. She was looking at rows of little houses in a new subdivision. His words seemed only remotely connected with her. She caught, now, a flaw in his reasoning; she was surprised and felt obliged to call it to his attention.

"I'm not intellectual at all," she said. "Father taught me how to study when I learned to read. Any kind of mathematics has always been very easy for me. Mother made us all do one thing at a time and do that well. It's almost an accident I get such good grades."

"You have a good mind and you know how to use it," he said. "That is sufficient." He was the teacher silencing the pupil, and Libby was silenced. She saw a stretch of woods ahead and turned a little to look at it. The wind lifted the slips of paper in her lap. He reached out and grabbed them and put them back in his pocket.

In a moment he spoke again: "It then was proved worth while to look into your records. I took advantage of my access to the files. I was delighted to discover your father is a clergyman —no regular hours like a businessman. I should have no regular hours either—shall be at home, perhaps, a great deal of the time. You are accustomed to that; it would be one less adjustment—and it might be a difficult one—for us to make. Also, in both our homes the emphasis is on intellect."

In a flash her detachment was gone. How she had hated everything she imagined about his home: cold, silent, soulless. Since she had known about him, every time she went home for week ends or holidays, she felt selfish; she had so much and he so little.

"Oh, no, Mr. Noble!" she said emphatically. "Our home isn't like that at all. The emphasis in our home—no, it's the foundation, really—is love." She'd been carried away by his logic before, but now she saw why and how it had left her so cold.

"I wish you'd call me Bill," he said, not commenting on what she had said. Bill, she thought; how different he would seem as Bill. She tried it, softly. It was a beautiful name, and she'd never realized it before. He said, "No one else has ever called me that."

She remembered, then, that he had missed all the best of everything. She didn't want to remind him, let him get a glimpse of how much he *had* missed. And yet she had to. This was the time.

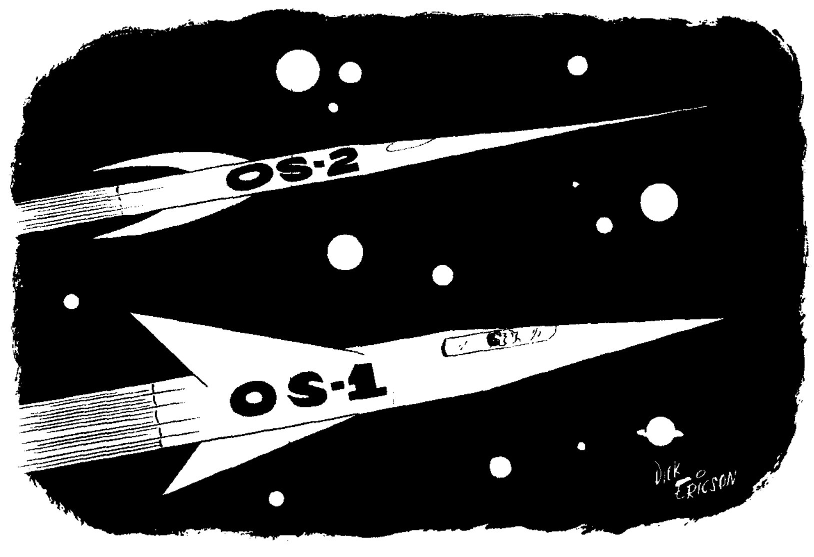
"You don't understand—Bill," she said. "You've worked this all out, except for the most important part of all. Love is what makes a marriage, what makes a house a home."

She was watching him carefully. She saw him draw his shoulders straighter. When he spoke, his voice was rough. "I've loved you so much from the very first that it was difficult to keep emotion from clouding my reason."

Libby felt as if a skyrocket had gone off inside her, making her heart pound, her eyes blur.

"Since I could see you were in love with me," he went on, "—and had been for a long time—I couldn't understand your show of surprise that I should have made plans for us."

She'd been so high in the clouds that the shock of being dropped abruptly to earth was tremendous. His voice was so calm, so matter-of-fact, that he



COLLIER'S

"How do you like that? We haven't even gotten there yet and already they've put out a better model!"

DICK ERICSON

might have been explaining an error in one of her math problems.

"I certainly was *not* in love with you," she said. "Why, it would have been ridiculous. To fall in love with a man who—who never even walked down the stairs with me after class, much less asked me to go anywhere. Now you think I have to listen to all this because I can't walk out, but—"

"Curious," he said, interrupting her. "You show talent, untutored of course, in your drawing. We must see about getting a good instructor for you in Paris. It's good for a woman to have some interest outside her marriage. But to return to the subject—it appeared to me that the signs of love were obvious in your sketches. You noticed the difficulty I have with a bow tie, the pain that must have shown on my face when I had an abscessed tooth. Without having known me at all as a child, you appear to have given that period of my life a great deal of thought. Granted that the maternal instinct is very strong in you—most attractive in a woman—how else can I account for the fact you never pictured anyone but me?"

"I'm not accounting for facts," Libby protested weakly. "I'm only saying I couldn't be in love with someone I didn't even know."

"What would be your idea of 'being in love'?" he asked with polite interest.

"I don't know," she answered shortly. "I've never been in love. Wait till I am and then maybe I can tell you."

"Oh, come now." He was the instructor again, prodding a timid student. "You must have some idea."

Habit was overpowering. For most of her life, Libby had put her mind to work at once when a teacher asked a question. She concentrated now.

"I would feel as if I were walking on air instead of the ground," she said slowly. "I would care so much about someone that there wouldn't be room to think about other people very much for a while. It would be dreaming instead of thinking—but with the dreams more real than thinking ever was."

In the silence that followed she thought over her words. They were right! But where had she got those ideas? And then she knew: she had been describing the way she had felt this spring. She *was* in love with him! She turned swiftly, her face glowing, to share the discovery.

But Bill spoke before she had a chance. He was looking straight ahead. "Sounds fuzzy," he said. "Untidy."

Libby gasped. Furious, she turned away from him. "If you think that's fuzzy and—untidy," she said, "then you haven't the slightest idea what love is!" Then, as if from a distance she heard the echo of his words: "I loved you so much . . ."

BILL was watching the highway intently, and his expression brightened as he spotted the side road that led to Breckinridge House. He turned off.

The side road was dark, for the light of the dying day couldn't penetrate the thick archway of trees. Bill turned on the car lights, gave his whole attention to maneuvering the car along the narrow, rutted path. Libby felt her anger fading. In a few moments the road widened, curved around in front of the pillared entrance to the inn. The doorman smiled, summoned a boy to take the car. Bill helped her out of the car, and as they went across the broad porch, she took his arm.

Inside, the headwaiter escorted them to a small, candlelighted table for two. Almost as soon as they were seated, the jellied madrilene was served.

Bill answered her unspoken question. "When my parents and I used to come back to civilization again, after some junket or other, there were people to entertain. It interrupted the conversation when each individual had to consider the menu and choose. You don't object that I've taken the liberty of planning our dinner?"

He looked so anxious, she thought. Sometime, some girl, or girls, must have objected. Perhaps it had been when he was in Washington, working with government officials after the war. Or could it have been here, recently?

"I'm glad you ordered beforehand," Libby assured him, adding, "You've brought other girls out here?"

"No," he said brusquely. "However, several of our family friends have passed through the city in the last several months and I brought them here."

He told her of places he had dined in Brazil and Cuba. Over broiled squab and new peas and salad he told her of jungles and obscure islands, sharing with her the strange sounds and scents and vivid colors. By the time they had got to dessert and liqueurs, Mexicans and Greeks and Egyptians had become almost as real to Libby as people she knew in school or at home.

WHEN Bill signaled the waiter for the check, it seemed to Libby that the evening had only begun. She glanced at her watch—it was only eleven but it was a week night and she had to be in by twelve. It would take half an hour to drive back. That left them half an hour to spare. With any other man, the reason for that extra half hour would be obvious . . .

On the way back, just before they reached the highway, Bill turned the car onto the shoulder of the road, near a wooded spot. He turned off the motor, and then he spoke: "I don't understand why you let your fine mind be so governed by emotion."

Oh, why did he have to ruin a wonderful evening! "I don't!" Libby said hotly. "I use my mind for what it's supposed to be used for, and it hasn't any connection with emotions."

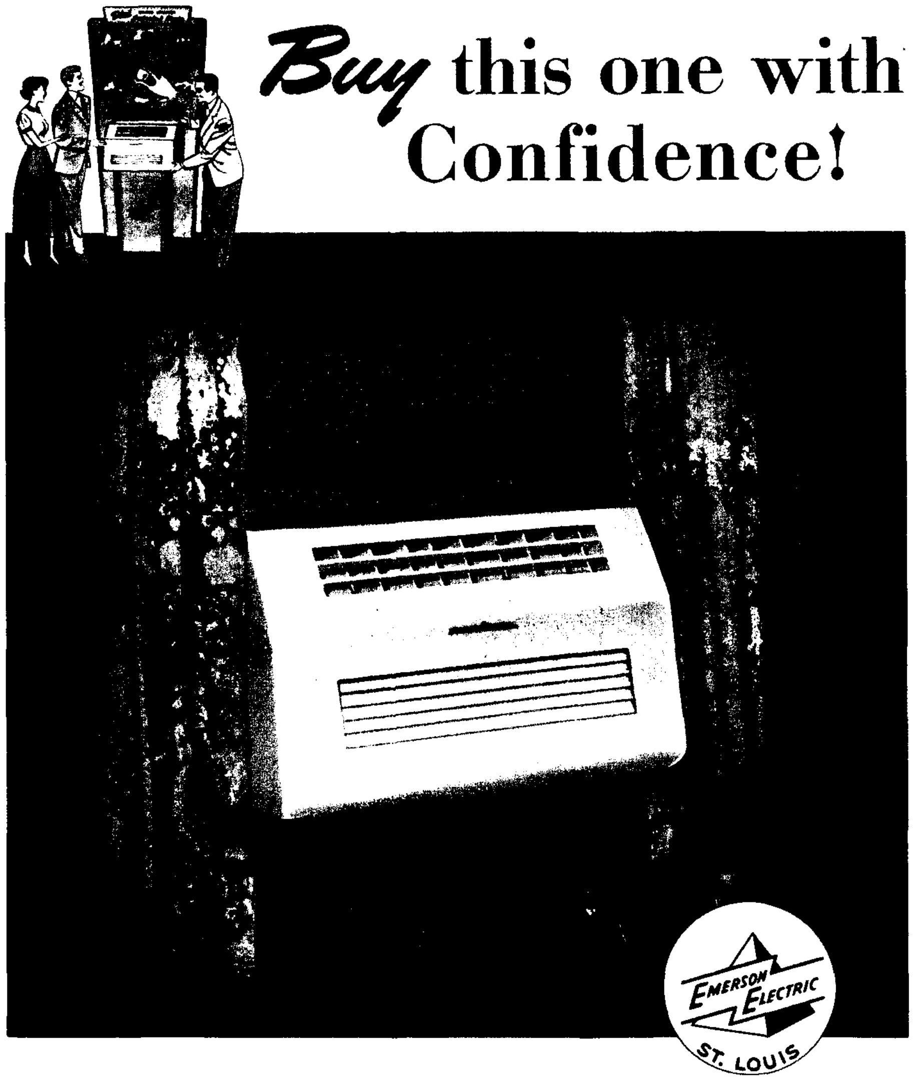
"It must have," Bill said. "Since emotions have no reason of themselves, one must build a solid foundation of facts on which to rest them—or the whole structure is uncertain. I've outlined for you the foundation on which my emotions rest, and you see the result in the steadiness of my affection. Your emotions *have* no foundations, so far. You drift from one extreme to the other."

"I don't," she said again, frantically. "I don't drift; you push me! I couldn't *reason* myself into love—but you reason me out of it. Every time I feel how right it is, you say something that kills it."

He spoke slowly, quietly. "My father's mother was emotional. Her first husband, my grandfather, died when my father was an infant, or doubtless she would have tired of him—she tired of four others. My father decided very young to select a wife with whom he would have a community of interests and tastes. It proved wise; their marriage lasted as long as they lived. I can't believe that ours would, unless you can give me a basis of reason."

She thought: Hadn't *anything* been right for him? The steadiness of my affection, he had said. They were good words, but . . . "Why can't I use your reasons?" she said.

If he heard the note of pleading in



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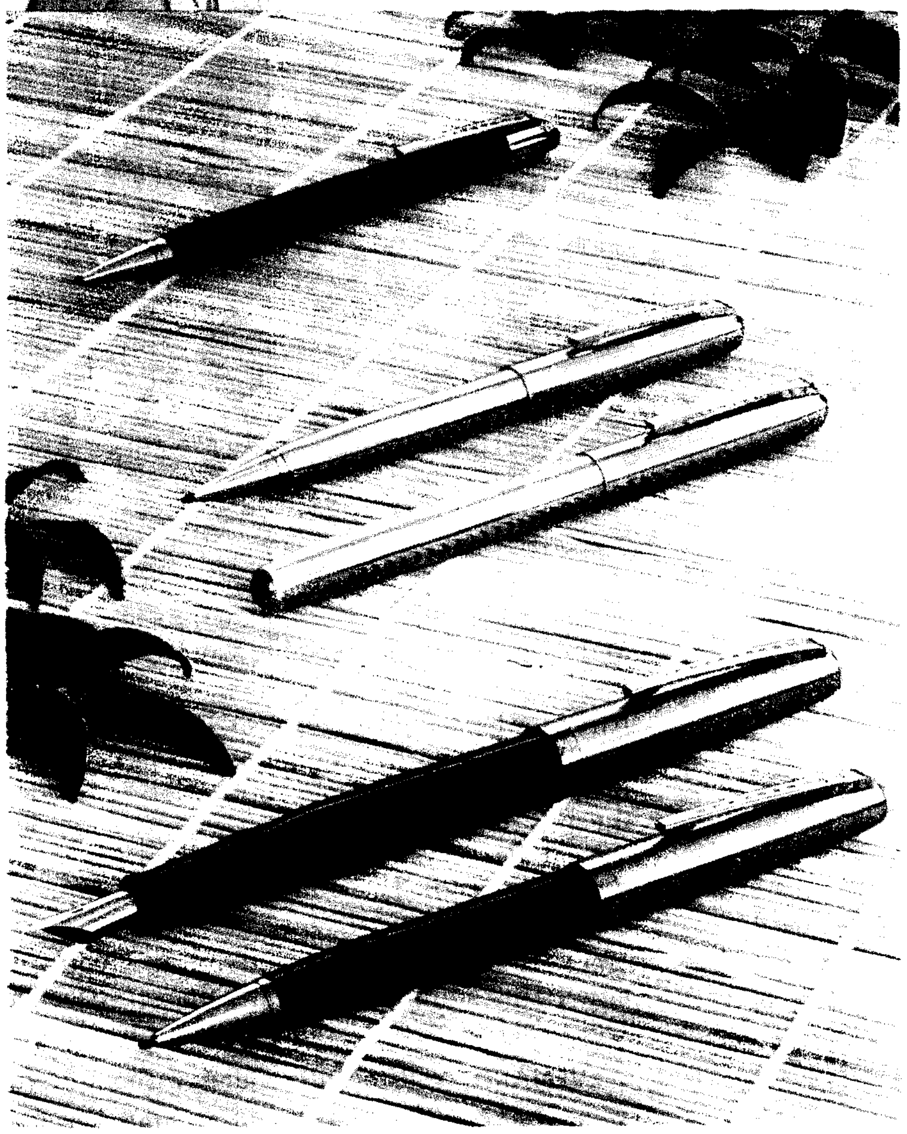

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her voice, he ignored it. "Would you accept someone else's working out of your mathematical problems without question?" he said.

She felt suddenly empty, beaten. Her voice was very tired. "Maybe, when I'm thirty or so, if I haven't found a man who loves me and whom I love—the way I want it to be—maybe then I'll use my head. But for now, I want the glory of it—not something that's more like what it will be when we've been married a long time. There's no glory in a mathematical problem."

Bill did not reply. In a moment he started the car. Libby was too exhausted to care.

WHEN they were in front of her house, Bill didn't open the door of the car to help her out—he lifted her over the side. The swiftness of it, the surprise, made her dizzy. Her emotions were betraying her again.

He set her down so only the tips of her toes touched the ground. Was it his heart or hers beating so hard? He said, holding her fast, "I'm going to kiss you only once. Any more might cloud your reason."

His tone and words brought Libby down to earth. "It won't cloud my reason because you aren't going to kiss me," she said firmly. She turned her head away, but somehow the movement lost direction. She felt the pressure of his lips on hers.

In a dream she went up the walk, up the steps to the porch. She didn't realize that her eyes were closed, that her face was still turned toward his until Bill spoke. His voice was worried.

"I can see one kiss was a mistake," he said. "Perhaps you can work on the problem after I'm gone. You have no classes tomorrow afternoon so we'll have luncheon. Daylight is less conducive to emotionalism."

She seemed to have no feeling at all as she said, "Maybe you're right about my love's being frittery. I know it couldn't stand the battering you give it. If I made the mistake of marrying you, either my love would die or I would. Don't come for me for luncheon—I'm going home."

"Good idea," he said approvingly. "I'll drive you down. I should meet your family at once."

She was too tired to argue any more. Without another word, she went inside and closed the door quietly behind her.

But she knew, even as she went up the stairs, that she would manage to get away before he could call to make the arrangements for the trip. Of course, if he saw her home, met her family, he would see at once how wrong his ideas about them were. But why prolong it?

Lying awake until almost dawn, Libby began to see everything quite clearly—but not as Bill had wanted her to see it. Marriage meant a home. Two people with such opposite ideas of what a home should be, of what love meant, couldn't make a home. Obviously, they ought to forget the whole business as soon as possible; the strange tricks their imaginations had played on them had simply deceived them for a moment. She would forget, for always, that he had said, "I loved you so much from the very first that it threatened to cloud my reason." . . .

When she woke, the sunlight was streaming in the window. Remembering last night, she felt neither happy nor sad—only suspended in mid-air. It was exciting. She jumped out of bed and dressed quickly, thinking of what she had to do: get Kay to tell her date for tonight that she'd had to go home, sign out with the housemother, call the family—no, that was unnecessary.

I'm like the little pig who told the wolf he'd be ready to go to the fair at six, and then left at five instead, she thought. But she hadn't told Bill he could take her—that had been his own idea.

Suddenly she felt very free. There was no need to take any particular bus—no one was expecting her. So why not go to a matinee first?

She sat through a good double feature, enjoying every minute of it, and had a snack at the bus station before she left town. The buoyant sense of freedom stayed with her all the way to Greenville. Having forgotten that she hadn't telephoned to let her family know she was coming, Libby wasn't in the least surprised to find her mother waiting for her.

Mrs. Lane's swift hug was a little frantic, but all she asked was, "Did you take the wrong bus?"

Libby was explaining as they crossed the street to the car. She stopped in mid-sentence. The family car was black, twelve years old; this one was new, turquoise-blue. But somehow, even when she realized what must have happened, Libby wasn't surprised.

Mother laughed. "I'm not very becoming to Bill's fancy car, but I had to borrow it on the sly and sneak away to meet you. Bill met both the other buses—he's been so worried about where you could be. I had a terrible time keeping him from notifying the state patrol!"

The drive home was too short. There was still so much she didn't understand. Mother seemed strangely unperturbed. "He called for you at the house because he'd thought he was driving you down," she said. "When you weren't there, or at the bus depot, he thought you'd come on.

"Libby, who is Bill, anyway?" she went on. "We never knew he existed until today. He was talking about taking you off to Europe before we had time to catch our breath! But before he'd been there an hour, your father had asked him to stay over the week end so he could be baptized, and had called the bishop to arrange for a special confirmation for him so you can be married in the church. And I have the queerest feeling that I can trust your life and your happiness to him—no matter if you are halfway around the world from home."

LIBBY said nothing. A sense of peace filled her, almost crowding out the nagging doubts. "What has he done all day?" she said finally.

"Aside from meeting the buses and asking me a million times what might have happened to delay you so, he taught me a recipe for making spaghetti the way the Italians do. Delicious. He showed Steve how to get the kink out of that radar gadget he's been working on and then he practiced pitching baseballs under Steve's direction. He never played baseball before—imagine! Then, let's see—he got your father involved in a discussion about a passage in Luke. Father's in the study now, trying to find some book to prove his point."

It was hard for Libby to get out of the car slowly and walk up to the house at a normal pace. At the door her mother said with quiet authority, "Go in and talk to Father. I'll make Bill give you ten minutes."

The only light in the hall was from

a small lamp halfway up the stairs; there was none at all in the living room. There was the smell of chocolate in the air, and Libby smiled suddenly and laid her cheek against her mother's. Mother had taken time to bake her favorite cake. Mother was the one who met her, filled her in so she would be prepared. How slow she had been to understand. Mother would never pace the floor, worrying—and she had even managed to get Bill and Father arguing to distract their own worries.

There was always a brisk whirl of activity around Mother. Father was the center of a quiet place. He looked up absently as she opened the door to his study. Then he smiled and got up from his desk, knocking several books from their piles, and came toward Libby with outstretched arms.

For a moment she wished she weren't grown up. She would have liked to sit again in Father's lap, lay her head on his shoulder as she had so many times when she was sad or hurt or confused. Father listened with his heart; he knew exactly the right words to soothe away all hurts.

SHE sat in his big, shabby reading chair; he sat on the arm, beside her. She told him about Bill from the beginning. Father put his arm around her and listened and seemed to understand. He said nothing, but again and again he patted her shoulder gently. When it came to telling him about Bill's saying he loved her, about the different ways they felt about love, she stopped. This was her problem, she thought, and Bill's, though she had no idea what the answer was. Yet here, at home, she knew an answer would somehow come.

There was a sudden clattering of dishes outside. Mother opened the door and held it for Bill, who was carrying a big tray laden with coffeepot, cups and saucers, plates and thick pieces of chocolate cake with chocolate icing.

Bill stood there, holding the tray, looking sternly at Libby. "Don't ever go anywhere again without letting someone know where you are," he said. He sounded like a reproving professor.

Libby smiled and said, "No," and Bill walked across the study and set the tray on the desk. Father hurriedly moved some books out of the way to make more room for it. Mother drew up a chair, ready to pour the coffee.

There, with Bill so near, she looked from her mother to her father, trying to see them not as they were now but as they had been when they were young. What, in Mother's brisk matter-of-fact manner, could have attracted Father? And how could she, with her energy and activity, have thought she would be satisfied with a man who was all heart and brain?

Father peered at the cake in disappointment. He liked the fine-grained white ones.

Mother smiled at him and said, "Libby's home."

Their eyes met and Father smiled too. It was such a little gesture—giving Libby what she liked best, because she wasn't home all the time. Libby had seen her parents exchange wordless glances like that many times, ever since she could remember, and until now she had never thought much about them. But suddenly, watching the two of them now, she realized that in those brief moments their hearts touched—and they became one.

She turned to Bill and saw that he was looking at her, his eyes a deep blue, and the question in them so clear he didn't have to put it into words. Her face was grave, her voice steady, when she said, "Yes, I have the reason now."

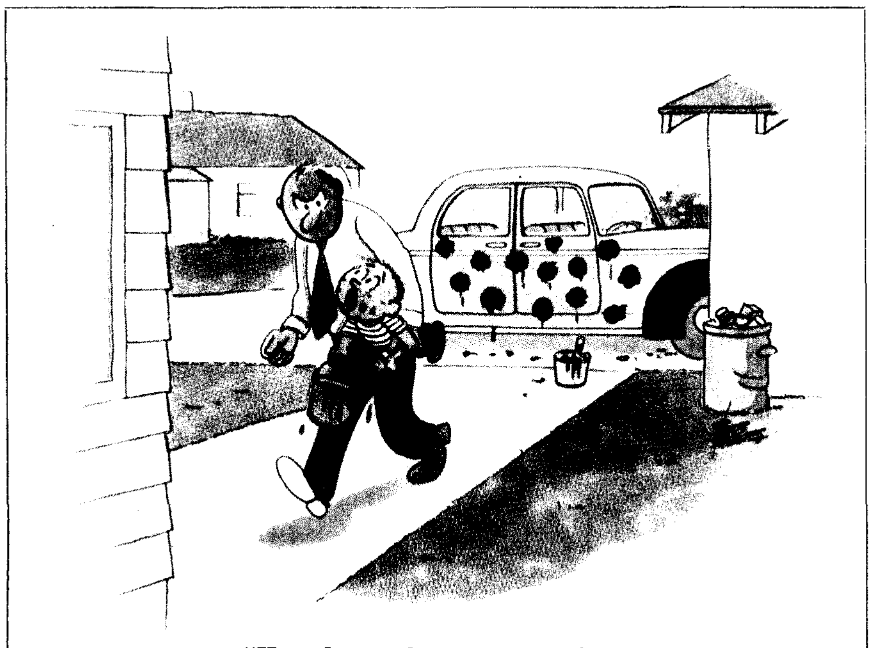
Until then, Bill had been faultlessly courteous. Now he ignored her mother and father, the waiting tray. He took Libby's arm firmly, and without a word he marched her out the doorway and through the hall to the front porch. He let go her arm and turned to face her. "Yes?" he said.

The answer was so clear to her now—why it was all so right, while yesterday it had seemed so wrong. "I was afraid," she said. "You wanted a home like yours, and I wanted one like mine. Our ideas were too different, I thought, ever to come together. But when two people added together make one, then the home just grows. Differences don't matter."

As she spoke, he did not touch her. And when she'd finished, he stood looking down at her, saying nothing. For a moment Libby's heart seemed to stand still. Were they still thinking along two parallel lines, lines that could never meet?

Then Bill sighed heavily, as if in profound relief, and he smiled. Slowly he took her in his arms. There was nothing at all of the professor in his kiss.

—CLELAND JUDD



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A Report on Our 'Flying Saucer' Balloons

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

Is it really possible to mistake a big plastic balloon for a flying saucer? Military experts say so. They're using the balloons to expose the secrets of the stratosphere

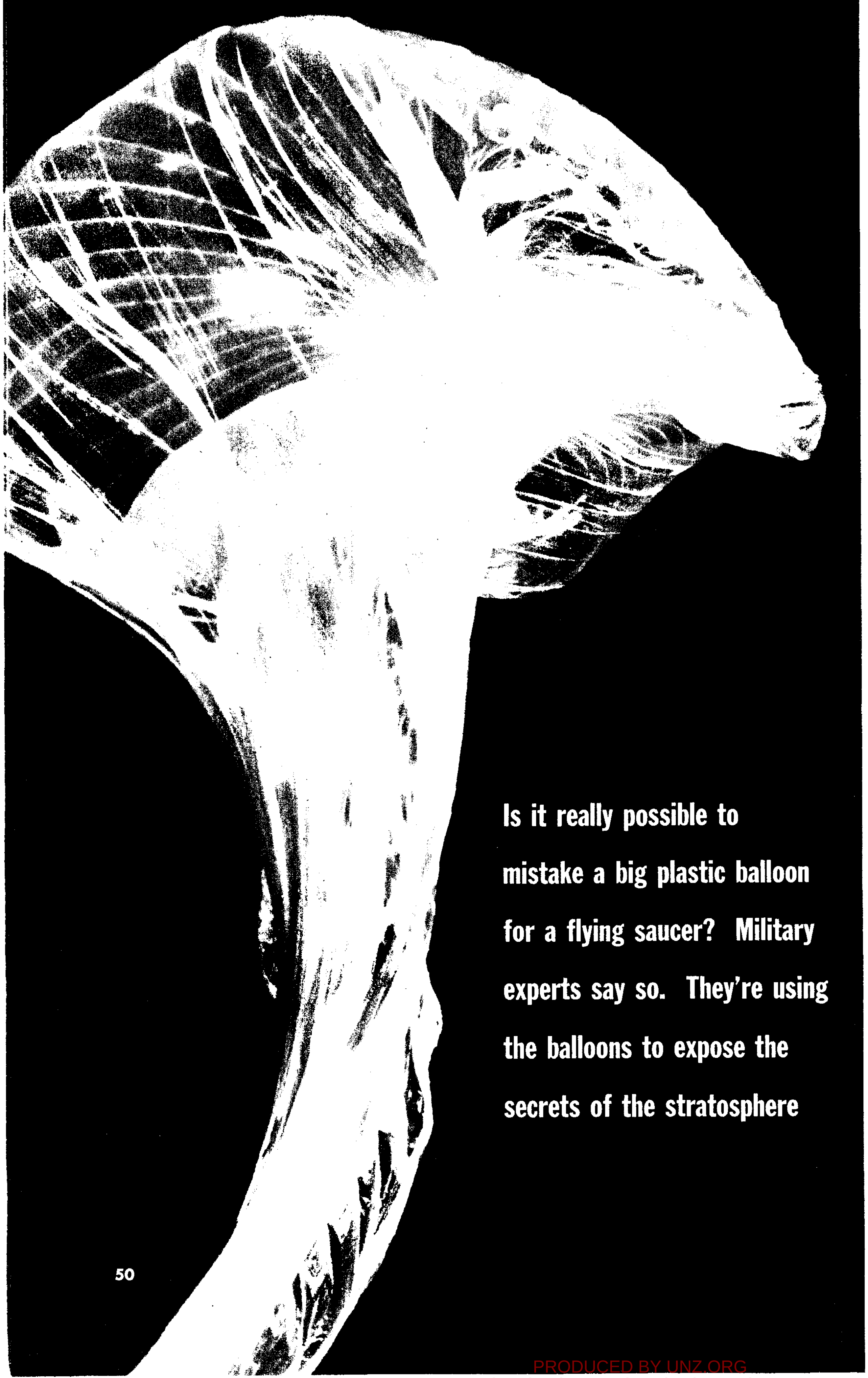
WITHIN the next 24 hours (or any 24-hour period in coming months) the Air Force will receive at least one new report of a flying saucer over the United States. The reports still pour in, almost every day—although most newspapers have wearied of the story and no longer print saucer sightings as news. From one report to another, descriptions of the flying objects vary; officials never know how the saucers will be depicted next. They're sure of only one fact: the reports will keep coming in. They're bound to; the armed forces themselves are responsible for sending aloft 90 per cent of the objects reported.

For several years now, the Air Force and the other military services—notably the Navy—have been patiently explaining to curious or alarmed Americans that the great majority of flying saucers sighted in the last seven years have not been saucers at all, but great white balloons sent skyward for research purposes. Many people have remained skeptical. Until I began this assignment, I was among them. Too many solid citizens, including such trained aerial observers as airline and military pilots, had seen the saucers. And a saucer, I was convinced, simply doesn't resemble a balloon.

That was before I had seen the balloons—and before I had talked with leading upper-atmosphere scientists and balloon technicians, both civilian and military, at the Air Force's Cambridge Research Center in Massachusetts, and at some of the country's most closely guarded Air Research and Development Command sites, including the great test centers at Muroc, California, and Alamogordo, New Mexico. After a several-thousand-mile trip which ended at the Office of Naval Research in Washington, D.C., I had no further doubts about how or why balloons behave like flying saucers.

First, the Navy and Air Force balloons which have been drifting over various parts of this country since 1947 bear little resemblance either to children's toys or to the passenger-carrying rubber-balloon-with-wicker-gondola of an earlier era. Today's big military balloons are made of translucent, plastic polyethylene (the technical name for the material that carrots and other vegetables often are wrapped in these days), which is only .001 to .002 of an inch thick. They're bigger than anything of their kind the world has previously known; some of them are 116 feet in diameter and as high as a 20-story building. Finally, they may go higher than 100,000 feet and remain aloft for days.

Most of the contradictory and often bizarre observations a bewildered citizenry continues to



A huge Air Force balloon whisks skyward moments after launching. Plastic skin is only partly inflated, to permit expansion at altitude

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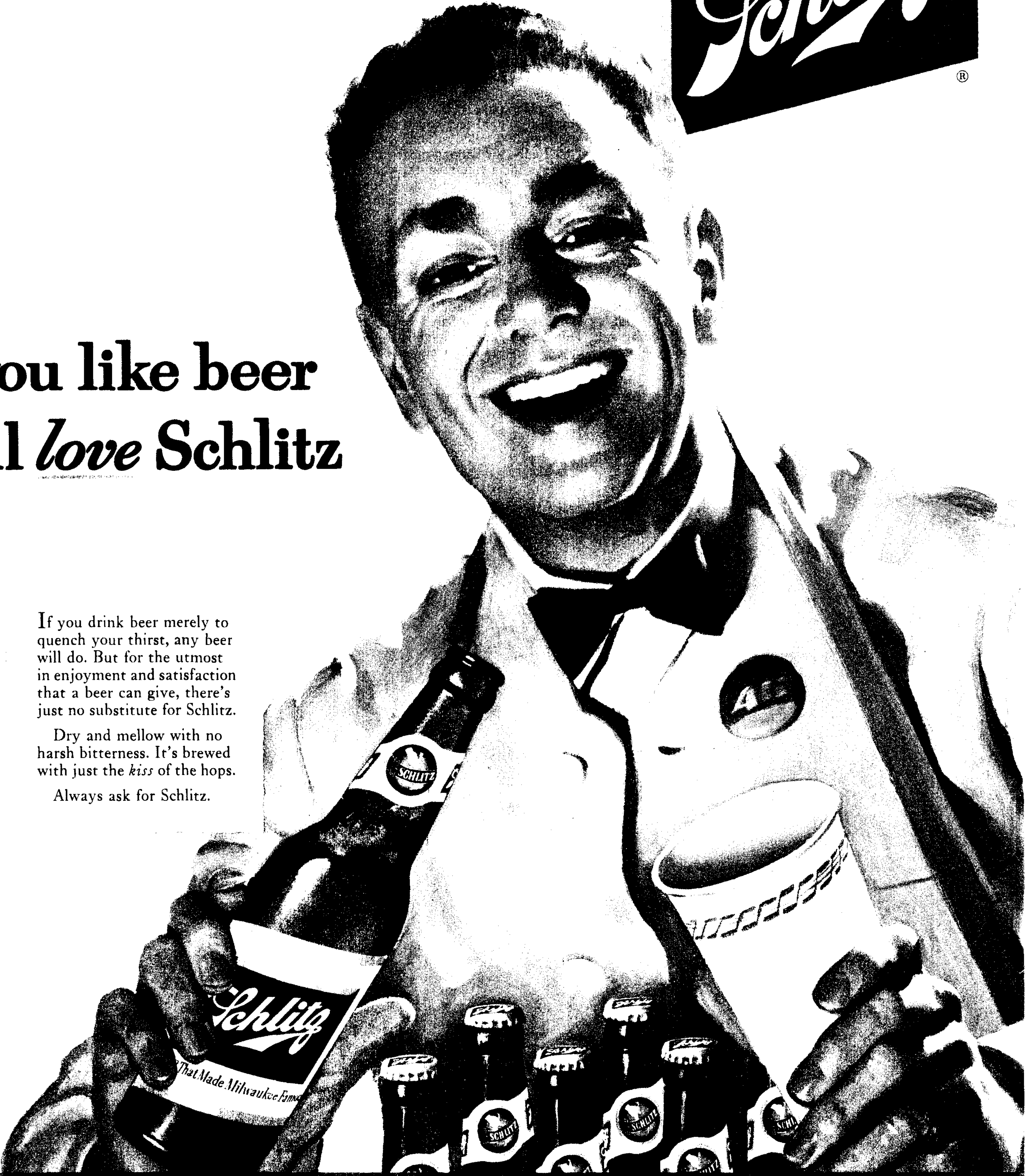
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Always ask for Schlitz.

The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

These are no ordinary balloons. They must climb to 100,000 feet and stay up there

report can be traced to these three characteristics of the balloons: their revolutionary material, their size and the altitudes at which they travel.

Major Edward A. Doty, of Bedford, Massachusetts, a meteorologist who has been in on the Air Force balloon project since its inception, explained it to me at the Cambridge Air Research Center:

"In midday, the polyethylene skin of the balloon picks up the sunlight and glistens like silver. Late in the afternoon, the setting sun's rays hit the balloon through haze, dust and moisture and make it look red, or sometimes pink or purple, just as clouds do at sunset. Usually, they're reported as flaming red balls, often even after sunset—because when the sun has set on the ground, it has not set 15 or 20 miles above the earth, where the balloons are. There's an extra hour of daylight up there—an extra hour for the disk to look like a fireball."

"But what about reports of disks traveling at incredible speeds?" I asked him.

"It's very difficult to judge distances or speeds above 50,000 feet with the naked eye," Major Doty replied. "Atmospheric refractions can play tricks on you. And you have no fixed frame of reference at those altitudes. If you look at the balloon through clouds, for example, it may appear to be going a lot faster than it is—just as clouds being blown across the moon at night sometimes give the impression that the moon is moving very fast."

Distances are equally hard to judge. "People will swear an object is at 5,000 feet and moving at a pretty good clip," said Doty, "when actually it's floating at moderate speed at 50,000 feet."

The more I listened to explanations of the visual distortions that can occur at extremely high altitudes, the more understandable became the frustrations of the many fighter pilots who, flying at 40,000 feet, have tried desperately to close in on an object at 90,000 feet which appeared to be going at least 1,000 miles an hour.

Actually, the balloon moves at the rate of the air mass it's in: a free-floating vehicle, it travels with the wind. Sometimes it drifts into a so-called jet stream, where the air current can exceed 300 miles an hour. At other times, when there's little or no wind, the balloon becomes a "loafer."

One such loafer hung at 80,000 feet over Dayton, Ohio, for five hours, I was told, sending that city into a major flying-saucer dither. Another hovered over San Francisco during the home-coming parade for General James Van Fleet a year ago. While thousands of San Franciscans gawked at the Thing, a jet pilot tried vainly to reach it. The next day, a San Francisco newspaper carried the true explanation under a banner headline and whimsically reported that the saucer had been "reduced literally into a lot of hot air."

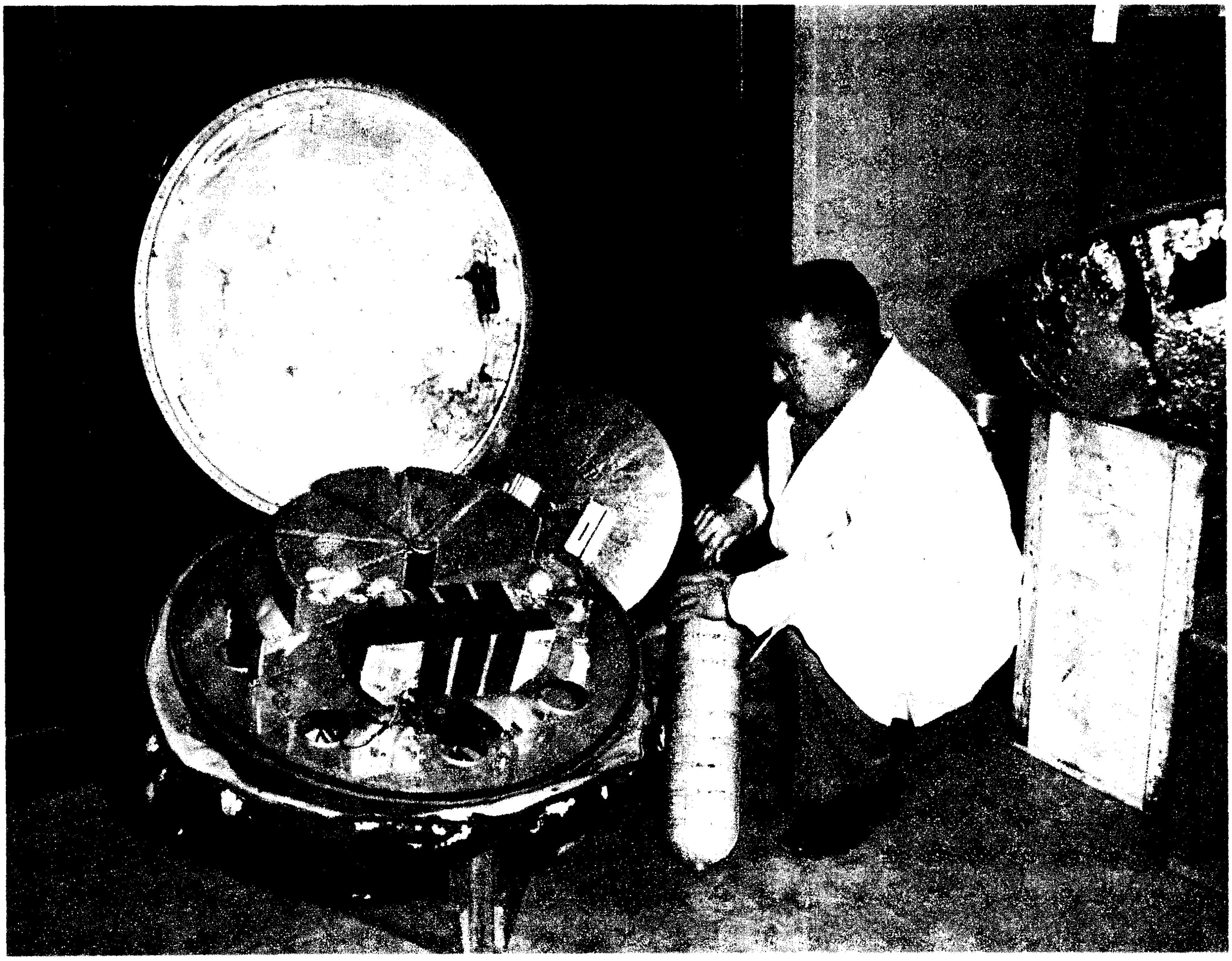
I tried while at Cambridge to dig up a photograph of a balloon that resembled a flying saucer, but it was impossible. "We've given up trying," the people at Cambridge said. "What with atmospheric oscillations, different temperature layers and so on, all we could get was a dancing or shimmering effect, with fuzzy edges all around."

Although the experts figure balloons are responsible for only nine out of ten of the saucer sightings, they aren't perturbed about the other ten per cent. "There's still a lot we don't know; that 10 per cent could be caused by any number of physical conditions: atmospheric apparitions, mirages, phenomena produced by ice crystals, sundogs, lenticular clouds—anything."

The Air Force Balloon Development project, with the code name Moby Dick, was established three years ago by the Air Research and Development Command. Primary responsibility for operations went to the Air Research Center.

"Why is it called Moby Dick?" I asked.

"Because it's such a whale of a project, I guess," quipped Lieutenant Romain Fruge, of New Orleans, one of the project's pioneers. But then



Lt. Dreury Parks checks gondola which—attached to big polyethylene balloon—will carry mice, hamsters and fruit flies to 100,000 feet to determine the effect of cosmic rays. Experiments are being conducted by Space Biology Laboratory at Air Force's Holloman base, New Mexico

three days, carrying a quarter ton of instruments that have to work at 94 below zero

Wearing gloves and no shoes, to avoid puncturing thin plastic, S/Sgt. Chester Suchocki and A/2c Willard Haner prepare balloon for inflating

Just before launching, balloon is held down by canvas shroud, called "covered wagon." Hose (foreground) carries helium during inflation

someone dug up a semiofficial explanation which Lieutenant Colonel Paul E. Worthman, of Carey, Ohio, who is also at Cambridge, had written to a high-school class which had asked the same question after recovering a parachuted Moby Dick instrument package. "In Herman Melville's book, as you know, Moby Dick is a great whale who wanders through the earth's oceans," he wrote, "and in our project Moby Dick is a great white balloon which wanders through the ocean of air above us."

Moby Dick's purpose is to gather meteorological data in the atmospheric region from 50,000 to 100,000 feet. Since the program started, the balloons have been launched from bases around the country, to get the widest possible geographical distribution; as each of these sites fulfills its requirements, it will be—in the military term—phased out of the program. The Tillamook, Oregon; Edwards, California; and Moody, Georgia, bases already have completed their balloon launchings, but the project is still in full swing at three other sites—Vernalis in California, Sedalia in Missouri, and Grenier Air Force Base in Manchester, New Hampshire.

The balloons are unmanned, but carry a number of instruments. Moby Dick aims to find the answers to questions about wind patterns, temperatures, atmospheric pressures and turbulence in upper-air regions as yet unexplored. Balloons are preset to reach specific altitudes and to remain there the desired length of time. As they are carried along with the wind stream, delicate instruments radio back—or telemeter—the pertinent data. Radio-direction-finding stations of the Air Force's Airways and Air Communication Service and of the Navy track the balloon in transit and record the telemetered data concerning altitudes, identification of the particular balloon, rate of its ballast consumption and so on. This data is in turn relayed to a central Moby Dick plotting center at Lowry Field, Colorado. By accurately tracking and plotting the balloon in flight, it's easy to determine the direction and velocity of the wind currents carrying the balloon along.

The procedure sounds simple, but developing the instruments for the job required several years of painstaking, laborious, sometimes seemingly hopeless effort on the part of a group of dedicated civilian and military physicists, meteorologists, engineers, plastics chemists and technicians.

The U.S. Navy became interested in plastic balloons as far back as 1946. The Office of Naval Research wanted data on various aspects of flight in the upper atmosphere—shock waves, temperatures, visual distortions and the like. "While we were figuring out how to get the information," Lieutenant Commander George W. Hoover, of Cleveland, Ohio, told me, "Otto C. Winzen—then with the Aeronautical Research Laboratory of General Mills in Minneapolis, but now a leading independent manufacturer of plastic balloons—got us interested in his balloon work with talk about altitudes of 100,000 feet. The Navy started a project called Helios, with Winzen and Jean Piccard as consultants."

Piccard, the famed Swiss-born aeronaut who once ascended to 58,000 feet in a rubber-fabric balloon, had done considerable research on plastic balloons. The original Helios plan called for Piccard and a Navy officer to go up in a polyethylene balloon and release missiles at 100,000 feet to collect the supersonic flight data the Navy wanted. Arrangements also were made to carry aloft some highly sensitive equipment for measuring cosmic rays, to help out nuclear physicists in another branch of Navy research.

But as design and construction of the balloons improved, it became apparent that large, strong balloons carrying adequate telemetering equipment would make it unnecessary to carry humans aloft.

Valuable Data from Rocket Flights

The original plans for Helios grew into a full-scale Navy project called Skyhook, which was soon taken over largely by the scientists interested in cosmic rays. Balloons are launched from land and from ships off Greenland and at the equator near the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific. Much information has been obtained through the use of rockets, which have been carried by the Skyhook balloons to about 70,000 feet, and then launched into the higher atmosphere.

When the Air Force began to design airplanes that could go as high as 50,000 or 60,000 feet—and it became urgently important to learn more about the winds up there—the Moby Dick project was started. Air Force experts are quick to acknowledge that the Navy's success in solving the initial problems was of tremendous benefit to the Air Force project. But the Skyhooks stay aloft only about six hours, carrying a load of about 100 pounds. The Air Force wanted balloons and instruments that would maintain a constant high altitude for at least three days and carry 450 pounds.

Like the Navy, the Air Force turned to polyethylene. Rubber was too responsive to temperature changes to maintain a constant altitude.

"It's no trick to get a vehicle into the upper atmosphere or beyond," explained Major Clyde H. Barnett, of West Palm Beach, Florida, who is commander of the Balloon Test Squadron at Holloman Air Development Center, New Mexico. "We have Aerobee rockets right here which have gone up as high as 84 miles and telemetered data back, but they are up there for only seconds. Moby Dick stays up long enough to get us the dope we want."

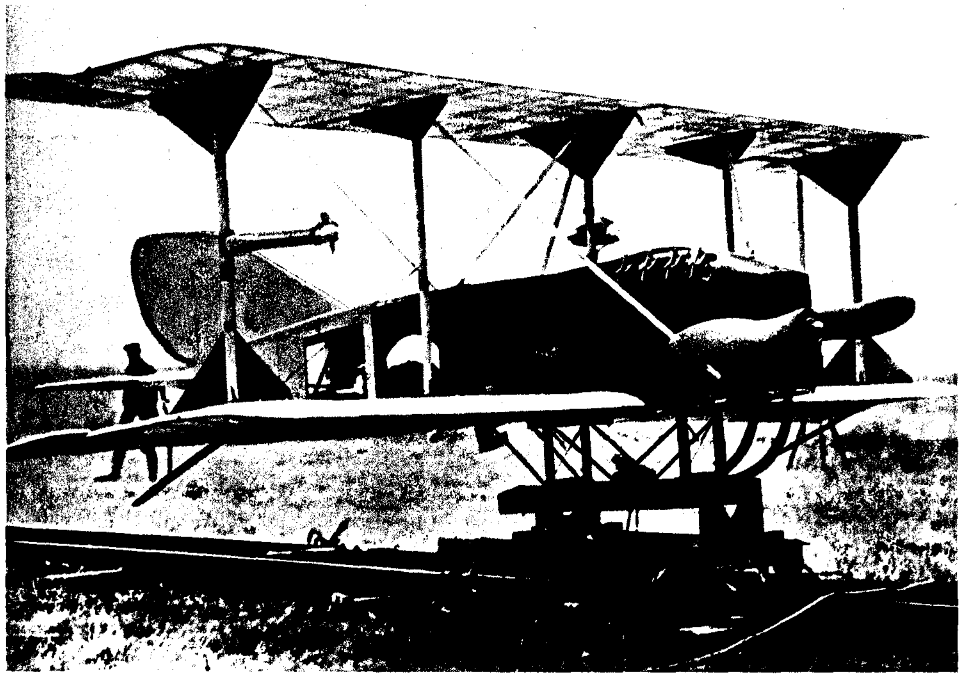
Although the project was drawn up at Cambridge as early as 1948-'49, it was at Holloman that all the problems which had been licked on paper had to be overcome in practice. Balloons had to be flown with varying loads, instruments had to undergo rigorous and exacting tests and, above all, new launching techniques had to be devised. As suggestions for improvements developed along the line, they were fed back to Cambridge—and to the University of Minnesota and New York University, working under contract on the balloon problem.

The Air Research Center had given the job of developing Moby Dick's robot brain to Dr. Alvin H. Howell, of Tufts College, near Boston. I met Dr. Howell at Vernalis, California, and he explained some of the problems he'd had to meet.

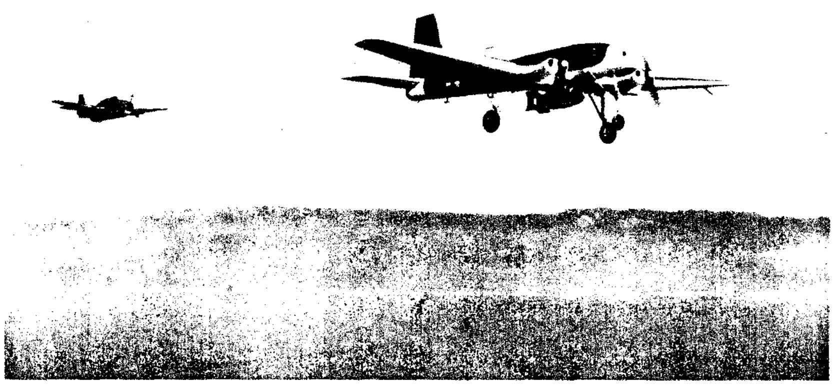
"We assumed that since the Navy could get plastic balloons up for a few hours it should be possible to ballast them so they would stay as long as we wanted them to. We'd learned a lot from the Japanese balloon invasion; the Japanese had sent 9,000 large paper balloons against us in World War II—most of them carrying incendiaries—and 1,000 of them actually reached this country (Collier's, January 17, 1953). They used sand as ballast. But we tried liquids at first—compass fluid. It's a lot like kerosene and is supposed to withstand extremely cold temperatures. Even so, it got too cold where we sent the balloons (down to 94 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit) and the fluid froze. We stopped our work and made a lot more

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

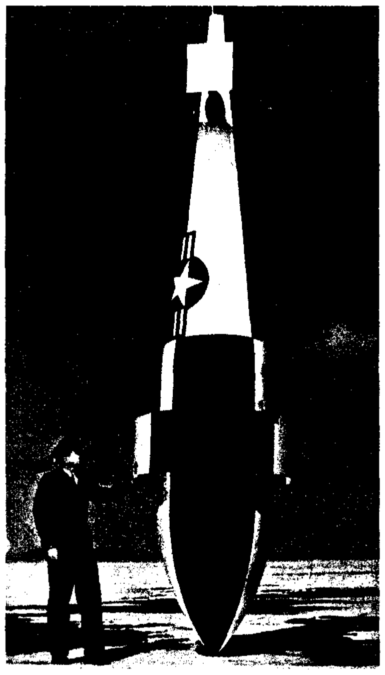
THE aircraft and missiles on these pages show how American guided missiles have developed, step-by-step, from simple drones of World War I to the electronic marvels of today. Modern U. S. missiles and military aircraft are the world's



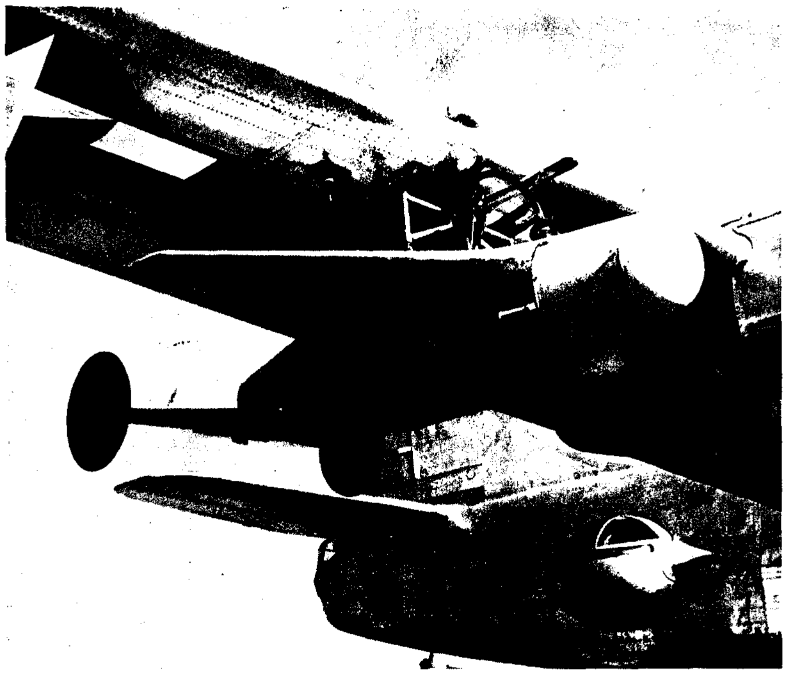
1. Ancestor of all American guided missiles was this Sperry "aerial torpedo" of 1917. It was a propeller-driven robot airplane, launched from tracks, and controlled by gyroscope devices. As finally developed, it could take-off, fly a pre-determined distance and dive on a target with a 1000-lb. warhead. The Armistice in 1918 ended production plans.



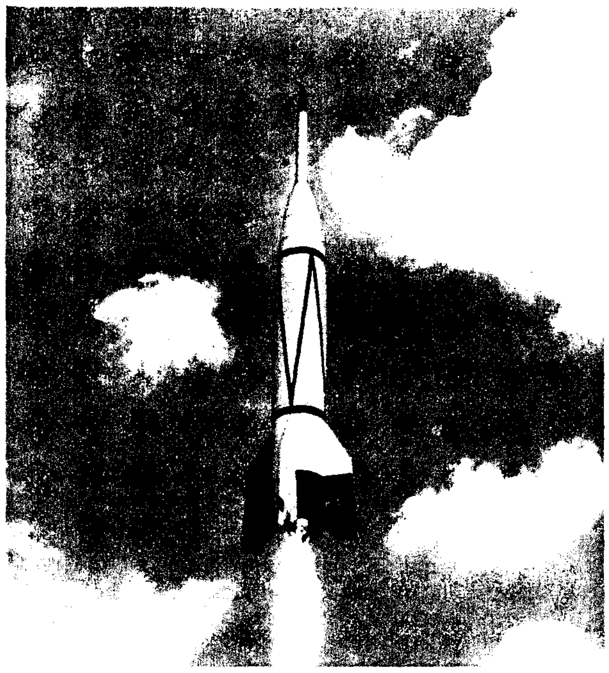
2. Between World Wars a number of pilotless, radio-controlled assault drones were developed by the Navy for use against surface targets. Their performance improved as electronics science advanced, and even TV cameras were used to guide them to targets as much as 11 miles from their control planes.



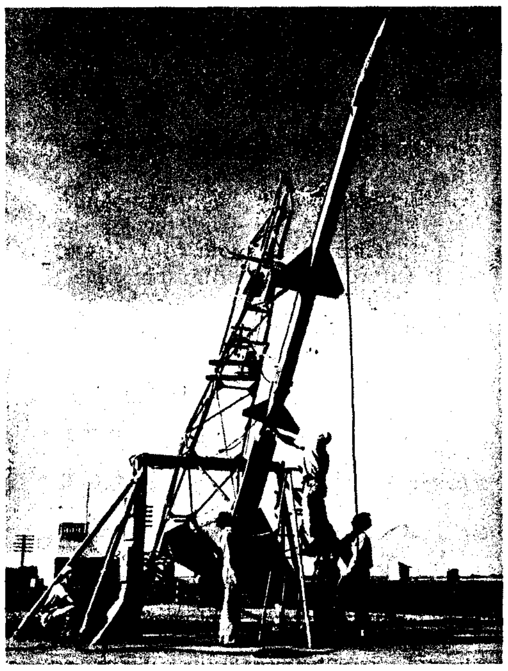
3. Tail fins moved by radio signals from a bomber made primitive guided missiles of bombs in World War II. Here, a 6-ton "Tarzon."



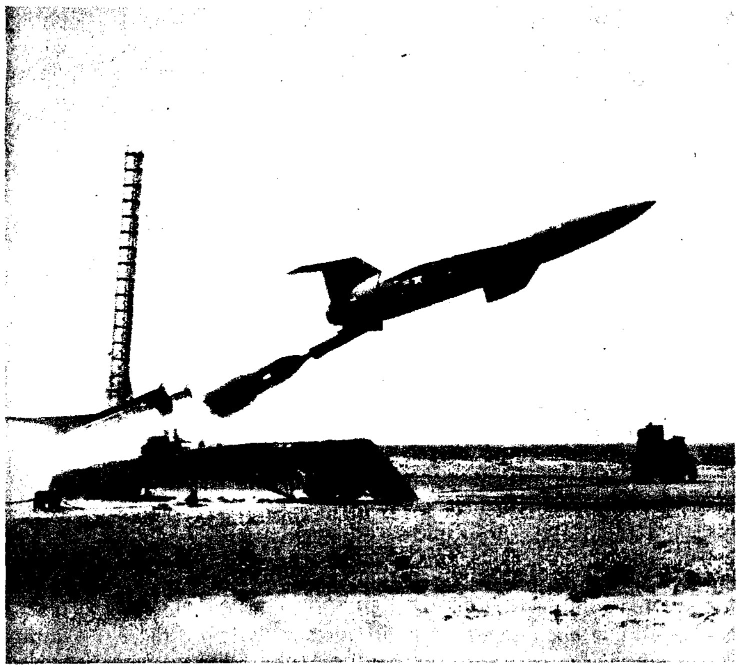
4. The Navy's "Bat", used in combat in 1945, was the first operational U. S. guided missile. It was 12 feet long, had a 10-foot wing span, and carried a heavy bomb. After launching from an airplane, its new radar equipment enabled it to "home" electronically on a moving surface target.



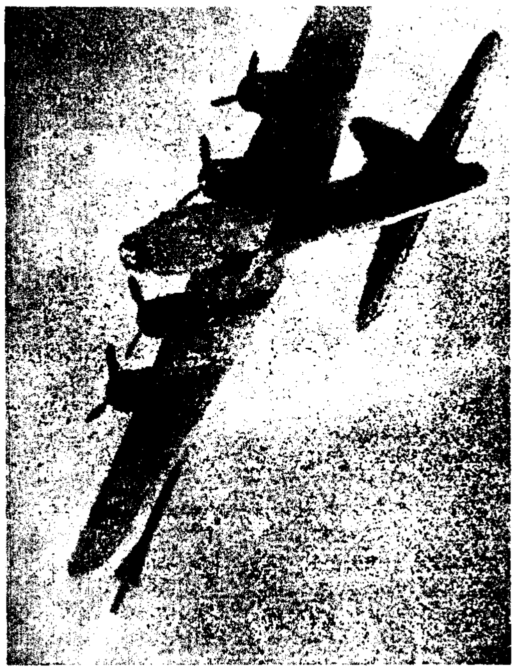
5. Before firing, this instrument-loaded "Wac Corporal" was carried aloft on the nose of a captured German V-2 rocket. It explored a record 250-mile altitude. Such fundamental work is vital in guided missile research.



6. An early ground-to-air missile was Boeing's 1500 m.p.h. "GAPA." More than 100 were built and fired. Knowledge gained is being used in development of far more advanced missiles.

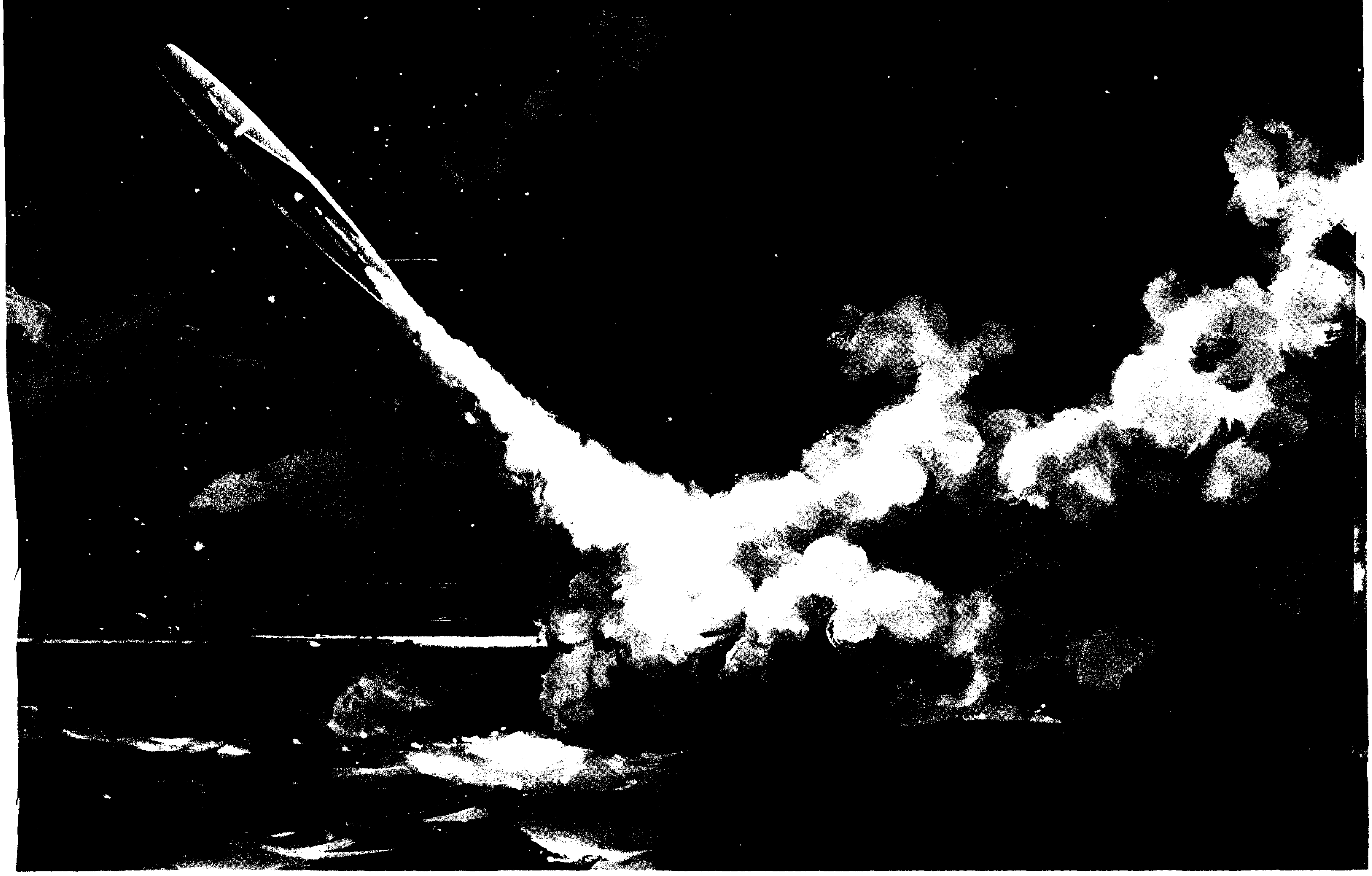


7. The "Matador" is an Air Force pilotless bomber, built by Martin. It is launched by an auxiliary rocket helping its jet engine. The "Matador" is the principal weapon of several U. S. Air Force guided missile squadrons, one of which was activated in October, 1951.



8. Army's "Nike", a Douglas anti-aircraft guided missile now coming into service use, is shown here an instant before it hit a pilotless target B-17 in practice operations.

best—but it takes years to design and build them. To keep them best, there must be uninterrupted development and production. Only such a sustained program can make and keep American Air Power an effective instrument for world peace.



9. Chance Vought's "Regulus", a powerful, new Navy guided missile, can be launched and directed against surface targets from submarines (as shown in this artist's concept), or from ships or shore bases.

Can U.S. Air Power Prevent a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues a sound peacetime Air Power policy

REGULUS, NIKE, MATADOR—new names for new kinds of aerial weapons, target-seeking guided missiles. Some have already begun to serve our armed forces. More will follow as development continues. American Air Power, of which missiles are a part, has now become so important that its strength or weakness can mean the difference between winning, losing, or *preventing* another world war.

To succeed in *preventing* war, our Air Power must be strong enough to discourage aggression before it starts. This means we must develop and build military aircraft in *every* category, including guided missiles, that are ready for instant retaliation—aircraft that are second to none in *performance* and strong enough *in numbers* to do the job.

Because of enormous technical problems, it has taken years to bring the guided missiles to their present stage of usefulness. And more time, plus consistent research, development and production, will be needed to improve and perfect them. With the U. S. exposed to possible atomic attack, the need for this effort is more urgent than ever.

That is why the Armed Forces—the Air Force, Navy, Marine Corps and Army—must have the support of every citizen for a realistic, continuous Air Power program. Only through such a program can the nation meet, and even forestall, emergencies—and at the same time avoid the waste and cost of stop-and-go aircraft production programs.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
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Pratt & Whitney jet and piston engines, Hamilton Standard propellers and aircraft equipment, Chance Vought aircraft and guided missiles, and Sikorsky helicopters. In Canada: Canadian Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Co., Ltd.

Engineers: We need additional experienced engineers in many categories. If you are not now in national defense work, please write to our Personnel Director stating your complete qualifications.

One Air Force balloon, caught by swift winds, drifted from California

tests, with dry ice, and finally convinced ourselves it wasn't suitable.

"So we had to come up with a different kind of ballast," continued Dr. Howell, "and now we're closer to what the Japanese had, except that we use very fine steel shot, as fine as dust. It can't freeze, it's a lot more compact, has less volume for its weight and pours at the same rate as liquid.

"Besides the ballast problem, we had to develop instruments and a way to keep them from freezing aloft," he said. "We spent two months developing the transmitter and thermal package. Come and see it." He showed me a durable metal box about two feet square. Inside there was a layer of styrofoam—a plastic insulating material—then a layer of aluminum foil, more styrofoam, more foil, and so on until concentric layers had built up a three-inch-thick wall of insulation to protect sensitive instruments in the cubbyhole of space left. "In addition to this wall we have 15 pounds of water in these cans," said Dr. Howell. "When water gets cool, it gives up heat, of course. We've designed the package to last three days before all the water has turned to ice." The package weighs 150 pounds and can carry 250 pounds of steel-shot ballast—also enough for three days, which is the length of time it usually takes a balloon to drift across the country.

Much of Dr. Howell's work has been directed toward maintaining safety. Moby Dick balloons floating around uncontrolled in our air lanes could create a serious hazard to commercial flying, and elaborate precautions have been taken. Every balloon launching is carefully co-ordinated with the Civil Aeronautics Administration and with the Air Defense Command, so that pilots flying in the vicinity can be warned beforehand. In areas near heavy commercial flying, CAA recommends the launching hour—when traffic is at a minimum.

Once the balloon is airborne, it is allowed two and a half hours to reach its predetermined altitude. During the ascent, warning lights on the instrument package blink on and off continuously. The critical altitude set by CAA is 30,000 feet: if the balloon has a leak and doesn't rise above that level within the allotted time, automatic timing mechanisms cut it down.

Tapes Rip the Balloon Apart

The instrument box is lowered by a parachute which, as it opens, pulls tapes that rip the huge balloon apart; the pieces of polyethylene waft harmlessly earthward. The same cut-down mechanism lowers the instrument box on routine flights: after three days, enough helium seeps away so that the balloon descends below 30,000 feet, triggering the parachute.

Dr. Howell doesn't want all his safety eggs in one basket, so he has devised gadgets which virtually bring the possibility of failure down to zero. There are two independent cut-down devices, one mechanical, the other electrical. The first operates with an aneroid which contracts and expands with the difference in air pressure, and triggers at 30,000 feet; the electrical cutter is set off by a timing mechanism on the alarm-clock principle.

If for any reason the balloon comes down before all the ballast is consumed, other gadgets automatically jettison the remaining steel dust—which is so fine that it merely dissipates in the air—so that the box will weigh no more than 150 pounds, instead of 400, if it should land on someone's roof.

So far no parachuted instrument box has caused any damage upon landing, although several have created quite a stir. A few months ago, a box landed on the Hollywood Freeway in Los Angeles, drawing a large crowd of curious spectators. Most of the packages have an irritating habit of landing in woods or lakes, or on rugged terrain —which makes recovery difficult.

The Cambridge Air Research Center wants the boxes back, so each package has large signs on the sides (in Spanish and French, as well as English, since some of the balloons drift over into Mexico and eastern Canada), asking the finder to please ship it back by railway express collect, and offering a $25 reward to compensate him for his trouble. During World War II, several Oregon picnickers died while investigating an explosive object dropped by a Japanese balloon; to keep people with long memories from worrying about a recurrence of the disaster, the Air Force explains in prominent block letters on each box that the Moby Dick package is *not* dangerous.

Since January 1, 1953, more than 500 Moby Dick balloons have been launched, and instrument recoveries have run about 40 or 50 per cent. The figure jumps during the hunting season when sportsmen come across many of the boxes in the woods. So far, packages have been returned from 40 states and from Canada and Mexico. One man in Texas traveled 200 miles to deliver the box to an Air Force base. Another man in South Dakota "saw something come down from the sky" and called the local sheriff, who contacted the FBI. A resident of Moosonee, Ontario, wrote that he found the package on the shore of James Bay, took it by canoe to Moosonee, cached it on the shore and then made a special trip to haul it to the railway station.

The three-day cut-off period is intended to prevent the balloons from drifting past the continental borders of the United States, but sometimes the weather plays tricks. Not long ago, a balloon launched at Vernalis, California, drifted into a fast-moving air mass. Fifty-two and a half hours later it came to earth—in Badajoz, Spain.

Unfortunately, the wheels of government turn slowly, especially where money is involved; consequently, Cambridge officers continually receive letters which say, "You promised me $25. I have not yet received it. Hoping to hear from you soon . . ."

But one letter from a harassed American consul in Mexico reports a direct method of collection. One of the Moby Dick boxes came down in a remote area of Mexico and was found by an Indian. He put the heavy box on a burro and traveled 100 miles to Ciudad Juárez, then drove to the American consulate in a hired truck, rang the bell and wanted his $25. Wrote the consul: "He arrived here penniless and it will be necessary for the consulate to advance him funds for his return unless payment of the reward is received promptly." Nobody was able to tell me whether the Indian is still camped outside the consulate, or whether the consul had to cough up the $25 himself —and if so, whether he has ever untangled the red tape which must have resulted from the crossed accounting channels of two government bureaus.

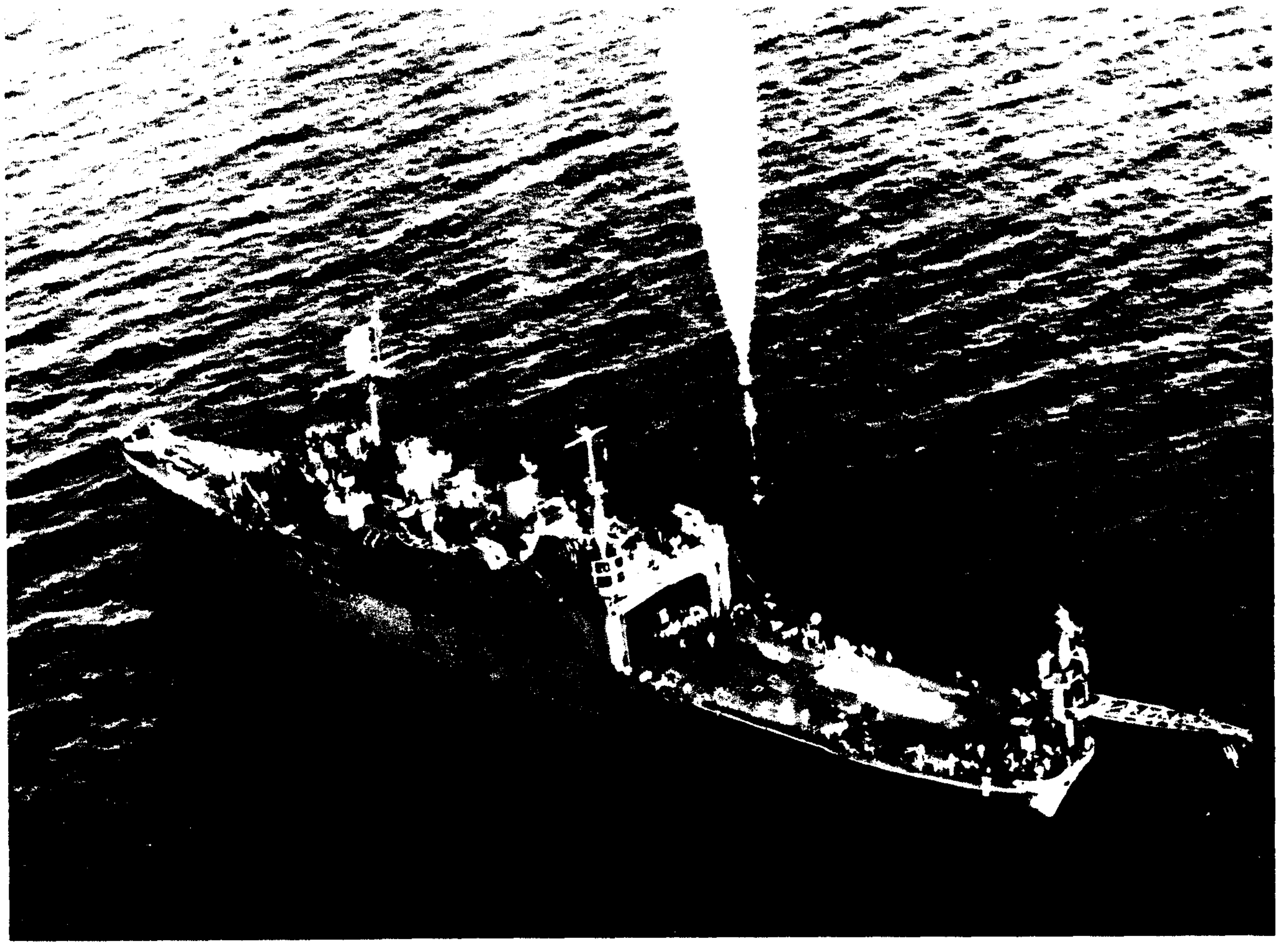
While on the West Coast, I watched one of the spectacular Moby Dick launchings, made from a specially designed platform called a covered wagon because of its resemblance to the prairie schooners of the Western pioneers. The covered wagon is a child of necessity.

Platform Turns With the Wind

"When you increase the size of a balloon from, say, 45 feet to 73 feet in diameter," Lieutenant Fruge told me, "you've automatically increased the launching problems by a factor of ten. Balloons are terrifically hard to handle while they're being inflated. The polyethylene is so fragile that even a slight wind will whip it about and tear it to pieces. So our people came up with this mobile launching platform which we can turn about with the wind as necessary. At the same time, we're able to keep the balloon held down by sides and a canopy until we're set to let it fly."

The launching I saw took place at Edwards Air Force Test Center's north base, where everything is so top secret you hesitate even to make inquiries about the mirages you can see on Muroc's dry lake. Flanked by security escorts, I arrived in time to see the final stages of the preflight preparations.

Airmen, in stocking feet, were sweeping out dust and any sharp particles from the covered wagon's floor. (At some sites, airmen are required to pass a fingernail test, since sharp nails might puncture the thin polyethylene. At Edwards everyone wears gloves.)



U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Navy pioneered plastic balloon launchings with Skyhook project, investigating cosmic radiation in the stratosphere. Above, a Skyhook balloon goes aloft from the seaplane tender Currituck, near the equator

The new balloon was then taken from its box and unrolled gently on the long ground-cloth to protect it from the abrasive desert ground, and its apex was fitted into the wagon. A red inflation tube in the center travels down the entire length of the balloon, and Staff Sergeant Leland Stonesifer, of Taneytown, Maryland, and Technical Sergeant Robert A. Gordon, of Honolulu, attached the tube to the hose of the helium tanks, standing nearby in a Navy truck. In the meantime, Lieutenant Joseph Cilano, of Rochester, New York, the launch officer, was supervising final equipment tests, radio-frequency checks, control-tower clearances and the like. Although his was the responsibility for the final go-ahead, the details were in the hands of Technical Sergeant Ray A. Schultz, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, NCO in charge.

A Quick Job of Inflating

Schultz gave the word to turn on the helium-tank valves, and the gas rushed into the balloon with the deafening roar of a jet engine. In a matter of minutes, 9,000 cubic feet of helium were poured into the bubble, forcing up the wagon's white canopy like fast-rising dough. (Come to think of it, the white mass looked a little like a whale, at that.) The red tube was withdrawn, and the instrument package, on a three-wheeled cart, was jockeyed into position and attached to the load line at the "skirt" of the balloon. The inflated balloon was now straining at the wagon's seams.

Schultz called out: "Ready on hold-down?"

"Ready," came the crisp reply.

"Ready on sides?" "Ready." "Ready on headboard?" "Ready."

Then the briefest pause. "Release safeties!" shouted Schultz.

"Okay, safeties released."

A split second later, the final command: "Release sides! Release headboard!"

The covered wagon burst open, and before I could even get my camera focused, the balloon was bubbling out, writhing and twisting to get upright, freeing itself from its chains in a split second, then suddenly picking up its instrument load with a jerk and soaring off into the blue, climbing upward at about 1,000 feet a minute, the most beautiful sight you ever saw. In a few seconds it had become a glistening silver teardrop against the desert sky.

Schultz, who's been through so many launchings that they're old hat to him, called to his airmen: "C'mon, let's wind it up and get out of here."

In the Operations shack, Cilano gave instructions to notify Lowry Field Plotting Center of the exact time of launching, code number and so on. As we walked out, we took a last look at the balloon, now a tiny dot, and still going up.

A few days later, at Holloman, only a few miles from the site of the world's first atomic explosion, I got up at five thirty to watch the take-off of a balloon so big that it had already outgrown the covered wagon and had to be launched with an entirely new system of reefers, girdles, shrouds and just plain manual force. This balloon was really a giant; 116 feet in diameter, 180 feet long, with an inflated capacity, at altitude, of 750,000 cubic feet.

This leviathan of the sky did not belong to the Moby Dick project, but was part of another research effort whose requirements were that the balloon must be able to carry pay loads of 1,000 pounds and more, the heaviest load any of these balloons has yet lifted. In connection with this project, a research flight surgeon, Major David G. Simons, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is hard at work at Holloman's Space Biology Laboratory developing a gondola in which he can send up a small menagerie to study the effects of primary cosmic rays on living tissues.

Compared with some of Simon's problems, the Moby Dick people had it easy. To keep his fruit flies, mice and hamsters alive, Simon must be able to maintain temperatures inside his gondola of 50 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit, even though outside temperatures may vary from 150 above zero to 90 below. He must also make certain that the pressure approximates that at ground level (even at 100,000 feet), and he must provide his animals with oxygen and food, and see to it that the carbon dioxide they exhale is absorbed. Finally, he must recover them on the ground, alive.

"Flying is going to be up there soon, between 50,000 and 100,000 feet," said Lieutenant Colonel John Stapp, chief of Holloman's Aero-Medical field laboratory, "and we've got to find out what's going on in that region. Cosmic radiation—at 3,000,000,000 electron volts, for example—might endanger humans at those altitudes; we won't know until we've sent animals up."

Upper-Air Weather Forecasts

Meteorological problems also concern the men who must plan for the time when pilots fly at 100,000 feet. Dr. Helmut E. Landsberg, of Belmont, Massachusetts, who is director of the Geophysics Research Division at the Cambridge Air Center, told me: "We are ill prepared to give pilots proper weather forecasts for those upper-air regions. Fuel is a critical item for jets at any altitude: if we can tell the pilot where he will find tail winds or head winds, where he can encounter the jet streams that cut hours off his fuel consumption, if we can give him the dope he needs to plan his pay loads, fuel loads and so on, it can mean the difference between success and failure. We must do the operational research *before* we get into any fighting; there's no opportunity for it once a war begins. We not only need the data right now—we needed it day before yesterday!"

Balloons. Balloons for winds, balloons for cosmic rays, for ozone studies, for temperatures, for space medicine, balloons to carry rockets up to the upper atmosphere, balloons to study the brightness of the sky or the distribution of carbon 14 in the air—balloons perhaps one day to carry weapons or who knows what else?

There is a story that Benjamin Franklin, who witnessed the first hydrogen balloon ascent over Champ de Mars, France, on August 27, 1783, was asked by a skeptical spectator: "And of what use is a balloon?"

Franklin turned to the stranger and answered: "And of what use is a newborn baby?"

Ben Franklin should see that baby now. ▲▲▲

"Why All This Fuss About the VIRGIN MARY?"

"I don't get it!" Jim told Father Crane. "You Catholics are always coming up with something new about Mary—trying to make her more important than Christ."

Patiently the priest waited for Jim to go on.

"For example," Jim continued, "the Pope has proclaimed 1954 'The Marian Year'—for special worship of Mary."

"No, Jim," Father Crane interjected, "not worship. Catholics *honor* Mary, but they *worship* only God."

"All right," Jim conceded, "but how about the Marian Year? It commemorates the 100th anniversary of the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Isn't any doctrine only 100 years old pretty new? And it's not in the Bible!"

"The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Jim," Father Crane replied, "has been held and taught by the Church from the earliest Christian era — before the Bible was ever compiled into a book. It has been in the tradition of the Church since the beginning. It was implied in the writings of the fathers of the Church as far back as St. Irenaeus (140-205 A. D.). It means simply that God, intending Mary to be the human mother of the Son of God, preserved her from original sin from her conception.

"St. Ephrem (306-373) described Mary as 'innocent as Eve before her fall, a virgin most estranged from every stain of sin... the pure seed of God, ever in body and mind intact and immaculate.' That, Jim, means only one thing — that Mary herself was immaculately conceived."

But Jim was still unconvinced. It was only recently, he declared, that the Pope proclaimed the Assumption of Mary's body and soul into heaven. "Did it take the Church nearly 2,000 years to decide this?" he demanded.

"This, likewise," the priest answered, "is not a new doctrine. It was the universal belief of the early Church. In the year 593, St. Gregory of Tours referred to it in this way: 'The Lord had the most holy body of the Virgin taken into heaven, where, reunited to her soul, it now enjoys, with the elect, happiness without end.' "

Many people cannot understand Catholics' homage to the Blessed Virgin. And Catholics often wonder why devotions to Mary are not more widespread, for does not the Bible say she shall "be blessed amongst women"?

And Catholics will tell you that their love for Mary is returned a thousandfold, that their prayers joined with hers, find special favor in the sight of God. If you want to prove this, write for pamphlet C-24, entitled: "Yes... The Mother of God Will Help You." It will be sent in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you.

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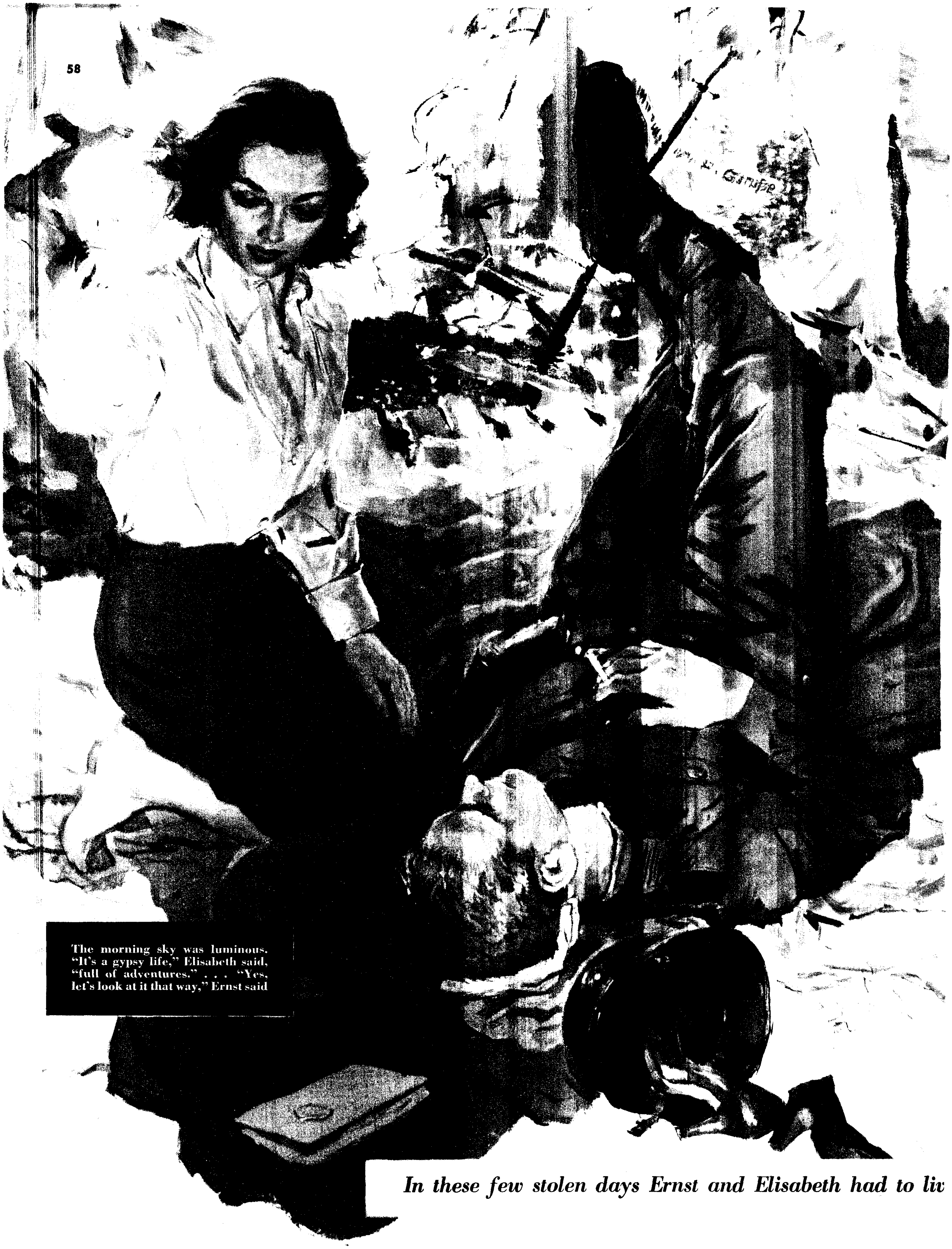

The morning sky was luminous. "It's a gypsy life," Elisabeth said, "full of adventures." . . . "Yes, let's look at it that way," Ernst said

In these few stolen days Ernst and Elisabeth had to liv

A Time to Love and a Time to Die

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

THE THIRD OF FOUR PARTS

The Story: Private Ernst Graeber could almost forget that his furlough was about over, that in less than two weeks he must return to the Russian front and to a war that he, as a German soldier, no longer believed in. He had fallen in love with Elisabeth Kruse, and the hours spent with her—away from the spying eyes of Frau Lieser, the fanatical Nazi with whom Elisabeth was forced to live—were happy. But Graeber could not forget that his parents, whose house had been destroyed by bombs, were missing. His search for them led him to accept favors from Alfons Binding, an old schoolmate who was now a Nazi official. At Alfons' luxurious villa Graeber heard stories of mass tortures and exterminations that reminded him, in his sick disgust, of those told by Steinbrenner, the S.S. man in his outfit at the front. Although never a Nazi himself, Graeber felt a deep sense of guilt for all the crimes in which he had taken part in the name of the Third Reich. In his torment he went to see Pohlmann, his old teacher. Pohlmann was in hiding from the secret police and was, in turn, hiding others who were wanted; he could tell Graeber only that each man must decide for himself where his responsibility begins when he allows his own fear or indifference to keep him silent while crimes are committed against others. Graeber knew that the one meaning his life now held was his love for Elisabeth, and they planned to marry. But he knew also that Elisabeth's application for a marriage permit would call the authorities' attention to the fact that her father was in a concentration camp, denounced as an enemy of the state for his belief that the war was lost. With Frau Lieser as a constant threat, Graeber wondered how long it would be before Elisabeth too might be denounced, before the Gestapo might come and take her from him.

HE WAS standing in front of the factory long before closing time. It took a while before Elisabeth came. By the time he finally caught sight of her, he had persuaded himself that she had been arrested in the factory. She was taken aback to see him in civilian clothes and began to laugh. "How young you are!" she said.

"I don't feel young. I feel a hundred years old. Have you done anything about your papers, Elisabeth?"

"Everything. I used my lunch hour. The notification is now on record."

"Everything," Graeber repeated. "Then there is nothing to be done."

"What needs to be done?"

"Nothing. I just suddenly got frightfully anxious. Perhaps what we are doing is a mistake. Perhaps it could hurt you." Graeber hesitated. "I have heard that sometimes an inquiry goes to the Gestapo. That's why we ought perhaps to have left everything alone."

Elisabeth stood still. "Do you mean they might find out my father is in the concentration camp?"

"Not that," Graeber interrupted. "They certainly know that already. I mean that perhaps it would be better not to call anyone's attention to you. The Gestapo is incalculable and someone there might get some idiotic idea. You know how that sort of thing goes. No trace of justice about it."

Elisabeth was silent for an instant. "Then what shall we do?" she asked.

"There's nothing more we can do. If we withdrew your notification they would just be all the more suspicious. Now we must take the risk."

They walked on. The factory was situated on a small square and was clearly visible. Graeber looked at it carefully. "Have you never been bombed here?"

"Not yet."

"The building stands pretty much open," he said in alarm. "It's easy to spot it as a factory."

"We have a cellar. It's fairly safe, I think."

Graeber glanced up. Elisabeth was walking along beside him, aloof, not looking at him. "Please understand what I mean," he said. "I am not afraid for myself. I am simply afraid on your account."

"You don't need to be afraid on my account."

"Aren't you?"

"I have had all the fears there are. I have no place left for a new one."

"But I do. When you love someone there are many new fears you didn't know about at all before."

Elisabeth turned toward him. Her face was suddenly very beautiful. "Why didn't you tell me that at once?"

"I did tell you. At least in effect."

She shook her head.

"It's these clothes," Graeber said. "Since I have been wearing them I have been afraid. Tomorrow I will put on my uniform again. And I thought civilians had an easy life!"

"Is it just the clothes?"

"No. I think it's because I am alive again. I am no longer waiting like an animal to see whether or not I will be shot down. I am living once more—and I want to go on living. And when that's how it is, you apparently become afraid again. It's better now though—since I have seen you."

BY BRIBING the supply clerk at the barracks with cigarettes and a small bottle of Binding's cognac, Graeber got a new uniform to be married in. It was not actually new—it was badly stained—but it was better than his old one, which was hardly more than rags. He made a bundle of the old one and took it to Pohlmann.

Pohlmann opened the door. He stuck his head out, blinking. "Is that you, Graeber?"

"Yes. I've just come for a minute," Graeber said. "What I principally wanted was to bring you this package."

They went down the passage to the room where the lamp stood. Graeber smelled fresh cigarette smoke. Pohlmann did not have a cigarette in his hand. "What is it?" Pohlmann asked. "And what has happened to you?"

"Nothing of importance. I've just learned a couple of lessons. I know now approximately how Peter felt when he heard the cock crow."

Pohlmann let the package fall onto the table. His pale face seemed to grow a shade paler. He threw a quick glance toward the door. "Whom have you betrayed?" he asked in a whisper.

"Myself. No one else."

Pohlmann's eyes did not leave Graeber's face. "What have you done?"

Graeber suddenly saw the old man's tenseness. "Not what you think," he said hastily. "I have only felt how quickly one can become corrupt. And how little control one has when one is afraid for others. Where does it end?"

He looked around impatiently and then an idea flashed through his mind. "Would it be possible for me to hide someone with you for a few days?"

Pohlmann was silent for a moment. "Here?" he asked then. "Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, I know. It isn't someone who is wanted. And it may not be necessary."

Pohlmann made no reply. Graeber unwrapped the package and took the old uniform out. Rolled up in it were a few cans of meat and a bottle of cognac as well. These came from Binding. "You can use the food for someone who has no coupons," Graeber said. "And perhaps the uniform will be useful for someone who has to escape in a hurry. In uniform

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lifetime; soon he must leave her—and he dared not promise her he would return

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

June - 1954
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Summer starts 5:55 P.M.
Get Tampax

If you're like some women, your own "Summer Almanac" will revolve around "those days" of the month. You'll put a cross by a long auto trip, a question-mark by a week-end invitation, a definite "no" beside a swimming date.

Yet summer could mean so much more to you, if you'd only make up your mind to change to Tampax now. This internal sanitary protection does away with hot, chafey external pads...makes it possible for you to take baths and showers, even go swimming, on those trying times.

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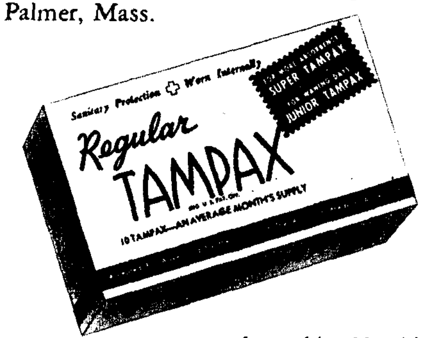
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one is less likely to arouse suspicion."

Pohlmann looked at Graeber again. "For what purpose do you say that?"

Graeber stepped toward him. "Listen to me," he said. "I have only about one more week here. One week in which I can do something on my own account; then I have to go back to the machine. Stop being cautious with me and let me do something—a little, at least, of what I had hoped to do. Just what, I do not know. I had hoped to do something that would support me and raise my life out of the mud. Instead of that I have become smeared with myself. Take these things and don't ask any more questions, but tell me instead whether I can't do something more, anything at all, no matter whether it is dangerous or not—something that will at least give some purpose to my furlough."

Pohlmann slowly shook his head. "I have nothing for you to do, Graeber. But I will keep these things. And if you need this room then you may have it."

It seemed to Graeber as though suddenly a warm rain were falling on him. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks."

The old man laid the things to one side, smiling shyly. "Take a few books with you. I have often sat here, perhaps not unlike you at present, alone, as though buried with fear—and then I have read and read as though possessed. Take what you like. Perhaps it will help. It is hard to be afraid for somebody else—"

Pohlmann pulled books from the shelves with hasty fingers. "These travel books with pictures of other countries are like a flight into peace—this one."

Graeber took the book. It contained pictures of Switzerland. He looked at Pohlmann. All at once he understood that Pohlmann wanted to give him more than just this book of photographs; Pohlmann wanted to participate in his anxiety and loneliness and thereby make him understand that he was not alone in his distress. The old man put it into words at once: "We are not alone, Graeber. There are many of us. Hidden. Everywhere."

"Enough?"

Pohlmann shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said. "One must believe so."

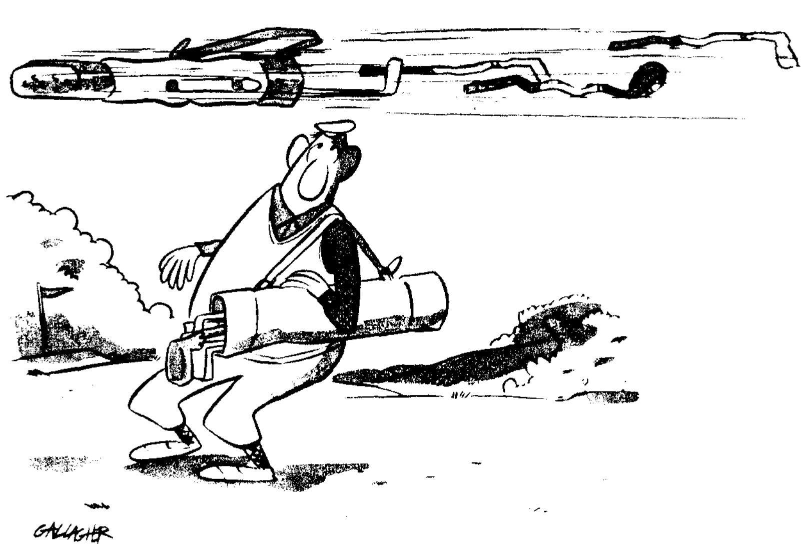
He walked over to a globe of the world that stood in the corner and rotated it. "Look at this," he said. "This tiny piece of the world is Germany. You can almost cover it with your thumb. It's very small."

"That may be. But from this small part we have conquered a large slice of the world."

"Conquered, yes—but not convinced." Pohlmann's hands with the thick veins continued to turn the globe. "The world does not stand still," he said. "When one despairs for a time of his own country he must believe in the world. An eclipse is possible but not an enduring period of night. There has never been a tyranny that lasted. Not on this planet. Remember that."

THE old man behind the counter at the town hall took off his eyeglasses and looked at Elisabeth. "Your papers? Wait a moment." He ceremoniously got up and went behind the wooden partition that separated his counter from the large room beyond.

Graeber looked after him and then glanced around. There were people between him and the exit; if anything happened he would have to shoot into the air to get away quickly with Elisabeth. "Go to the door," he said softly. "Wait there. If you see me take off my cap, go to Pohlmann at once. Don't worry about anything—go at once."



COLLIER'S "Fore!" JOHN GALLAGHER

Elisabeth hesitated. "Go!" he said again, impatiently. "Things here look ticklish. Maybe the old goat has gone to get someone. Wait outside."

He stood at the counter and looked after her. He was determined not to let her be arrested.

"Where is Fräulein Kruse?"

Graeber whirled around. The clerk had returned. "She will be back right away. Is everything in order?"

The clerk smiled. "When do you want to get married?"

"As soon as possible. I haven't much time. Only one more week."

"You can get married at once if you like. The papers are finished. With soldiers it's all simple and quick."

Graeber saw the papers in the man's hand. Abruptly he felt weak and a sudden warmth flooded his face. "Is everything attended to?" he asked and took off his cap to wipe his forehead.

"Everything is attended to," the clerk said. "Where is Fräulein Kruse?"

Graeber laid his cap on the counter. He turned around and looked for Elisabeth. Then he noticed his cap and realized it was the signal they had agreed on. In his excitement he had forgotten. "Just a moment," he said quickly. "I'll get her at once."

He pushed his way swiftly through the crowd. He hoped he could catch up with her in the street; but when he came to the exit she was standing calmly behind a pillar, waiting. "Thank Heaven you're here! Everything is in order, Elisabeth."

They went back. The clerk handed Elisabeth her papers and said, "Are you the daughter of the Health Councilor Kruse?"

"Yes."

Graeber held his breath.

"I know your father," the clerk said.

Elisabeth looked at him. "Have you heard anything of him?" she asked.

"No more than you. Haven't you heard from him at all?"

"No."

The clerk took off his glasses. He had shortsighted, watery-blue eyes. "Let's hope for the best." He gave Elisabeth his hand. "Good luck. I took your business under my wing and saw it through myself. You can marry today. I can make the arrangements for you right now, if you like."

"Right now," Graeber said.

"This afternoon," Elisabeth replied. "Would two o'clock be all right?"

"I'll arrange it for you then at the registry office."

They stood at the doorway. "It went so simply," he said. "What didn't I expect! I don't know why I've become so jumpy. Probably it was pretty melodramatic, wasn't it?"

Elisabeth shook her head. "My father thought the people who warned him were being melodramatic. In our age nothing like that could happen—and then it did. We have had a stroke of luck, that's all, Ernst."

THE registry office was in the gymnasium of the high school. The registrar sat in front of a row of climbing ropes, the lower ends of which had been hooked against the wall. Between them hung a portrait of Hitler, beneath it a swastika with the German eagle.

They had to wait. A middle-aged soldier was in front of them. There was a woman with him, wearing on her breast a gold brooch in the form of a sailing ship. The man was very excited, the woman calm. She smiled at Elisabeth like a fellow conspirator.

"Marriage witnesses?" said the registrar. "Where are your witnesses?"

The soldier stammered. "I thought with war marriages you didn't need any," he finally succeeded in saying.

"That would be nice, wouldn't it? With us, order still prevails."

The soldier turned to Graeber. "Could you perhaps help us, comrade? Just your signature. And the lady's."

"Of course. Then you can sign for us. I didn't think about this either."

"Who thinks of anything like this?"

"Everyone who knows his duty as a citizen," the registrar announced cuttingly. He looked peevishly at Graeber. It obviously did not please him to have the matter settled so simply. "Have you identification papers?" he asked Graeber.

"Yes, here. We want to get married ourselves."

The official picked up the papers. He entered Elisabeth's and Graeber's names in the register. "Sign here."

All four signed. "I congratulate you in the name of the Fuehrer," the registrar said frostily to the soldier and his wife. Then he turned to Graeber. "And your witnesses?"

"Here." Graeber pointed to the two who had just got married.

The registrar shook his head. "I can only accept one of them," he announced. "These two are now a married couple. You have to have two independent persons as witnesses. A wife does not qualify."

Graeber did not know whether the official was right or simply trying to make difficulties. "Isn't there someone here who can do it?" he asked.

"It's not my place to take care of such matters," the registrar announced

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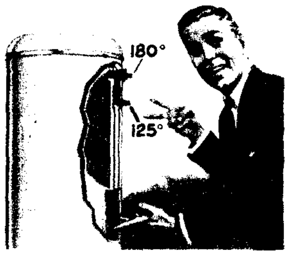

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in cold triumph. "If you have no witnesses you can't get married."

Graeber looked around. "What do you need?" asked a middle-aged man who had come up and was listening. "A marriage witness? Take me."

He stood beside Elisabeth. The official examined him coldly. "Have you your papers?"

THE man casually drew out a passport and tossed it on the table. "Of course," he said.

The registrar read it, rose to his feet and yelped: *"Heil Hitler,* Herr Group Leader!"

"Heil Hitler," the group leader replied carelessly. "And let's not have any more play acting. What's the matter with you, behaving toward soldiers this way?"

"Very good, Herr Group Leader! Will you kindly sign here, please?"

"Do you mean me?" Graeber asked incredulously.

"He means you," replied the group leader, grinning. "A chameleon, eh?"

He signed after Graeber and Elisabeth. Graeber saw that he was S.S. Group Leader Hildebrandt. The second witness was Engineer Klotz. Hildebrandt shook hands with Elisabeth and Graeber and then with Klotz and his wife as well. The registrar got two copies of Hitler's Mein Kampf from behind the climbing ropes, which looked as though they were arranged for a hanging. "A gift from the state," he announced sourly, staring after Hildebrandt. "Civilian clothes," he said. "How's anyone to know?"

Outside, Klotz unbuckled his knapsack. "You helped me out, comrade. I have a good Brunswick sausage here. Take it and enjoy it! I am a farmer; I have enough. I really intended to give it to the registrar. That swine!"

"Not to him, whatever happens!" Graeber said and took the sausage. "Here, accept this book in exchange. I have nothing else to give you as a wedding present."

"But, comrade, I got one too."

"Then you will be twice as well off. You can give one to your wife."

Graeber stood with Elisabeth in the street. "I steered clear of Alfons Binding as a marriage witness," he said. "I didn't want to be corrupt. Then in my excitement I completely forgot that we needed witnesses. And now we've got an S.S. group leader instead. That's what happens with good resolutions."

Elisabeth laughed. "How did you manage to evade your friend Binding?"

"I simply didn't tell him anything. And I am not going to tell him anything. But you're being cheated out of a wedding breakfast with champagne."

"We'll go into the woods instead. Someplace where we won't see anything of the war." . . .

In a clearing in the woods outside the city, violet haze hung between the tree trunks. Along the edges of the clearing, primroses and violets were blooming.

Graeber drew a book out of his coat pocket. "We can't take a wedding trip, Elisabeth, but Pohlmann gave me this picture book about Switzerland. Sometime after the war we'll go there. Everything will be as it is in this book."

They leafed through it. "Mountains," Elisabeth said. "Isn't there anything in Switzerland but mountains?"

"Of course! Here's Italian Switzerland—Lugano, Locarno, palms, old churches. And here's the lake. Lago Maggiore." Graeber continued to turn the pages, pushing the book toward Elisabeth. "Look at this. Here are islands and azaleas and primroses and sun and peace."

"What's the name of that place?"

"Porto Ronco."

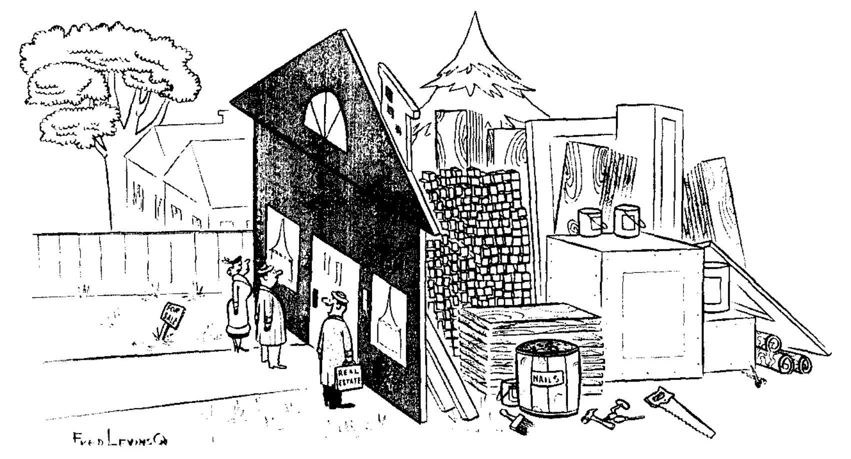
"We'll make a note of that," she said sleepily. "We'll go there later on."

"Yes, we'll go there," Graeber replied and clapped the book shut. He looked at the violet haze in the trees and then he took Elisabeth in his arms and felt her come toward him, and with her the floor of the forest, grass and roots and a reddish flower with delicate narrow leaves that grew larger and larger until it blotted out the horizon and his eyes closed. . . .

The wind died. It grew dark rapidly. From the distance came a low rumbling.

Elisabeth moved. "Where are they?" she murmured. "Will they drop their bombs or fly on?"

"It isn't airplanes." Graeber straightened up and listened. "It's not bombs and not artillery and not airplanes, Elisabeth," he said. "It's something unusual—a thunderstorm."



COLLIER'S "We call it our 'Home Craftsman' model" FRED LEVINSON

Now they saw the first lightning. It seemed pale and artificial after the sort of man-made tempest they knew. The rain began. They ran across the clearing under the fir trees. Shadows seemed to race with them. The rustling of the rain in the treetops above them was like the applause of a distant crowd.

They came out of the forest and found a covered streetcar station where a number of people were crowded. A couple of S.S. men stood beside them. They stared at Elisabeth.

AFTER half an hour the rain stopped. They crossed the street and turned off into a twilit avenue. Ahead of them a long row of men was busy laying pipes in the half-darkness. They were wearing striped suits.

Elisabeth was suddenly alert and turned in the direction of the workmen. She walked along slowly, very close to them, studying them as though searching for someone. Now Graeber saw that the men had numbers on their suits; they were prisoners from the concentration camp. They worked quickly and silently without glancing up. Their heads were like skulls and their clothes hung limp on their thin bodies. Two had collapsed and lay in front of a boarded-up soft-drink stand.

"Hey there!" an S.S. man shouted. "Stay away! You can't go there!"

Elisabeth acted as though she had not heard. She just walked faster and kept peering at the prisoners' faces.

"Come back! You there, lady! At once! Damn it, can't you hear me!"

The S.S. man came up cursing. "What's the matter?" Graeber asked.

"What's the matter? Have you mud in your ears? Or is something else wrong with you?"

Graeber saw a second S.S. man approaching. He was a senior troop leader. Graeber did not dare risk calling to Elisabeth; he knew now that she would not turn back and it would only make them more suspicious. "We are looking for something," he said to the S.S. man.

The senior troop leader had arrived. "We lost something here," Graeber said. "A brooch. It's a sailing ship with rhinestones. We came through here late yesterday and we must have lost it. Have you by any chance seen it?" He saw that Elisabeth had gone past half the row.

"Nothing has been found here," the senior troop leader announced.

"That's just a driveling excuse," the first S.S. man said. "Have you your papers?"

Graeber looked at him for a while in silence. The S.S. man was not more than twenty years old. Steinbrenner, Graeber thought. "I not only have papers but I have very good papers," he told them. "S.S. Group Leader Hildebrandt happens to be my close friend."

The S.S. man laughed derisively. "The Fuehrer too, no doubt?"

"Not the Fuehrer." Elisabeth had almost reached the end of the line. Graeber slowly drew his marriage certificate out of his pocket. "Come over here with me under the lantern. Can you read this? The signature of my marriage witness? And the date? Today, as you see. Any more questions?"

The S.S. man stared at the paper. The senior troop leader looked over his shoulder. "That's Hildebrandt's signature," he agreed. "I know it. Nevertheless, you are not allowed to walk here. It's forbidden. I am sorry about your brooch."

Elisabeth was finished. "So am I," Graeber replied. "Naturally we won't go on looking if it's forbidden. Orders are orders."

He walked on quickly to reach Elisabeth, but the senior troop leader stayed beside him. "Perhaps we'll still find it," he said. "Where shall we send it?"

"To Hildebrandt. That's the simplest thing."

"Good," the senior troop leader said with respect. "Have you found it?" he asked Elisabeth then.

She stared at him as though she had just been awakened. "I have explained to the officer here about the brooch we lost yesterday," Graeber said quickly. "If it turns up he'll send it to Hildebrandt."

"Thank you," Elisabeth replied in amazement.

The senior troop leader nodded. "You can depend on it. We in the S.S. are cavaliers."

Graeber was standing close to the emaciated form of one of the bowed prisoners. Graeber put his hand in his pocket, pushed out a package of cigarettes, and in turning let it fall beside the prisoner. "Many thanks," he said to the senior troop leader. "We'll look in the woods again tomorrow. It could easily have happened there."

"No need for thanks. *Heil Hitler!* And congratulations on your wedding!"

THEY walked in silence side by side until they could no longer see the prisoners. Like a flight of flamingos, a row of clouds—mother-of-pearl and rose—drifted across the sky which had now cleared. "The devil knows what's the matter with me," Graeber said finally. "When I was a soldier at the front things often went wrong for me, but I have never felt so disgusted with myself as now."

"It's because of me," she said.

"It isn't because of you. It's just because here one gets closer to the mud than out there. That's all."

"It's because of me. I know it. I ought not to have gone over to the prisoners; but I couldn't help myself."

Graeber knew she had been looking for her father. He noticed tears in her eyes and suddenly he realized how silly his indignation about himself had been. It had so much to do with vanity and empty prejudices about courage that a wave of shame rose in him. "I'm an idiot, Elisabeth," he stammered. "I have been talking heroic, schoolboy nonsense again and I really ought to know better. It's just rage at not being able to sock those damned S.S. ruffians!"

Elisabeth shook her head. "There's more to it than that. And it must be hard for you."

"I don't know what you mean. But nothing is hard when we are together."

"No?" She stopped.

That's not true, he thought. Everything is a hundred times harder because I am powerless and responsible for you, because I love you and you are supposed to belong to me, and because I have to leave you. He took her in his arms and held her close and stared off above her head toward the sky.

"Hold me tight," she whispered. "I am suddenly so dreadfully afraid. It isn't the ordinary fear. It's another kind without reason, a black, dreadful emptiness. You don't know—"

"But I do," Graeber said. "I know that too. It's part of our life. Without it one doesn't have courage. And without it one is not a human being. It's just that one doesn't always know that."

Elisabeth suddenly smiled. "I don't know whether that's true. But it's comforting."

"The important thing with us is that we are together."

She nodded against his shoulder. "Can't we simply be thoughtless and happy?"

"We will be," he said. "For every minute that's still left." . . .

The air raid came at noon a few days later. It was the lunch hour, the most crowded time in the streets. Graeber ignored the shouts of the air-raid wardens and ran in the direction of the factory. Elisabeth had had a two-day vacation. She had just gone back today. He did not know whether he could reach her, but he knew that factories were the prime targets of the raids and he wanted to try at least to get her out.

In front of him at the end of the

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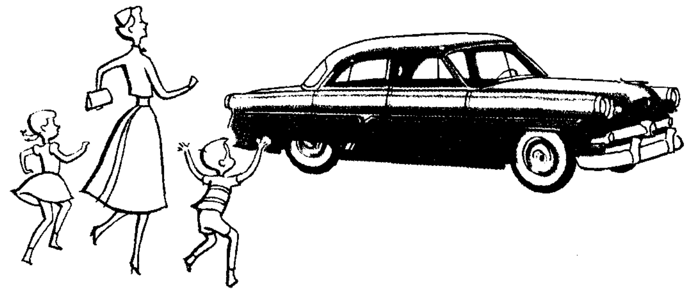

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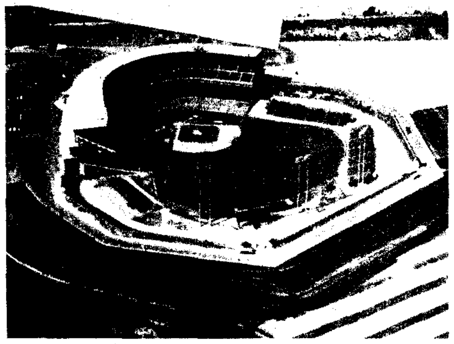

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street a house slowly rose. In the air it broke into pieces which separated and fell without making any noise in that uproar—as it seemed, silently and gently. Graeber threw himself into the gutter with his arms pressed over his ears. The shock wave of the second explosion seized him like a giant hand and hurled him several yards backward. He got to his feet, reeling. From one instant to the next the street had become a sea of flames.

PEOPLE plunged toward him with open mouths, horror in their eyes. They were screaming, but he could not hear them. By the corner of a house stood a five-year-old girl. She was holding an infant pressed close against her. Graeber stopped. "Run to the nearest cellar," he shouted. "Where are your parents?"

The girl did not look up. She kept her head bent and pressed herself against the wall. Graeber saw a warden soundlessly screaming at him. Graeber shouted back and did not hear himself. The warden tried to get hold of him with one hand; with the other he reached for the children. Graeber pulled free.

A mighty current of air laid hold of him and whirled him about, flames shot out of the ground, a harsh yellow wiped out the sky, burned away to a more intense white and fell to earth like a cloudburst. Graeber inhaled flame, his lungs seemed on fire; he pressed his head into his arms, held his breath until his head seemed to be bursting, and looked up. Through the tears and the burning in his eyes a picture slowly formed itself and steadied: a torn, bespattered wall thrust backward over a staircase, and on the stairs, impaled upon the splintered steps, the body of the five-year-old girl, her short plaid skirt thrown high, the legs sprawled and bare, the arms outstretched as though she had been crucified, the breast pierced by a bar from an iron fence—and to one side, as though provided with many more joints than in life, the air-raid warden, headless, slack and now spouting only a little blood, twisted together with his legs over his shoulders, a dead contortionist. The infant was not to be seen.

WTH LGT HSKPG

The ROOMS TO LET, offered in classified print,
Are hard on my faltering vision;
Through each day's editions I hopefully squint,
Bt fnd I cn't mke a decsn.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

Graeber heard someone shouting: "Swine! Swine! Damned swine!" and stared at the sky and looked around him and realized that it was he himself who was shouting.

He sprang up and ran on. The square where the factory stood appeared undamaged; only on the right was there a fresh crater. The low, gray buildings had not been hit anywhere.

The factory air-raid warden stopped him. "My wife is here!" Graeber shouted. "Let me in!"

"Forbidden! The nearest cellar is on the other side. Over there at the edge of the square."

"Damn it, what isn't forbidden in this country! Get away from me or—"

The warden pointed to the rear courtyard. A little flat blockhouse of reinforced concrete stood there. "Machine guns," he said contemptuously, "and a guard! Go in if you like, you clown. They have noticed you already. They are on the lookout for sabotage!"

Graeber needed no further explanation; the machine gun commanded the courtyard. "A guard!" he said angrily. "What for? What is there in your damned army overcoats to guard?"

"More than you think, you frontline calf! We don't make just army overcoats here, and we have more here than women workers. In the munitions factory there are a couple of hundred prisoners from the concentration camp. Do you understand now?"

"How are the cellars here?"

"What do I care about the cellars? I have to stay outside. And what's happening to my wife in the city?"

The heavy explosions had ceased. The antiaircraft guns went on firing. Graeber ran diagonally back across the square. He did not run to the next cellar; he ducked into a fresh bomb crater at the end of the square. The smell in it almost choked him. He crept up to the edge and lay there staring at the factory. It was a different war here, he thought. At the front each one had only to look out for himself. And if you happened to have a brother in the same company, that was a lot; but here each one had a family and it was not he alone that was being shot at; all the rest were being shot at as well. It was a double and triple and tenfold war. He thought of the body of the five-year-old girl and then of the numberless others he had seen and he thought of his parents and Elisabeth, and he felt a spasm of hatred against the ones who had caused it all, and it was a hatred that did not stop at the borders of his country and that had nothing to do with calculation or with justice.

It began to rain. The drops fell like a silver shower of gentle tears through the stinking, violated air.

It was over. The city stank of burning and death and was full of fires. There were conflagrations and fiery walls and fiery towers, there were blazing dead and there were blazing wounded who burst shrieking out of the houses and spun around and ran raving in circles until they collapsed, stinking of burned flesh.

"The torches," someone standing beside Graeber said. "You can't rescue them. They burn up alive. The damnable stuff from incendiary bombs gets spattered on them and burns right through everything—skin, flesh and bones. And the shrieking!"

Graeber looked at the man. He had deep eye sockets under his helmet and a mouth with many missing teeth. "They ought to be shot quickly if they can't be rescued," Graeber said.

"Just try it once and be hanged for a murderer! Do you know the proprietress of the Golden Lion? She was one of the fat ones; she always wore wide silk petticoats. Wore half a dozen, one on top of the other. All colors. She got sprayed by an incendiary. Ran into the street, spun round like a skater. At first she was only burning at the top, from the breast up. Had long hair. For a second it was like an instantaneous halo, you know. Then the top skirt caught fire, the red one. She spun so wildly that the skirts flew out straight and stood away from her. So the red one, a red flash, then a blue one, a blue flash, a yellow one, a violet one, flash, flash, like the changing lights in a theater, and when we finally reached her she was burned black, and just imagine she went on living till the next evening!"

Graeber looked at this man who had the time and interest to tell such stories at such a moment. "What are you really?" he asked. "Air Defense?"

"Nonsense. I belong to the corpse brigade. There comes our wagon."

Graeber saw a wagon drawn by a white horse rolling up between the ruins. He followed the man. Behind a stone wall he saw the dead. Like a slaughterhouse, he thought. Well, no, not like a slaughterhouse—a slaughterhouse was more orderly; the animals were cut up, bled and drawn according to rules. Here they were mangled, crushed, mutilated, singed and roasted. Scraps of clothing still hung on them: an arm of a woolen sweater, a dotted dress, one leg of a pair of brown corduroy trousers. To one side lay a nest of dead children. They had been caught in a cellar that was not strong enough. Single hands, feet, trampled heads with a little hair, twisted legs; in the midst of this a schoolbag, a basket with a dead cat, a very pale boy, dead without a wound.

The corpses were put on stretchers and loaded on the wagon. "Linda," said a woman who was following one stretcher. "Linda! Linda!"

The sun came out. The rain-wet streets shimmered. Those trees that had not been destroyed glistened wet and bright green. "That will never be forgiven," someone behind Graeber said. He turned around. A woman with a coquettish red hat was staring at the children. "Never!" she said. "Never! Never! Not in this world or the next."

Graeber walked on. What would not be forgiven? He wondered. After this war there would be horribly much to forgive and not to forgive. A single lifetime would not be enough. He had seen more dead children than these—he had seen them everywhere, in France, in Holland, in Poland, in Africa, in Russia; and all had had mothers who wept for them, not the Germans alone—if they still could weep and had not already been liquidated by the S.S. But what good did it do to think about that? Had not he himself an hour ago been shouting, "Swine! Swine!" at the sky that held the airplanes?

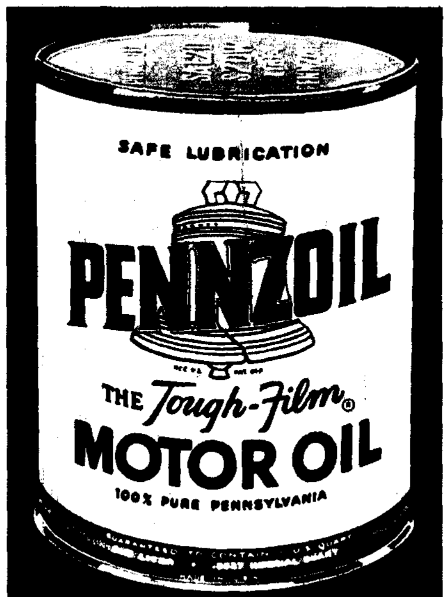
HE WALKED to Marienstrasse. Elisabeth's house had not been struck, but an incendiary had fallen on the house two doors away, the wind had blown the flames across and now the roofs of all three houses were on fire.

The block warden was standing in the street. "Why doesn't anyone put it out?" Graeber said. "Isn't there any water?"

"There is still some water, but we haven't any pressure. The roof may cave in any time."

On the street stood chairs, suitcases, a cat in a canary cage, pictures and bundles of clothes. From the windows of the lower stories people with excited, sweaty faces were throwing things wrapped in blankets and pillowcases out into the street. Others were running up and down the stairs.

He glanced up toward Elisabeth's apartment. It was not yet immediately threatened. There were still two stories in between. Through the window of Elisabeth's room he saw Frau Lieser rushing back and forth. She was strug-



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gling with a white bundle which probably contained bedclothes.

"I'll go and pack, too," Graeber said to the block warden.

The door to the apartment was open. The corridor was full of packages. Frau Lieser ran past Graeber, her mouth shut tight and tears in her eyes. He went into Elisabeth's room and closed the door behind him. He found two suitcases under the bed and tried to decide what he should pack.

HE BEGAN with Elisabeth's clothes. He took out of the wardrobe the ones he considered practical. Then he opened the dresser and got out underwear and stockings. He found a few small pieces of jewelry; a narrow gold bracelet was among them and an old brooch with an amethyst. There was a remote tenderness about touching Elisabeth's things—happiness that she was alive—and a sense of shame, at doing something impermissible.

He placed a photograph of Elisabeth's father on top of the things in the second suitcase and closed it. Then he sat down in the chair and looked around. It occurred to him that he ought to take the bedding with him. He rolled up the bedding in a sheet and knotted it as he had seen Frau Lieser do. As he laid the bundle on the floor he saw his knapsack behind the bed. He had forgotten it. As he drew it out the steel helmet clattered across the floor. He kicked it over to the door where the other things were and carried them all downstairs.

The houses were slowly burning down. The fire department did not come; these few dwellings were too unimportant. And, besides, a quarter of the city was in flames.

The inhabitants of the houses had rescued as many of their possessions as they could. Now they did not know where to go with them; there was no means of transportation and no place to stay. The street in front of the burning houses had been roped off for a distance. Next to it, on either side, the household goods were piled high.

Graeber saw that one family had rescued a kitchen table and four chairs and were sitting around it. Another had formed a nook and were protecting it against anyone who wanted to pass through, as though it were their own property. A big portrait of Hitler rested against the wall of a building. It belonged to Frau Lieser. She had her child on her lap and was sitting on her bedding.

Suddenly Graeber saw Elisabeth. She had broken through the cordon and stood in the free space with the glow of the fire flickering over her.

"Over here, Elisabeth!" he shouted.

She ran to him. "There you are! Thank God! I thought something had happened to you."

He held her tight. "I couldn't come to the factory to get you. I had to keep an eye on your things. Here are practically all your clothes. Your father's picture too, and your bedding. I can still try to get the furniture out."

"Stay here. Let it burn up. Then the whole thing will be over. Everything there. Even what was good in it. We must begin again. The past is bankrupt. We can't go back."

It began to rain again. Large, warm drops fell. A woman who had rescued a new flowered hat and had put it on for convenience took it off and put it under her dress. Hitler in Frau Lieser's oil painting looked, in the rain, as though he were weeping. Graeber unwrapped his coat and got a canvas sheet out of his knapsack. He put his coat around Elisabeth and spread the canvas over the bedding.

"We must find a place to sleep tonight. Binding has an empty room. You don't want to go there, do you?"

Elisabeth shook her head.

"Then there's still Pohlmann," Graeber said. "He has a place to sleep in his catacombs. I asked him a few days ago. Besides that, the only thing that's left is the emergency quarters. But they're sure to be jammed."

At that moment the roof of Elisabeth's house collapsed. The walls seemed to rock. Then the floor of the top story caved in. Frau Lieser began to sob convulsively.

Flames burst out of the windows of Frau Lieser's room. "There goes the desk," Elisabeth whispered. "The informer's desk with everything in it."

"Let's hope so, anyway."

Graeber put on his knapsack and swung the bedding over his shoulder. Elisabeth picked up the suitcases. "Give them to me," he said.

The upper floors of the two other houses crashed in. Burning embers flew in all directions. Frau Lieser screeched and sprang up. A glowing coal had flown out across the roped-off street and into her face. Flames were now pouring out of Elisabeth's room. Then the ceiling fell. "We can go," Elisabeth said.

Graeber glanced up at the window. "They were good days."

"The best. Let's go."

They made their way between the chairs. Most of the people were sitting silent and resigned. Beside one man stood a package of books; he had got one out and was reading it. Two elderly people were sitting close together on the pavement. They had drawn a cape over them and looked like a sorrowing bat with two heads.

"Strange how easy it is to part with something that only yesterday you didn't believe you could get along without," Elisabeth said.

Graeber looked around once more. "I stole Frau Lieser's handbag while she was jumping around," he said. "It's full of papers. We'll throw them into a fire somewhere. Perhaps that will save someone from an informer."

Elisabeth nodded. She did not look around again.

AT POHLMANN'S house, Graeber knocked for a long time. No one opened the door. He went back to Elisabeth. "Pohlmann isn't home. Or he won't open to anyone."

"Perhaps he doesn't live here now."

"Where else would he be living? There's no space anywhere. We've seen that during the last three hours. It could only be—" Graeber went to the door again. "No, the Gestapo haven't been here. It would look different if they had. Shall we go to a shelter?"

"No. Can't we stay somewhere near here?"

Graeber looked around searchingly. It was night, and against the dusky red of the sky the ruins thrust upward, black and angular. "Here's a piece of ceiling," he said. "It's dry under it. I could hang up the canvas on one side and my coat on the other."

Graeber took his bayonet and tapped at the piece of ceiling. It held. He looked around in the ruins and found a couple of iron bars which he rammed into the ground. On them he hung the canvas. "That's a curtain. My coat on the other side will make it into a sort of tent."

He cleared the ground of debris and stones. Then he carried in the suitcases and unrolled the bedding. "Now we have a place to stay," he said. "I've lived in worse before this. You, of course, haven't."

"It's time I got used to it."

Graeber unpacked Elisabeth's raincoat and an alcohol stove. "They stole our bread," he said, "but we still have a couple of cans in my knapsack. And my mess kit to cook in."

Graeber lighted the stove. The pale blue light illuminated the tent. He opened a can of beans. They ate them with what was left of the sausage they had received from Klotz, their marriage witness. "Shall we wait for Pohlmann or go to sleep?" Graeber asked.

"Let's go to sleep. I'm tired."

Elisabeth took off her shoes and placed them in front of the knapsack so they would not be stolen. She rolled up her stockings and put them in her pocket. Graeber pulled the blankets over her. "How's that?" he asked.

"Like a hotel," she said sleepily.

HOURS later Graeber woke. Cautious footsteps crunched over the rubble. He slipped out noiselessly from under the covers. Elisabeth stirred and went on sleeping. Graeber peered under the canvas. It might be Pohlmann returning, but it might as easily be thieves or it might be the Gestapo—they usually came at an hour like this.

He saw two figures in front of him in the dark. As silently as possible he followed them. However, within a few yards he ran into a piece of wall so loose it toppled over at once. He crouched. One of the figures swung around. "Is someone there?" Pohlmann asked.

Graeber stood up. "It's me, Herr Pohlmann. Ernst Graeber. We were bombed out and didn't know where to go. I thought perhaps you could put us up for a night."

"Who?"

"My wife and me. I was married a couple of days ago."

"Certainly, certainly." Pohlmann approached. His face glimmered very pale in the darkness. "Did you see me coming?"

Graeber hesitated a second. "Yes," he said then. There was no point in taking unnecessary precautions—not for Elisabeth nor for the man who had been with Pohlmann, who was now lying silent somewhere in the ruins. "Yes," he said, "and you can trust me."

Pohlmann rubbed his forehead. "I know I can." He stood undecided. "You saw I was not alone?"

"Yes."

Pohlmann seemed to make up his mind. "Well—yes—come along. For the night, you said. There isn't too much room, but—first of all come away from here."

They went around the corner. "Everything's all right," Pohlmann said into the shadows.

The man detached himself from the ruins. Pohlmann unlocked the door and admitted Graeber and the man. Then he locked it from inside.

He stood motionless in the darkness. "I must tell you something, Graeber. It could be dangerous for you to be found here." Pohlmann cleared his throat. "It's dangerous because of me. I am under suspicion."

"I had that in mind."

"Did you have it in mind for your wife too?"

"Yes," Graeber said after a moment.

The other man had been standing completely silent behind Graeber. Now his breathing became audible. Pohl-

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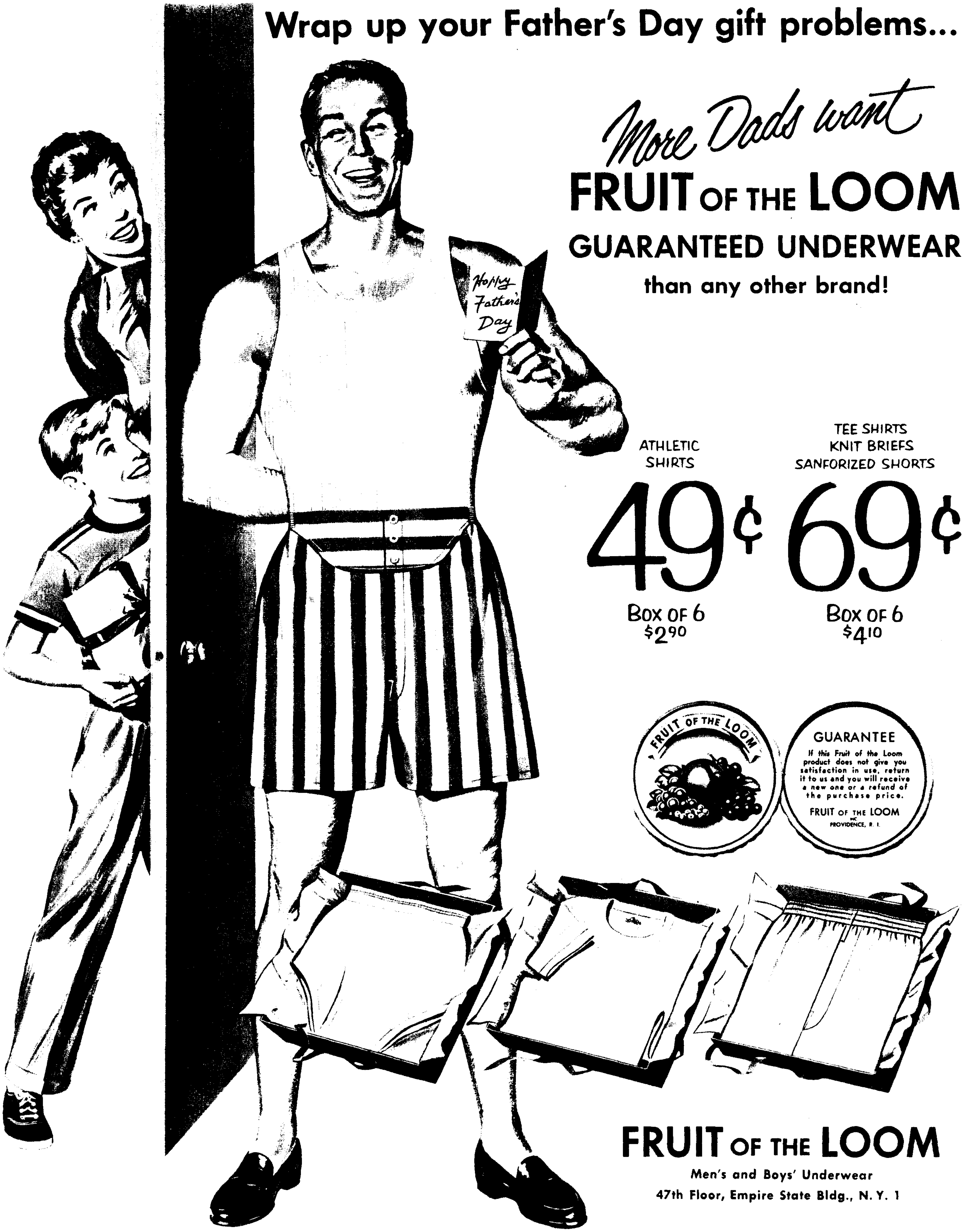

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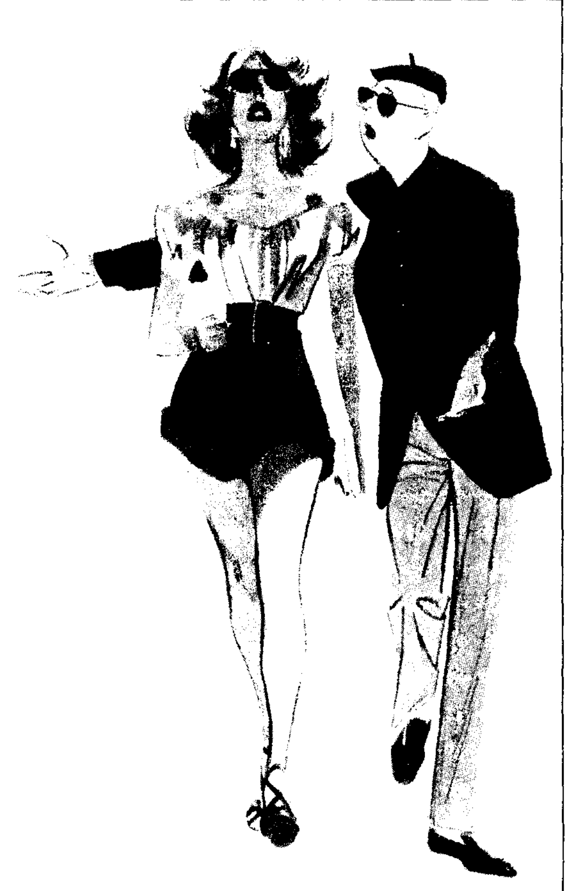
mann went ahead of them and when the door was shut and the curtains drawn he lighted a very small lamp. "There's no need to mention names," he said. "Better not to know them. Then you can't give anything away. Ernst and Josef will suffice."



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POHLMANN looked very exhausted. Josef was a man about forty with a narrow, Jewish face. He seemed completely calm and he smiled at Graeber.

"It's no longer safe here," Pohlmann said, seating himself. "Nevertheless, Josef has to stay here tonight. Tomorrow during the day we must see what else we can find. It's no longer safe for you here, Josef. That's the reason."

"I know," Josef replied. He had a deeper voice than one expected.

"And you, Ernst?" Pohlmann asked. "I am under suspicion, and you know what it means to be found at this hour of the night in the house of someone who is under suspicion in company with someone who is wanted. It's to be assumed that nothing will happen tonight. The city is in too much confusion. But one never knows. Do you want to take the risk?"

Graeber was silent. He was thinking of Elisabeth. Pohlmann and Josef looked at him. "There's no risk for me," he said. "I have to go back into the field soon. With my wife it's different. She has to go on living here. I hadn't thought about that."

"I didn't say it to get rid of you, Ernst."

"I know that."

"Can you manage to sleep outside?" Josef asked.

"Yes, we're protected from the rain."

"Then stay there. That way you'll have nothing to do with us. Early tomorrow bring your things here. However, you can store them just as well in the Katharinenkirche. The sexton there allows it. He is an honorable man. Part of the church has been destroyed, but the underground vaults are still intact. Take your things there. Then you'll be free for the day to look for a place to stay."

"I believe he's right, Ernst," Pohlmann said. "Josef knows about these things better than we do."

Graeber felt a sudden wave of affection for the weary old man who was again calling him by his first name as he had years ago. "I think so too," he replied. "I'm sorry I startled you."

"Come in early tomorrow morning if you need anything. Give two slow knocks, two quick ones."

"Good. Thanks."

Graeber went back. Elisabeth was still sleeping. She only half awakened when he lay down and at once went back to sleep.

She woke up at six o'clock. A wagon was clattering by on the street. She stretched. "I slept marvelously," she said. "Just where are we?"

"On the Jahnplatz."

"Good. And where will we sleep tonight?"

"We'll see about that today."

She lay back. A band of cool morning brightness came in between the canvas and the overcoat. Birds were twittering. She pushed the coat to one side. Outside, the early morning sky was yellow and luminous. "A gypsy's life," she said. "If you look at it that way. Full of adventures."

"Yes," Graeber said. "Let's look at it that way. I met Pohlmann last night. We can wake him up if we need anything."

"We don't need a thing. Do we still have coffee? We can cook here."

"It's sure to be forbidden. But what difference does that make? We are gypsies."

Elisabeth began to comb her hair. "Behind the house there's some clear rain water in a pot," Graeber said. "Just enough to do a little washing."

Elisabeth put on her jacket. "It's like being in the country. Water from a pump. Romantic is what they used to call it in earlier times, isn't it?"

Graeber laughed. "Yes. Even now—compared with the mud in Russia. Everything turns out to be comparative." He rolled up the bedding. Then he lighted the alcohol stove and put on the pot with water. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had forgotten to look for Elisabeth's ration coupons in her room. She was just coming back from washing. Her face was clear and young. "Have you your coupons with you?" he asked.

"No. They were in the desk."

"Damn it. I forgot to take them! Why, oh, why, didn't I think of them?"

"You thought of all sorts of things that are more important. We'll just put in a request for new ones. It's nothing unusual for coupons to be burned."

"That may take forever. The end of the world wouldn't jog a German official out of his routine."

Elisabeth laughed. "I'll take an hour's leave from the factory and get them. I can get a certificate to prove I was bombed out."

"You intend to go to the factory today?" Graeber asked.

"I have to. Being bombed out happens every day."

"I could set fire to that damn' factory," he suggested.

"So could I, but then they would only send us someplace else where it was even worse," Elisabeth said. "I don't want to make ammunition."

"Why don't you simply stay away? How is anyone to know what happened to you yesterday? You might have been hurt saving your things."

"That's something I would have to prove. We have factory doctors and factory police. If they find out that someone has cheated, there are penalties. Extra work, no vacation—and if that doesn't help, an educational course in patriotism in a concentration camp. Those who have been through that never stay away from work again." Elisabeth took the hot water and poured it over the ersatz coffee powder in the top of the mess kit. "I have just had two days' vacation," she said, "and I can't make too many demands."

He knew she thought she must not on her father's account. She hoped in that way to be able to help him. That was the noose around everyone's neck. "That gang!" he said. "What they have made of us!"

"Here's your coffee," she said. "And don't get angry. We have no time for that."

"That's just it, Elisabeth."

She nodded. "I know. We have so little time and nevertheless we can spend so little of it together. Your furlough is passing and most of it is squandered waiting. I ought to have more courage and stay away from the factory for as long as you are here."

"You have courage enough. And it's always much better to wait than to have nothing to wait for."

She kissed him and smiled. "You've been quick in learning to find the right words," she said. "Now I must go. Where shall we meet this evening?"

"Yes, where? There isn't any place now. I'll come to the factory."

"And if something interferes—an attack or a street blockade—"

GRAEBER reflected. "I'll pack our things up here and go to the Katharinenkirche. Let's make that our second meeting place."

"The best thing would be if we had someone to leave a message with if worst came to worst. Meeting places alone aren't enough any more. If something happened to one of us—"

Graeber considered. He had seen how easy it was to lose track of someone. "Binding," he said, suddenly relieved. "He's safe. I've shown you his house. To be sure, he doesn't know we're married. But that doesn't matter."

"Shall we sleep here again tonight?"

"I hope not. I have the whole day to find someplace else."

Her face darkened for an instant. "Yes, you have. I must be off now. Till this evening. Factory, Katharinenkirche or at Binding's. What an interesting life!"

"To hell with an interesting life!" Graeber said.

He looked after her. The morning was clear and the sky now a clean, deep blue. Elisabeth turned around and waved. Then she walked on quickly. Graeber loved the way she walked. She set her feet almost in front of each other as though she were walking along a wagon track. He had seen native women in Africa walk that way. She waved once more and disappeared between the houses at the end of the square. It's almost like the front, he thought. When you part, you never know whether you will meet again. To hell with this interesting life!

JOSEF had been correctly informed. The sexton of the Katharinenkirche took charge of their things. Then Graeber went to the Housing Authority. It had been forced to move and was now located in the natural-history room of a school. A stand with maps and a glass case with exhibits in alcohol were still there. The woman in charge had used some of the jars as paperweights. There were snakes, lizards and frogs. The woman clerk was a friendly, gray-haired person. "I will note down your name for emergency quarters," she said. "Then you must stop by from time to time and inquire."

"Is there any point in it?"

"Not the slightest. There are six thousand requests ahead of yours. It would be better to see what you can find for yourself."

He walked back to the Jahnplatz and knocked on Pohlmann's door. No one answered. Then he decided to go and see Alfons. . . .

Nothing else had been hit but just that one house. The gardens lay peaceful in the morning light, the gold of the jonquils glistened, and the early trees were in blossom as though flocks of white and pink butterflies had alighted on them. Only Binding's house was a wild heap of wreckage, overhanging a crater in the garden where dirty water stood, reflecting the sky.

Graeber stood for a moment staring at it as though he did not believe it. He did not know why, but he had always assumed nothing could happen to Alfons. Slowly he walked up to it. The front door hung in the lilac bushes. A tapestry hung high in the trees like the gleaming banner of a barbarian conqueror. Bold and upright, a bottle of Napoleon brandy stood in a flower bed as though it were a dark bottle gourd that had shot up overnight. Very likely the cellar had held up, Graeber thought, and Alfons was safe.

He walked around to the back of the house. The kitchen entrance was still standing. He opened the door. Something inside moved. "Frau Kleinert?" he said.

A loud sobbing answered him. The housekeeper got up and came out of the half-demolished room into the open. "The poor gentleman! He was so kind!"

"What happened? Is he hurt?"

"He is dead, Herr Graeber! And he was such a life-loving gentleman!"

Graeber shook his head. "How did it happen?" he asked. He put the question for Frau Kleinert's benefit so that she could talk. He himself was so well acquainted with death that he was no longer curious. Dead was dead, and you didn't ask questions.

"He was in the cellar. But the cellar did not hold."

"Why didn't he go to the deep bunker on the Seidelplatz? That's only a few minutes from here."

"He thought nothing would happen. And then—" Frau Kleinert hesitated. "There was a lady here too. A big blonde. The Herr Commandant loved big blondes. I had just served a chicken when the raid came."

"Was the lady killed too?"

"Yes. They hadn't even got properly dressed yet. Herr Binding in pajamas and the lady in a thin silk dressing gown. That's how they were found. That such a thing should happen to him! Instead of in his uniform!"

"When is he to be buried?"

"Day after tomorrow at nine."

"I'll come."

"That will please him very much."

Graeber stared at Frau Kleinert. "In the Beyond," she said. "He was always so fond of you. He said you were the only one who never wanted anything from him. And then because you were in the war the whole time."

Graeber felt a confused regret but nothing much besides, and he was ashamed in the presence of this weeping woman not to feel more.

Frau Kleinert recovered herself. "You must let me give you a package of the canned food in the cellar, Herr Graeber. Otherwise it will only pass into the hands of strangers," she said.

"Keep it for yourself."

"I've already set aside some for myself. I don't need much. Besides you are a soldier; you have more right to it than these Nazis with armchair jobs!"

Maybe that's true, Graeber thought. And Elisabeth and Josef and Pohlmann have just as much right, and I would be a donkey not to take it. It would be useful and it would not hurt Alfons.

AT POHLMANN'S, it was Josef who opened the door. "Quick work," Graeber said.

"I saw you coming." Josef pointed to a small hole in the door panel. "I bored that earlier."

Graeber placed his package on the table. "I was at the Katharinenkirche. The sexton said we could spend the night there. Thanks for your advice."

Graeber opened the package. Then he got out of his pockets cans of sardines and herrings. Josef looked at them. His face did not change. "A treasure," he said.

Open Mind

Some call their babies perfect just
Because they're hers or his;
I call mine perfect, too, but then
It obviously is.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

"We'll divide it."

"Have you so much to spare?"

"As you can see. I inherited it from a commandant in the S.A. Do you mind?"

"On the contrary. It will give it a certain spice. Do you know commandants in the S.A. well enough to get presents like this?"

Graeber looked at Josef. "Yes," he said. "Anyway this one. He was a harmless, good-natured man."

Josef made no reply. "Don't you believe that one can be the two things at the same time?" Graeber asked.

Josef smiled. "It's strange," he said. "One's likely to assume that a murderer must always and everywhere be a murderer and nothing else. In point of fact, it's quite enough if he is a murderer only now and again and with a small part of his being—it's enough to cause horrible suffering. There are concentration-camp commandants with charm and humor; S.S. guards who are good-natured and friendly among themselves; and camp followers who cling only to the good, overlook what's horrible or explain it away as a temporary product of the times and a regrettable necessity. People with elastic consciences."

"And people who are afraid."

"And people who are afraid," Josef said politely.

Graeber was silent. "I wish I could help you," he said then.

"There's not much that can be done. I am alone. I'll either be caught or survive." Josef spoke as impersonally as though he were talking about somebody else.

"Haven't you any relations?"

"I had some. A brother, two sisters, a father, a wife and a child. They are dead. Two beaten to death, one dead of natural causes, the others gassed."

Graeber stared at him. "In the camp?"

"In the camp," Josef replied politely and coldly. "They have extraordinary facilities there."

"And you escaped?"

"I escaped. As a dead man," Josef explained. "We didn't have a crematorium in my camp."

Graeber glanced toward the window, close behind which rose the rubble heap of a demolished house. The dim light of the small lamp seemed to have grown fainter.

"You are going back to the front?" Josef asked courteously.

"Yes. Back to fight so that the criminals who are hunting you can remain in power a while longer. Perhaps just long enough for them to catch you and hang you."

Josef made a slight gesture of agreement and was silent.

"I am going because otherwise they would shoot me," Graeber said.

Josef did not reply.

"And I am going because if I deserted they would lock up my parents and my wife or send them to a camp or kill them."

Josef was silent.

"I am going and I know that my reasons are no reasons and yet they are the reasons of millions. How you must despise us!"

"You must not be so vain," Josef said softly.

Graeber stared at him. He did not understand him.

"Nobody's talking about despising anyone," Josef said. "Only you. Why is that so important to you? Do I despise Pohlmann? Do I despise the people who hide me every night at the risk of their lives? Would I be alive if it weren't for them? How naïve you are!" Josef smiled and pointed to the canned goods. "These will help. Thanks."

LATE that afternoon Graeber was walking wearily along Adlerstrasse. He had looked all day for a room and had found nothing. Now he had decided to give up. In an hour he would go get Elisabeth at the factory.

The section was badly devastated. Then suddenly he saw something that at first he could not believe. In the midst of the devastation stood a small two-storied house. It was old and a little crooked, but it was entirely undamaged. A garden lay around it. Above the garden fence lilac bushes were in bloom, and not a single picket of the fence was broken. This tiny old garden and this tiny old house had been spared by one of those miracles that sometimes go with destruction. *Inn and Restaurant Witte* was painted over the front door.

The garden gate was open. He went

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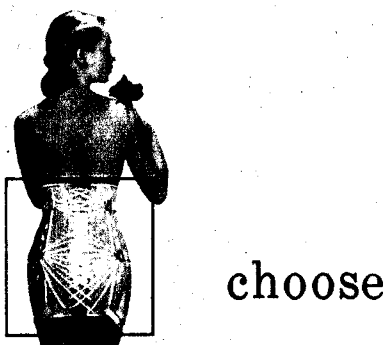

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in. He was no longer surprised to find that not a pane in the windows had been broken. The taproom was empty. There were only a few glasses standing on the shelves—no bottles at all. Three tables with chairs around them stood along the wall. A picture hung over the center one. It was a Tyrolean landscape. There was no picture of Hitler; nor had Graeber expected one.

A middle-aged woman came in. She did not say: *Heil Hitler*. She said, "Good evening"—and there was actually something of the evening in it. After a day full of good work it was the wish for a good evening. Once there used to be things like this, Graeber thought. He had only intended to get something to drink, but now it suddenly seemed very important that he should spend the evening here with Elisabeth.

"Can one get supper here?" he asked.

The woman hesitated. "I have coupons," he said quickly. "It would be wonderful to eat here. Perhaps even in the garden. It's one of my last days before I have to go away. For my wife and me."

"We only have lentil soup. We're really not serving any more."

"Lentil soup will be splendid."

The woman smiled. It was a quiet smile that seemed to take form of itself. "If that's enough for you, then come by all means."

BEFORE going on to the factory he went to Hakenstrasse. A letter had been stuck between two stones of the rubble of his parents' house. It was from his mother; they had forwarded it to him from the front. He tore it open. His mother wrote briefly that his father and she were going to leave the city next morning with a transport. They did not know yet where they were being taken. He was not to worry, she added. It was just a precautionary safety measure.

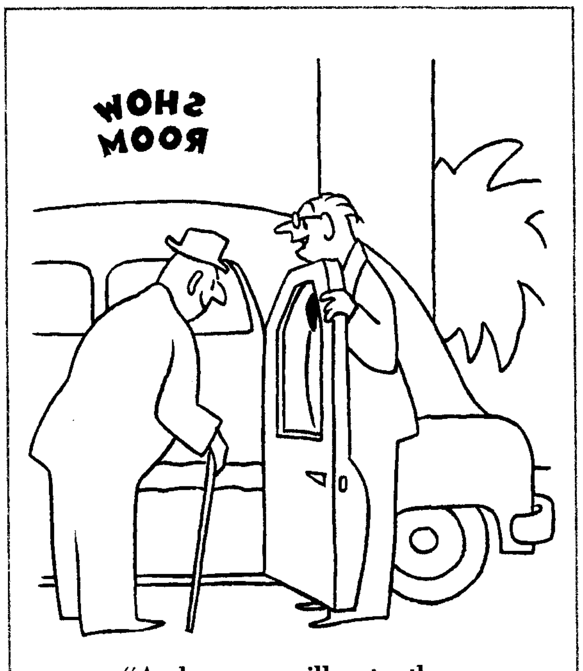
He looked at the date. The letter had been written a week before his furlough. There was nothing in it about an air raid; but his mother had been afraid of the censors.

He slowly folded the letter and put it into his pocket. So his parents were alive! Something like a wavy glass wall seemed to be sinking into the ground in front of him. The dread and torment that had hung over Number Eighteen had been blown away with one breath. There was nothing more there but debris and ruins, like everywhere else.

He took a deep breath. He felt no joy; only a profound release. A burden that had oppressed him all the time and everywhere had suddenly dropped from his shoulders. He did not reflect that now he would probably not see his parents during his furlough; the long uncertainty had already buried that hope. They were alive, that was enough. They were alive; with that fact something was terminated and he was free. . . .

Elisabeth came alone across the square in front of the factory. She looked very lost and small. "I'm going to get a vacation," she said breathlessly. "Your last two days."

Her eyes changed. They were suddenly full of tears. "I told them why," she said. "They gave me the two days right away. Perhaps I'll have to make them up later, but that doesn't matter. Afterward nothing matters. It's really better if I have a lot to do."



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COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

They looked at each other. The experience was the same for both. They stood in the empty square and looked at each other and each felt what the other was suffering. Despair, from which they had found escape again and again, seemed finally to have caught up with them, and they saw each other now as they would really be. Graeber saw Elisabeth alone, in the factory, in an air-raid shelter or in some room, waiting without much hope—and she saw him returning to danger for a cause in which he no longer believed. Despair shook them, and at the same time there descended on them a deadly tenderness, to which they dared not yield because they felt they would be torn to pieces once they admitted it.

It seemed forever before Graeber could speak. He saw the tears were gone from Elisabeth's eyes. It was as though they had flowed inward. "Then we can stay together all day long," he said. "It's as though we still had a couple of weeks, if we reckon it that way—a couple of weeks with you having only evenings free."

"Yes. The way you reckoned your furlough."

Graeber nodded. They walked on. "Where shall we go?" Elisabeth asked. "And where are we going to sleep?"

"We'll sleep in the cloisters of the Katharinenkirche. I left our things there and arranged it with the sexton. And now we are going to eat lentil soup."

In the garden of the Restaurant Witte a table, with a red-and-white checked cloth, and two chairs had been made ready. The garden was larger than one would have thought from outside. It consisted of a patch of lawn, which was already fresh and green, elder and lilac bushes and a few ancient trees in new leaf.

Elisabeth looked around. "Just how did you find it?"

"By accident. How else could one find something like this?"

"It's beautiful here. And it's strange—I have a feeling of having been here once before. You and I and this garden—and as though there were only a tiny something missing, the last little bit, and I would be able to recall everything exactly as it was then." She laid her head on his shoulder. "Perhaps we actually did live all this once before and will go on living it over forever."

FRAU WITTE came out with a soup tureen. "I would like to give you our ration coupons now," Graeber said. "We haven't many. Some of ours got burned. But these will probably be enough."

"I won't need them all," Frau Witte declared, "just a few for the sausage. Would you like something to drink? We have only some bottles of beer."

"Beer is exactly what we'd like." Graeber lifted the cover of the tureen. "Sausage. Good Bologna sausage. And lentils, cooked thick. A superb dish!"

He filled the plates and for a moment it seemed to him as though he possessed a house and a garden and a wife and a table and food and security, and as though there were peace. They ate the soup. They ate it slowly and calmly, looking at each other.

Sunset faded and the moon came up. "Now we have everything," Elisabeth said. "The moon, the garden and we have eaten and still have the whole evening before us. It's so beautiful you can hardly stand it."

"This is the way people used to live before. And they didn't consider it anything special."

She nodded and looked around. "This is the way we will live later on. Isn't it lovely to live?"

"Yes, Elisabeth." Graeber looked at her. She had seemed weary when she came from the factory. Now she was entirely restored.

"It will be lovely to live," she said. "We're so unused to it. That's why we have so much before us still. Things that are a matter of course to other people will be a great adventure to us. Even air that doesn't smell of burning. Or a dinner without ration coupons. Cities that haven't been bombed. Or to be able to talk without first looking all around. Not to need to be afraid any more! That will take a long time, but the fear will grow less and less, and even if it comes back once in a while it will be a joy because you will know at once that you no longer need to feel it. Do you believe that?"

"Yes," Graeber said. "Yes, Elisabeth. If you look at it that way, there's still of lot of happiness ahead for us."

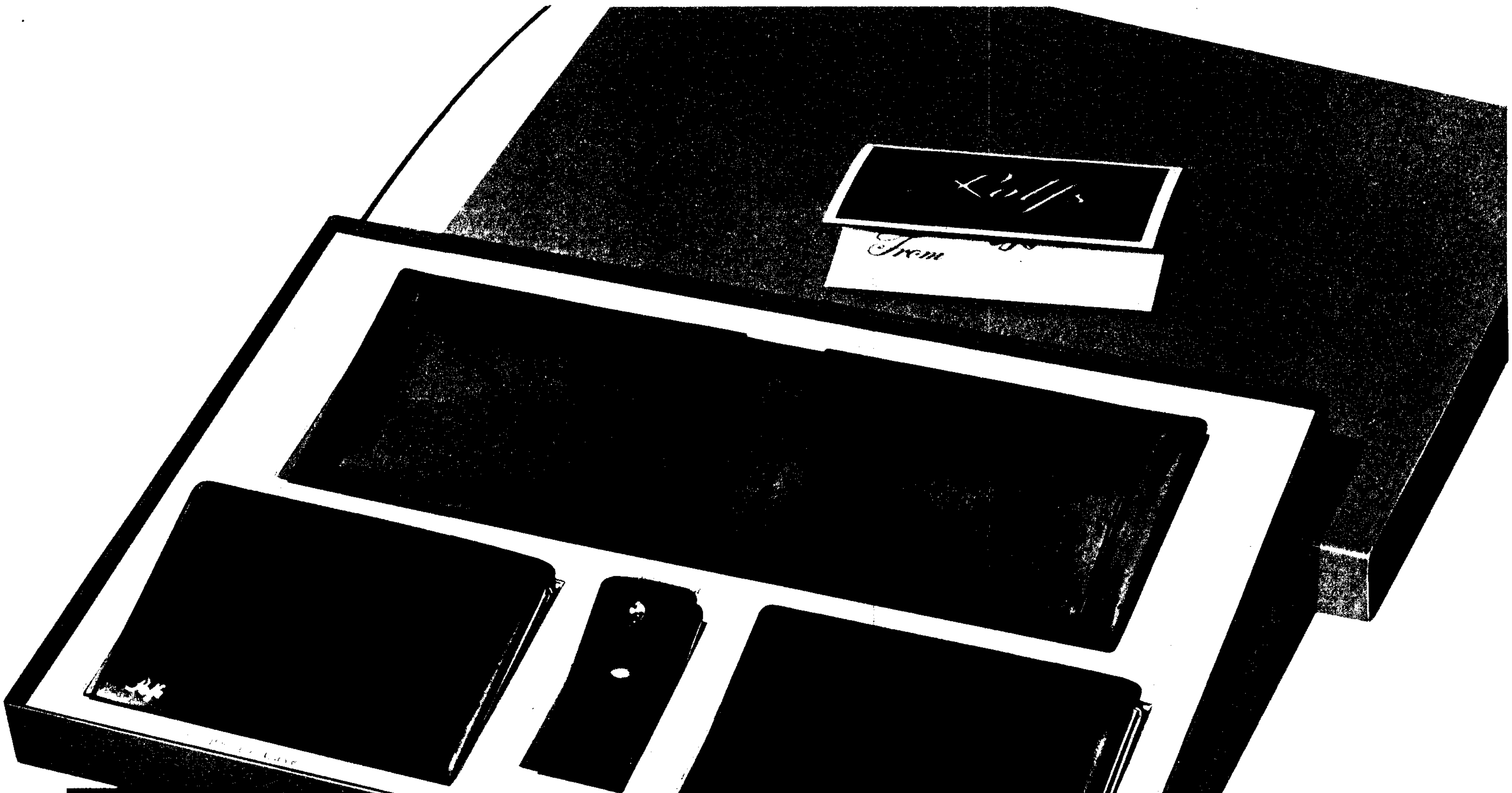
They stayed as long as they could. Graeber paid for the meal, and Frau Witte went to bed. When they left, it was like leaving an island.

That night they slept in the cloisters of the Katharinenkirche among the snores of hundreds of others. But it was otherwise a peaceful night.

In the morning they woke early. The first of the sun sparkled on the broken edges of the roof tiles on the bomb-shattered tower. Graeber got bread and butter out of his knapsack. He cut the bread with his pocketknife and spread the butter. "Butter," Elisabeth said in amazement. "Where did you get it?"

"It's from Binding. Strange—Binding did me nothing but kindness and I could never stand him."

The sun rose higher. It fell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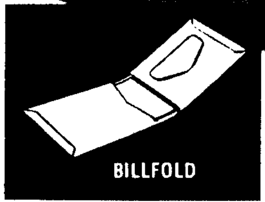

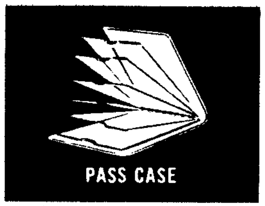

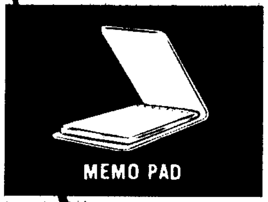

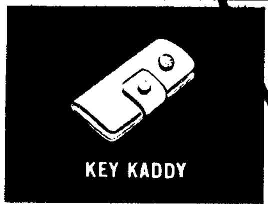

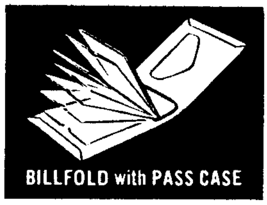
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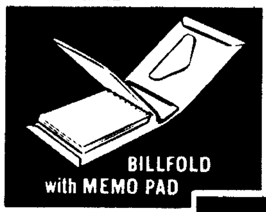
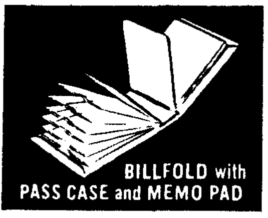

BILLFOLD
with MEMO PAD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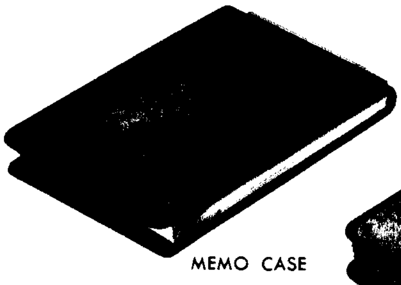
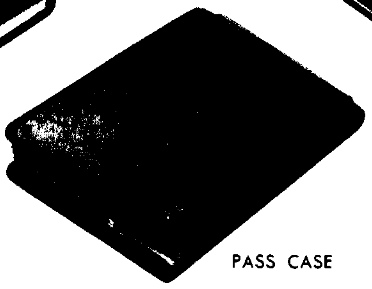

MEMO CASE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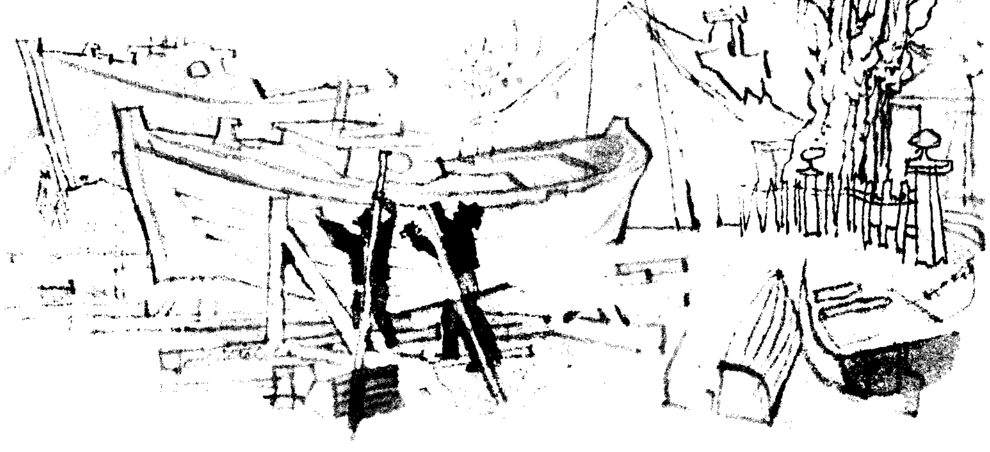

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upon the portico and threw the shadows of the columns against the walls. The people there moved back and forth from light to shade as though in prison. Graeber packed up the bread and butter. "It's ten minutes to eight," he said. "You must go. I'll come and get you at the factory, Elisabeth. If anything happens we have two meeting places: Frau Witte's garden first; if not there, then here."

"Yes. It's the last time I'll have to go away for the day."

Elisabeth got up. He saw a trembling at the corners of her mouth. "We'll stay up for a long time tonight," he said. "Hours and hours. That's how we'll make up for the wasted day."

She kissed him and left. He looked after her and loved her very much.

HE WENT to look at what was left of Elisabeth's apartment house. The block warden was sitting at the window of his apartment. It was the only one not totally destroyed. He waved when he saw Graeber. Graeber went in. "Have you any mail for us?"

"Yes. For your wife. The letter is addressed to Fräulein Kruse. That's quite in order, eh?"

Graeber took the letter. It struck him that the block warden was watching him strangely. He glanced at the letter and went numb. It was from the secret police. He turned the envelope over. It was not sealed. "When did it come?" he asked.

"Yesterday evening."

Graeber looked at the flap. He felt sure the block warden had read the letter and so he pushed up the flap and took it out. It was a summons for Elisabeth to appear at eleven thirty that morning. He looked at his watch. It was just before ten. He observed the inquisitive eyes of the block warden. "Good," he said. "At last! I've been waiting for this for a long time." He put the letter in his pocket. "Nothing more?"

"Isn't that enough?"

Graeber laughed. "Don't you know of an apartment for us?"

"No. Do you still need one?"

"Not for me. But my wife does."

"So?" the block warden said without conviction.

Graeber walked away. He felt the block warden watching him through the window. He stopped and acted as though he were examining the skeleton of the roof with interest. Then he wandered on slowly.

Around the next corner he got out the letter at once. It was a printed form from which it was impossible to tell anything. Even the signature was printed. Only Elisabeth's name and the date had been typed in.

He stared at the paper. It was an oblong piece of cheap, gray pulp paper—but it suddenly seemed to blot out the world. An intangible threat rose from it. It smelled of death. . . .

He was standing in front of the Katharinenkirche and did not know how he had got there. "Ernst," someone behind him whispered.

He whirled around. It was Josef. He was wearing an overcoat of military cut and he walked on into the church without taking further notice of Graeber. Graeber looked around and a minute later followed him in. He found him in an empty pew near the sacristy.

"Pohlmann has been arrested," Josef whispered.

"What?"

"Pohlmann! The Gestapo came and got him this morning."

For a moment Graeber was not sure whether Pohlmann's arrest might not have had something to do with the letter to Elisabeth. He stared at Josef. "So, Pohlmann too!" he said finally.

Josef looked up quickly. "Who else?"

"My wife has received a summons from the Gestapo. For this morning at eleven thirty."

"Have you the summons with you?"

"Yes. Here." Graeber gave Josef the letter. "Just how did it go with Pohlmann?" he asked.

"I don't know. I wasn't there. When I came back I could tell what had happened from a stone that was lying in a different place. Pohlmann had kicked it to one side as he was being taken away. That was one of our signals. An hour later I saw his books being loaded into a car."

"Was there anything there to incriminate him?"

"I don't think so. Everything that was dangerous had been buried somewhere else. The uniform too. Even the canned goods."

Graeber looked at the paper in Josef's hand. "I was just going to go and see him."

"That's why I came here. It's pretty certain there's an agent of the Gestapo waiting in his room." Josef returned the summons to Graeber. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I just got it. What would you do?"

"I would flee," Josef replied without hesitation.

Graeber stared into the semidarkness where the altars gleamed. "I'll go there by myself and ask what it is they want," he said.

"They won't give you any information if it's your wife they want."

GRAEBER felt a chill at the back of his neck. But Josef was just being matter-of-fact.

"If they wanted to get hold of my wife they would have arrested her like Pohlmann. It must be something else. That's why I intend to go. If I see there's something wrong she can always disappear afterward. Perhaps it's nothing important," he said without conviction.

"It's possible they don't intend to arrest her. You are right—they could have done that directly. Have you any idea why she was summoned?"

"Her father is in a concentration camp. And there was a woman she was staying with who might have denounced her."

"Destroy everything that might have any bearing on that. Letters, diaries, all that sort of thing. And then go. By yourself. Try to find out what's going on. Not much can happen to you. You have to go back to the front anyway—they won't keep you from doing that. If you need a hiding place for your wife I can give you an address. Now I must go."

"Is there anything at all I can do for you?" Graeber asked.

Josef smiled briefly and shook his head. "Good luck," he said.

"Good luck."

Graeber got up and went out. After the cool semidarkness of the church the light outside burst upon him as though it were trying to shine through him and was already an instrument of the Gestapo.

He entered the Gestapo building and showed the summons. He was directed along a corridor into a side wing. The passages smelled of documents, unaired offices and barracks. He had to wait in a room where there were three other people. All three glanced over quickly at Graeber as he came in and then immediately looked away again.

An S.S. man with eyeglasses entered. They all got up at once. Graeber was nearest the door. "What are you doing here?" the S.S. man asked in surprise. Soldiers were usually under the authority of the military court.

Graeber showed him the notice. The S.S. man read it. "This isn't for you at all. This is for Fräulein Kruse."

"She's my wife. We were married a few days ago. She works in one of the state industries. I thought I could attend to this for her."

Graeber got out his marriage certificate which he had brought with him as a precaution. The S.S. man bored into his ear with one finger, reflectively. "Well, it's all right with me. Room Seventy-two, cellar floor."

The cellar floor, Graeber thought. The cellar floor was the most infamous place of all in the stories about the Gestapo building.

ROOM SEVENTY-TWO was a large hall with filing cases and partitioned offices. A bored official took Graeber's notice. Graeber explained to him why he had come and showed his papers once more.

The official nodded. "Can you sign for your wife?"

"Yes."

The official pushed two sheets of paper across the table. "Sign here. Write under the signature: Husband of Elisabeth Kruse. And add the date and the registry office of your marriage. You may take the second form with you."

Graeber signed slowly. He did not want to show that he was reading what was printed there; but he did not want to sign blindly either. Meanwhile the official was looking about in one of the filing cabinets.

"Damn it! Where are those ashes?" he shouted finally. "Holtmann, you've got everything in a mess again. Bring out the Kruse package."

Someone behind the nearby partition grunted. Graeber saw that he had signed a receipt for the ashes of Bernhard Kruse, prisoner in protective custody. In addition he saw on the second form that Bernhard Kruse had died of heart disease.

The official had gone behind the partition. Now he came back with a cigar box that had been wrapped in a too-small piece of brown paper and was tied with a string. Part of the bright cover of the cigar box was visible; it was a coat of arms in red and gold held aloft by a pipe-smoking Indian.

"Here are the ashes," the official said, looking sleepily at Graeber. "Since you are a soldier I hardly need to tell you that the most complete silence is requisite. No death notice, either in the papers or sent as an announcement through the mails. No funeral service. Silence. Understand?"

"Yes." Graeber took the cigar box and left.

He decided at once to say nothing to Elisabeth. He would leave it to chance whether she found out later. It was not likely; the Gestapo did not repeat its messages. For the present he felt it was enough to have to leave her alone; to tell her in addition that her father was dead would be an unnecessary cruelty.

He walked back slowly to the Katharinenkirche.

He felt the cigar box under his arm. Very likely it did not contain Kruse's ashes at all. It was hardly to be assumed that people in a concentration camp took much pains with such matters. Besides, it would not be possible with mass incinerations. Some stoker would shovel out a few handfuls of ashes and pack them up, that was all. Graeber could not understand why it was done. It was a combination of inhumanity and bureaucracy which made the inhumanity all the more inhumane.

He considered what to do with the ashes. He could bury them somewhere in the ruins. Or he could try to get them into a cemetery; but that would require a permit and a grave, and Elisabeth would find out.

He walked through the church cloister. The cloister garden was empty. Two yellow butterflies with red dots on their wings were playing around a bush covered with tiny white blossoms. The bush stood beside the grave of the cathedral capitulary, Aloysius Bluemer. Graeber examined the grave. It was sunken in such a way that a hollow seemed to extend under the grassy surface. It was a good place.

He wrote a note saying these were the ashes of a Catholic prisoner from a concentration camp. He did this in case the cigar box should be discovered. With his knife he cut away a piece of grass and cautiously enlarged the crevice under it until the box would fit in. It was easy to do.

Graeber went back and seated himself on the cloister wall. Bernhard Kruse had been a Catholic. Incineration was forbidden to Catholics; but the Church would no doubt have to overlook this because of the unusual circumstances. And if it was not Kruse at all in the box but the ashes of various victims, perhaps Protestants as well as orthodox Jews, even then it would be all right, he thought. Neither Jehovah nor the God of the Protestants nor the God of the Catholics would have very much to object to.

THE first thing Elisabeth asked when they met that evening was, "Where are we going to sleep tonight? In the church?"

"No. A miracle has happened. I was at Frau Witte's. She has a free room. Her daughter moved to the country a few days ago. We can stay there and perhaps you can even keep the room after I've gone. I have already taken all our things over. Did your vacation come through?"

"Yes. I don't have to go back. And you don't have to wait for me any more."

"Thank Heaven! We'll stay up all night to celebrate and sleep until noon tomorrow."

"Yes, Ernst, we'll sit in the garden till all the stars are out," Elisabeth agreed. "But first I am going to hurry and buy myself a hat."

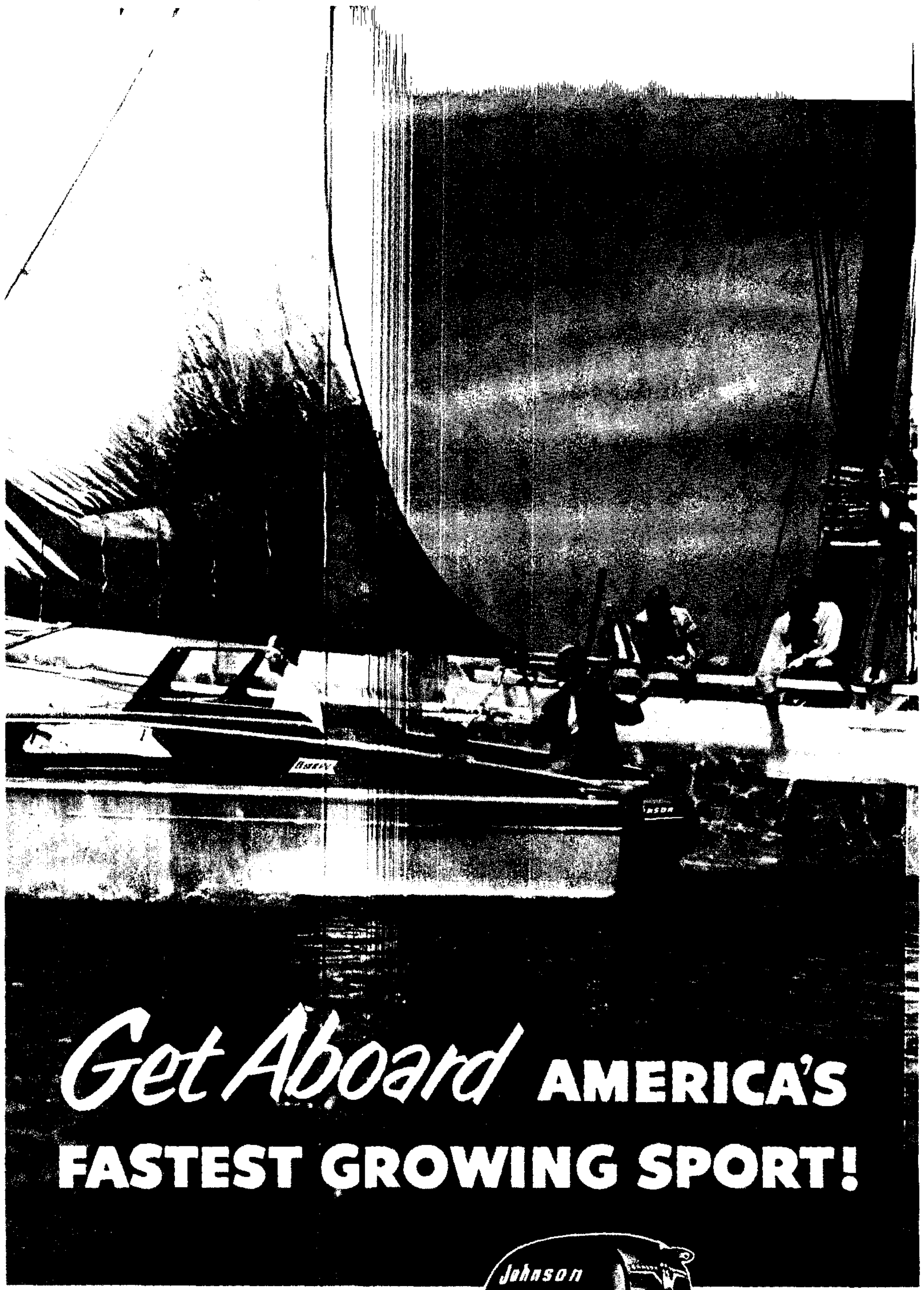
"A hat?" Graeber asked in amazement. "What are you going to do with a hat? Do you intend to wear it in the garden tonight?"

Elisabeth laughed. "That too, perhaps. But that's not the point. The point is to buy it. It's a symbolic action. You buy one when you are happy or when you are unhappy. You don't understand that, do you?"

"Only half. But let's buy one. That's more important than dinner! Are there any stores still open? And don't you need clothing coupons?"

"I have them. And I know a store where they have hats."

They walked through the early eve-



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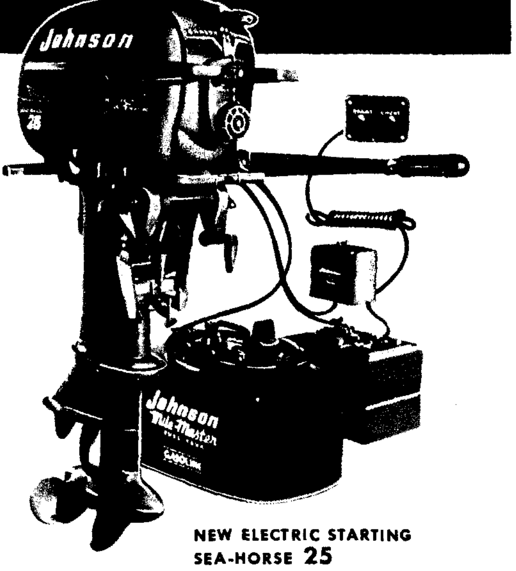

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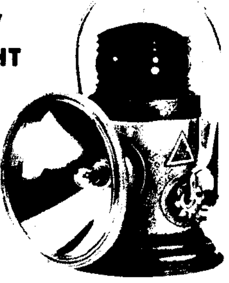

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ning. Graeber did not know how far Elisabeth's gaiety was genuine; but even that did not matter—the important thing was that she was there and was free and alive.

Part of the millinery-store window was intact. The rest was boarded up. They peered in.

There were two hats there. One was trimmed with artificial flowers, the other with bright feathers. Graeber regarded them doubtfully; he couldn't picture Elisabeth in either one.

The owner led them into a room behind the store where the windows were blacked out. She began a conversation with Elisabeth of which Graeber understood nothing. He seated himself near the door. The owner switched on the light in front of a mirror and began to bring out hats and materials from cardboard boxes. The gray store suddenly became a magic cave. The blue and red and roses and white of the hats flamed out, the golden stuff of brocades made them seem like crowns being tried on for a mysterious celebration. Elisabeth moved back and forth in the flood of light in front of the mirror and the twilight which shrouded the rest of the room closed like a curtain behind her.

Graeber sat there very still. He saw Elisabeth for the first time fully detached from time, by herself, absorbed in an unconstrained and profound play, bathed in light and tenderness and love, serious and self-possessed as a huntress testing her weapons for battle. He saw the bright circle that surrounded Elisabeth as though emanating from her, and he loved her and desired her and forgot all else in this silent happiness, behind which stood the unseizable shadow of loss, making it only the deeper, the more glowing, and as costly and fugitive as the glints on these silks and brocades.

"A little cap," Elisabeth said. "A simple cap of gold that fits close to the head."

SO WHAT'S NEW?

You've heard his joke before, you'll find:
In fact, he's got a one-crack mind.

—BARBARA REA RENWICK

THEY were in their room at Frau Witte's. Stars filled the windows. A pair of tendrils from a wild grapevine hung down outside one of the windows and swung in the breeze like the dark pendulum of a noiseless clock.

"I'm not really crying," Elisabeth said. "And if I do cry, don't worry about it. It's not really me, it's just something in me that wants to get out. It has been there too long and has become too big. It has nothing to do with me. I am happy—"

Graeber felt her sobs. She lay in his arms with her head pressed against his shoulder. The bed was wide and made of old, dark walnut. Both ends were high and curved.

"I am happy," Elisabeth said. "So much has happened in these two weeks that I can't press it all into myself. Tonight you must be patient with me."

"I wish I could take you out of this city into a village somewhere."

"It doesn't matter where I am, when you're away."

"It does matter, Elisabeth. Villages aren't bombed."

"Sooner or later they are certain to stop bombing us here. There's hardly anything of the city left standing. I can't go away as long as I have to work in the factory. I'm happy that I have this enchanted room. And Frau Witte. It's a paradise."

She was breathing more quietly. "Do you want to go to sleep now?" she said. "One more whole night of unbroken sleep? Who knows when you'll have the chance again after you leave tomorrow night!"

"I can get enough sleep while I'm on my way. It may take a couple of days to get there."

"Will you ever have a bed?" Elisabeth asked.

"No. The best I can hope for tomorrow is a field cot or a sack of hay from time to time. You get used to it fast enough."

Graeber heard Elisabeth's breath catch. Now she will ask when I'm coming back on furlough, he thought. I wish we had all that behind us. She has to ask and I have to answer and I wish it were over. Already I am not wholly here, but what there is of me here feels as though it had no skin. It's more sensitive than an open wound. He glanced at the vine swinging in front of the window and at the shifting silver and gray shadows in the mirror, and it seemed to him as though a mystery stood close behind them and must in the next moment reveal itself.

Then they heard sirens.

"Let's stay here," Elisabeth said. "I don't want to get dressed and rush off to a cellar."

Graeber went to the window. The night was bright and motionless. The garden shone in the moonlight. He saw Frau Witte come out of the door. Her face was very pale. He opened the window. "I was just coming to wake you," she shouted through the noise.

Graeber nodded. "Cellar—Leibnitzstrasse—" he heard.

He waved. Then he saw her go back into the house. She too was staying at home. He was not surprised. It was almost as though it had to be that way. She did not need to leave her house; garden and house seemed protected through some unknown magic. It was as though they remained noiseless and untouched in the fury that roared over them. The little island of peace lay under the moon as though in a glass cellar from which the storm of destruction rebounded.

Graeber turned around. Elisabeth had sat up in bed. Her shoulders shimmered palely, and where they rounded there were soft shadows. He leaned over her. She put her arms around him. "It doesn't matter what happens," she said.

"Nothing can happen," he replied. "Not tonight." He did not know why he believed that. It had something to do with the garden and the light and with Elisabeth's shoulders and a vast, expansive quietude that suddenly filled him to the uttermost. "Nothing can happen!" he repeated.

He felt her in his arms, and it seemed to him as though a thousand hands intertwined and held him and bore him up. Nowhere was there any longer any space between, and everything was swept away—words, boundaries, the horizon and then the self . . .

He lifted his head. He was coming back from a great distance. He did not know how long he had been away. Outside, all was silent. He thought he must be mistaken and lay listening. He heard nothing—no explosions and no antiaircraft firing.

Elisabeth awoke. "What happened to the airplanes?"

"I don't know."

She pushed back her hair. "Ernst, I'm hungry."

"So am I. We have all sorts of things to eat."

He got up and fetched the remainder of the canned goods Binding's housekeeper had given him. "Here's chicken and veal and there's even a potted hare with some compote to go with it."

"Let's have the hare and the compote," Elisabeth said.

GRAEBER opened the jars. He loved Elisabeth for not helping him but lying there and waiting instead. He could not stand women who, still shrouded in mystery and darkness, forthwith transformed themselves again into busy housewives.

He emptied the meat and the compote into two dishes Frau Witte had given them, and cut the bread. He gave one dish to Elisabeth and she began to eat hungrily.

The moon shone golden on her. "My beloved," she said, "it's good to be up at night. It's so much easier to talk."

"That's true. At night you are a healthy, young child of God and not a seamstress of military overcoats. And I am not a soldier."

"At night one is what he was intended to be; not what he has become."

"Perhaps." Graeber looked at the hare, the compote and the bread. "According to that, we're pretty superficial people. We don't do much at night except sleep and eat."

"And make love," Elisabeth said. "That's not superficial."

Graeber laughed. "Theoretically, we should really be sentimental and sad and carrying on deep conversations. Instead of that we've eaten half a hare and we find life wonderful and give thanks to God."

"That's better, Ernst. Don't you think?"

"It's the only thing. If you make no demands, everything is a gift. You and I have had everything there is."

"You're not sad because it's over?"

"It's not over," Graeber told her. "It's just changing."

She looked at him. "I am sad," he said. "I am so sad that I think I shall die tomorrow when I leave you. But when I try to think how it would have to be for me not to be sad, then there's just one answer—never to have met you. In that case I wouldn't be sad but would be going away empty and indifferent. And when I think that, then there's no longer any sadness. It's black happiness. The reverse side of happiness. I haven't said that right. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I do understand. And you have said it very well. I knew you would say it." She got up and came over to him. Suddenly she no longer had a name and had all the names in the world. For an instant something like an unbearable white light flamed through Graeber; he realized that all was one, departure and return, possession and loss, life and death, past and future, and that always and everywhere the stone countenance of eternity was there and nothing could be obliterated. Then the earth seemed to arch under him, he felt its roundness beneath his feet as though he would have to spring clear of it in a forward plunge, and he held Elisabeth in his arms.

—ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

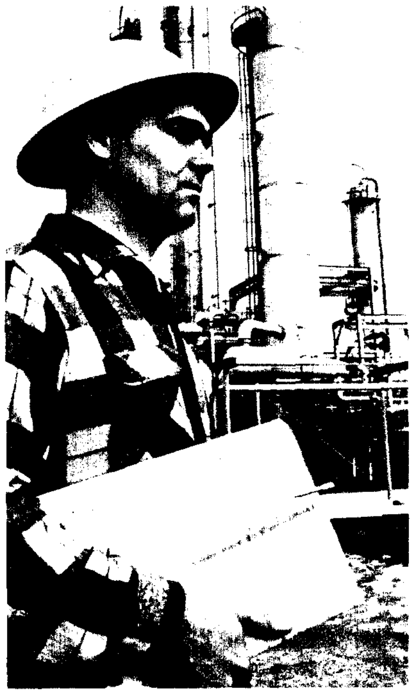
(This is the third of four parts)

ANKER OFFICER Durward Knight uses
xtant to "shoot the sun." He started as
essman 9 years ago—now is chief mate on
nker. All top men in marine department of
night's company started out "on the deck."

GEOLOGIST Bill Alexander, a Texas A&M graduate, plots subsurface "fault" pattern of oil field on peg model. Now in development section of his company's Geological Department, Bill's work helps guide future drilling operations.

RESEARCHER Betty Meehan is a specialist on oil-based synthetic detergents in East Coast oil company laboratory. Like many young women engaged in oil science, Betty is ideally suited for research on oil products used by housewives.

SALESMAN Jerry Chase, 27, helps another young man get started in the service station business. An ex-GI and Columbia graduate, Jerry began on fuel oil truck 3 years ago—now has own sales territory in New Jersey.



EFINERY ENGINEER Arthur Smith, 30,
Stanford graduate, began as junior tech-
logist in oil company lab. Though Korean
avy duty interrupted career, he now super-
ses toulene plant in West Coast refinery.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

DRILLER John B. Farrell "makes hole" 11,000 feet down at an exploratory well in Louisiana. Starting in the oil fields as a "roughneck," Johnny now has full charge of a 5-man drilling crew.

The young people pictured here have one thing in common: like thousands of other young Americans, they are busy building successful careers with U. S. oil companies.

They have all found that initiative, imagination and hard work get quick recognition in this progressive, highly competitive industry. For every oil company needs these qualities in its constant efforts to stay ahead of competition.

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Note to college and high school students: For a free booklet, "Careers in Petroleum," write to the AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, Box 164, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

PELINE ENGINEER Joe Cortmilia, 25,
ecks pumping station. With engineering de-
ee from S.M.U., Joe went into the field as
eliner, worked as draftsman—now is in-
ector on new pipeline construction.

JOBBER James Bellew Jr., an ex-GI, graduated from Lafayette—went to work for Dutchess County, N. Y. oil jobber as fuel oil salesman. Now, only 3½ years later, he is operations manager for the entire company.

From

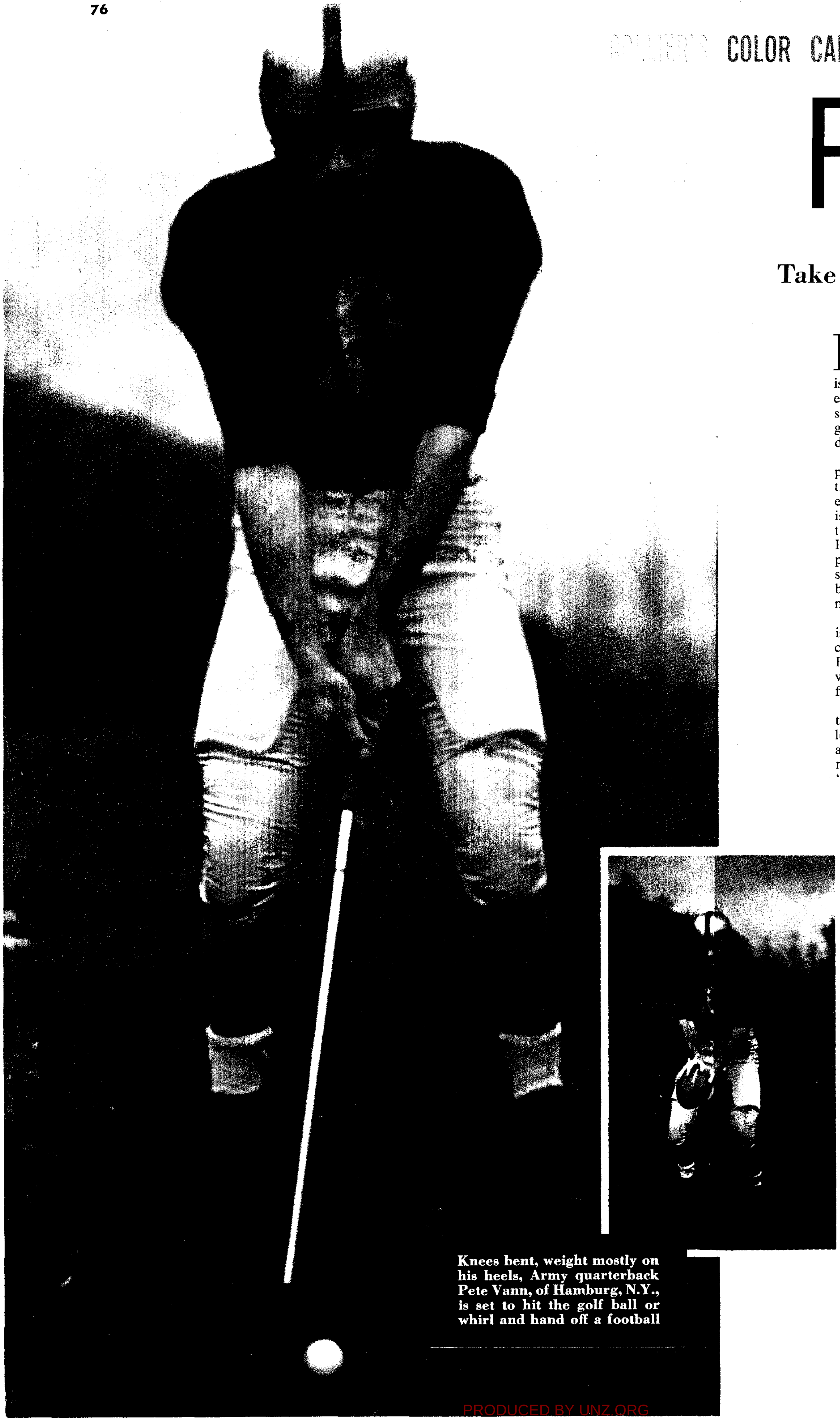
Take a look at a quarterback

IT'S no secret to anyone who has ever teed up a golf ball that a good golf swing is hard to come by. The point is emphasized by instructors and it is re-emphasized every time a pupil sees his shot slice, hook or just dribble along the ground, instead of soar straight and far down the fairway.

What often sets golf addicts to wrapping their clubs around the nearest tree is the tremendous complexity of an apparently simple operation. "All I want to do is hit the ball solidly," is the start of the traditional lament. "But to do so, I'm told I must keep my head down, my feet in place, one arm straight, and let my hips swivel. By the time I'm ready to hit the ball, I'm so afraid I forgot something that my shot suffers."

At least one fine teaching professional is inclined to agree. He is Walter Browne, coach of the Army golf team at West Point, and a man who believes there is a way to develop a proper swing without first taking a memory course.

The key to a good swing, Browne contends, is a semisitting golf stance that looks for all the world like the position a T-formation quarterback takes when reaching for the ball in a football game. "If the golfer will bend his knees and keep



Knees bent, weight mostly on his heels, Army quarterback Pete Vann, of Hamburg, N.Y., is set to hit the golf ball or whirl and hand off a football

Pro Browne demonstrates his golf stance. Knees are bent and slightly toward each other

"T" to Tee

ays Army's golf coach. There's your links stance

about three quarters of his weight on his heels," says the Army coach, "he'll find himself in a perfectly balanced and relaxed position. Then, if he maintains this stance and follows one simple backswing rule, he's going to bring his club down and wallop the ball with maximum power and accuracy just about every time."

Browne's backswing rule differs somewhat from the orthodox approach. The usual method is to teach players to keep the right elbow close to the body—thus causing the wrists to break almost immediately—at the start of the backswing.

Browne, however, tells his pupils to keep both arms away from the body and take the club back on a straight line for about one third of the backswing. "You'll find that, as you bring the club up, the body almost is forced to pivot the way it should," he says. "Then, when the club head is approximately at hip height, let the wrists break naturally. The left hand will act as a hinge to guide the club properly during the remainder of the backswing. That's about all there is to a good shot. Hold a comfortable knees-bent stance and bring the club back correctly, and the job of hitting the ball well will follow automatically."

There's strong evidence to prove that Browne's golf ideas make score-cutting sense when put into practice.

A civilian now, he joined the Academy staff late in 1952 after a tour of duty with the parachute infantry in Korea.

His first Cadet team proceeded to win six of its eight matches, including a victory over Navy. And his own 66 is the current record on the tough West Point course.

Browne came upon his theories after long hours of talk and study with his brother, John, who runs a driving range in Philadelphia. (Another brother, Pat, is a pro in Clearwater, Florida.)

"We noticed that Sam Snead and a number of other top golfers used a 'sitting stance' naturally, but never attached much importance to it," says the Army's Browne. "We started to experiment and soon made the knees-bent position the basis of what we consider a simple and efficient teaching system."

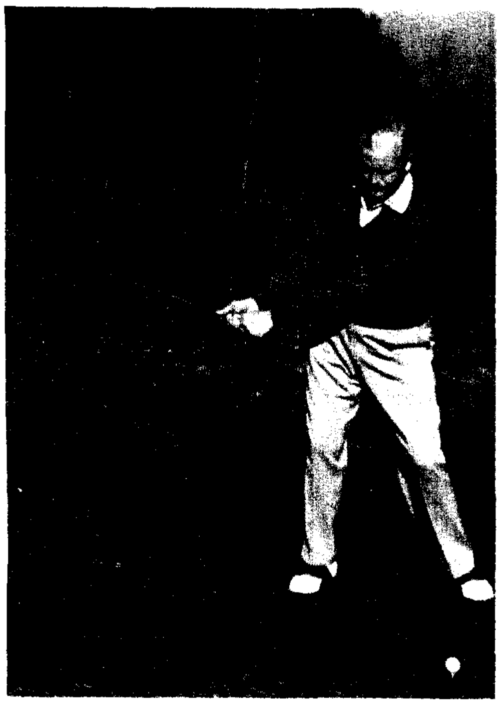
One outstanding beneficiary of the Browne method has been Col. Earl Blaik, Army's famed football coach and athletic director. When he first met Browne, Blaik was shooting in the high 40s for nine holes. A wicked slice held his drives down to around 150 yards. Now he plays regularly in the high 30s or low 40s and averages close to 200 yards on his tee shots.

In a football mood one day, golf coach Browne gave a club to Army's fine quarterback, Pete Vann—one of Blaik's own pupils—to see just how similar are the golf stance he recommends and Pete's standard position on the gridiron.

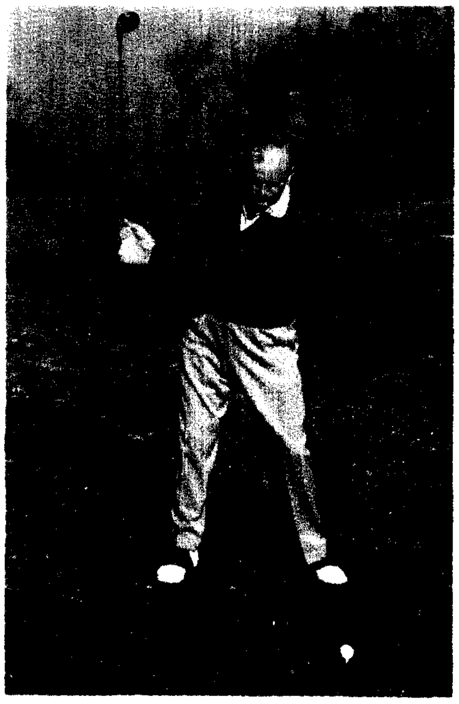
"Exactly the same," Pete conceded. "Tell me, do I have to call signals before I can hit the ball?" —HOWARD COHN

Walter Browne gives grid coach Earl Blaik a lesson in golf position. Blaik credits his improved game to Browne

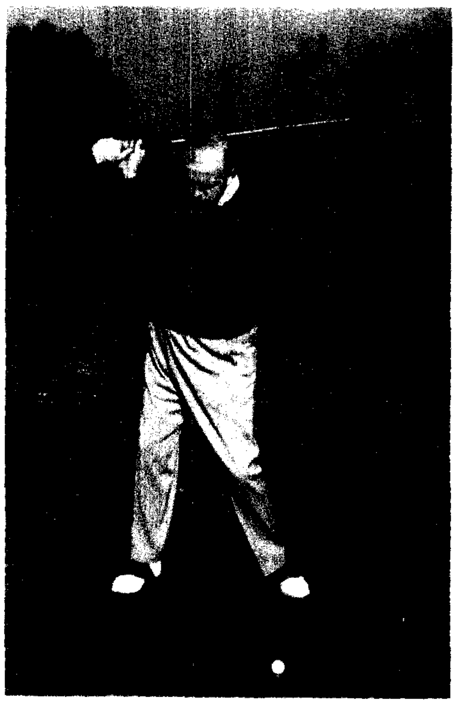
PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR COLLIER'S BY
LEO CHOPLIN



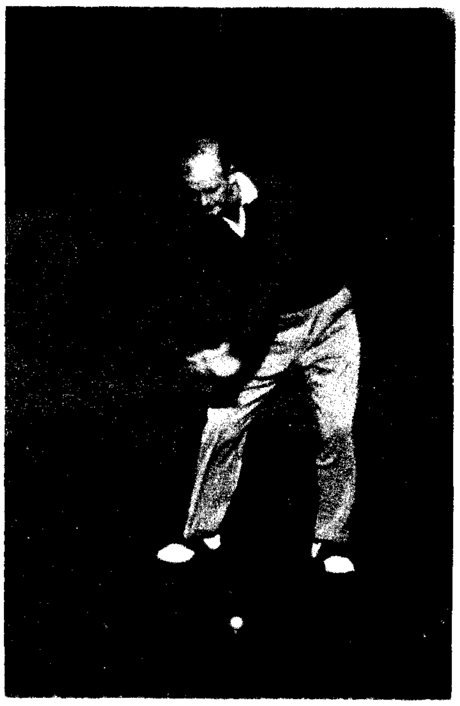
Club comes straight back pendulumlike at start of the backswing. The result is a natural and proper pivoting of body



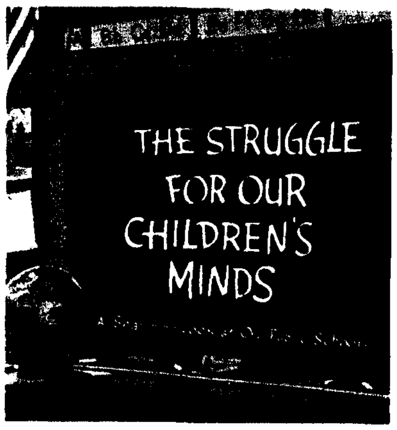
Above hip height, wrists are broken. Left hand acts as a hinge and guides club during the rest of the backswing



At top of backswing, his position is same as most fine golfers'. Browne says good backswing is vital to shot



Sitting stance is pronounced, giving maximum power as he brings club down to meet ball



Mr. Elicker offers a modern educator's view in the current controversy over what and how our children are being taught. In a forthcoming issue, writer Howard Whitman will resume his articles about The Struggle for Our Children's Minds. He will discuss more school issues

How Good Are Ou

Are they better than they were a generation ago? A notabl

By PAUL E. ELICKER

HOW good is public and private education in our country? This question is raised more frequently these days than ever before. The issue is being brought into the public eye by some avowed skeptics of education—many of whom have become aggressive inquisitors of education, especially public education. Some even charge that the schools have an advanced program of Socialism, to them only a step from a state of Communism—a serious charge indeed by those who also speak glibly of skulduggery and quackery in our schools.

To this critical group, which is very small in comparison with the millions who display a firm confidence in and loyalty to America's school system, must be added a few scholars and the pseudo scholars. They have their own idea of the kind and quality of a system of education for us. They charge the schools, especially the public high schools, with a carefully planned program of anti-intellectualism. Just how this charge is defined in common language is not always clear, not even to the pseudo scholars.

The skeptics seem to infer that a kind of modern educational grist mill has been set up. According to them, this mass-education machine offers American high-school youth—7,300,000 of them—a peculiar daily diet of educational mash, folderol, fudge-making classes, "breeze" courses and other time-consuming activities. Naturally, the educational leaders, or rather the "manipulators," spoon-fed on "how-to-teach" courses in their training period in "those teacher-training colleges," are the calculating villains in this diabolical game of "educating" our youth.

These critics see the disappearance from the school curriculum of subjects which they claim made them the astute "scholars" or successful business "tycoons" they now are. These school subjects gave them, in their estimation, rigorous training in the fundamentals and provided that mental discipline which became functional and practical through its ready transfer in after-school life whenever and wherever necessary.

The critics proclaim that such an education program produced the great statesmen, financiers and builders of our nation. They assert that the same type of education should be fully adequate for today's youth. They contend that the parity of esteem now given by schools to the apparent educational needs of youth living in today's world "waters down" the revered traditional subjects of yesteryear. These "scholarly" evaluators cite today's educational fare as ample justification for apprehension and dismay.

"But," say the administrators of today's schools, "not all can be wrong in the educational world because the Greek and much of the Latin made their gasping departures for want of enough takers." Many of the subjects that give mental training in the "three R's" are still in our schools. In fact, additional specialized education is available in remedial reading, and other types of education have been renamed and reassigned to new instructional areas. These revered educational areas are still in our total educational program for youth, providing results that even surpass those of a generation ago.

In many ways, the so-called "fads and frills" of modern education are additions to the educational fare for youth. Their addition has brought few, if any, reductions and deletions in the total educational program. In Denver, for example, the board of education now requires 19 units for high-school graduation—three more than previously—with no reduction in the number of required subjects.

The quality and quantity of public and private education in our country certainly equal and probably surpass national systems of education of other major nations. No scientific data in sufficient quantity are available to confirm this claim, but a certain number of valid deductions and outcomes are known.

Let us examine some of the evidence. The late Professor Charles H. Judd, head of the Department of Education, University of Chicago, stated that America's top 10 per cent of students would equal and probably excel in intellectual ability the top 10 per cent of any other nation. If the entire gamut of students over and beyond the intellectually gifted group were included, there would be even less doubt of America's educational superiority.

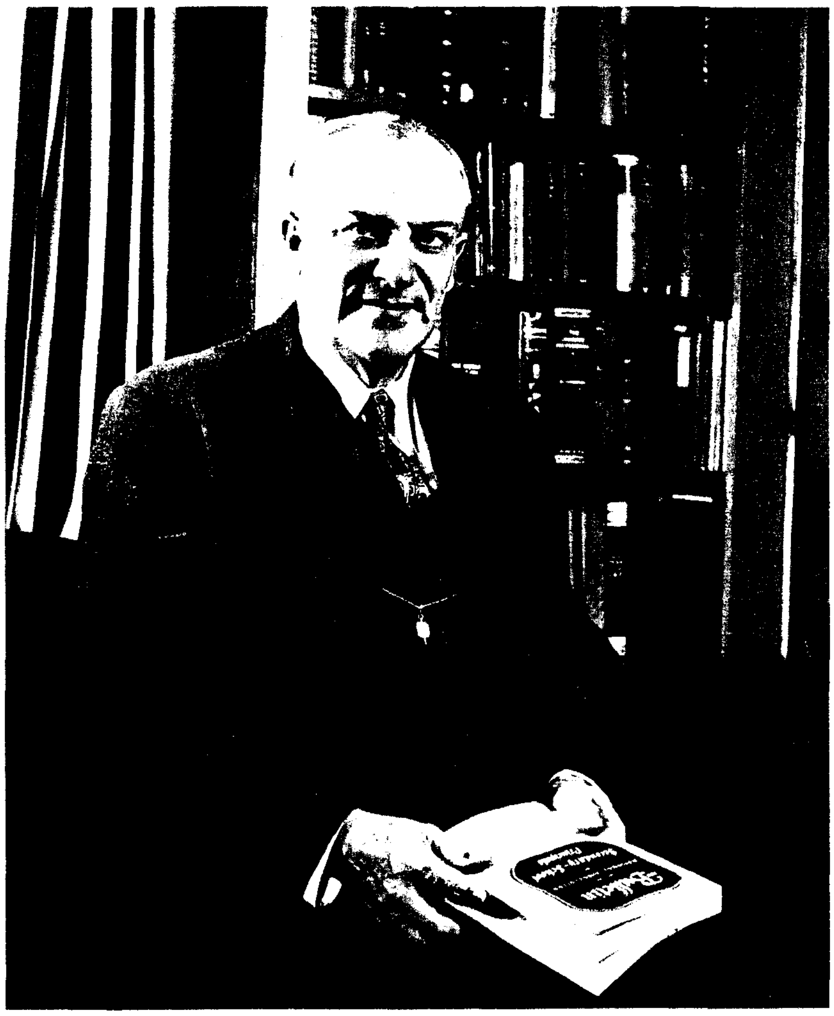
Although Great Britain passed its Education Act of 1944 in the stress and strain of World War II, the British have not yet attained its objectives to any great degree. Its total provisions simulate America's present educational goal for its youth—maximum education for all the youth of all the people.

Making Good at Oxford

Also, America has sent hundreds of young men, admittedly the best products of its educational system, as Rhodes scholars to one of the world's best universities—Oxford. These American youth have held their own, not only with British scholars but also in competition with scholars from other countries at Oxford. They have established distinguished records in the academic arena and in the activities of the university.

Another source of evidence is the testimony of distinguished foreign educators, including inspectors of education, teachers, supervisors, principals, superintendents and ministers of education, who have visited our American schools. Over the years, and in great number since the close of World War II, hundreds of these educators have spent from several weeks to a year or two in our American schools, observing all phases and examining all parts of our educational program. Before returning to their homelands, many of these visitors have been good enough to visit the National Education Association, the American Council on Education, both private nonprofit agencies, or the United States Office of Education and offer, most candidly, a critical and comparative analysis of our education.

Generally, their summations fit a


NELSON MORRIS

Paul E. Elicker is executive secretary of the National Association of Secondary-School Principals and a member of many other national education groups. He is an ex-principal of Newton High School in Newton, Massachusetts, and has four college or university degrees

Schools?

U.S. educator thinks so—and tells why

pattern expressed by these statements:

"Your youth have so much poise and confidence in expressing themselves with intelligence on so many subjects."

"They demonstrate an intense interest through their participation in all the school activities, whether in the learning laboratory, the classroom or in the student activity program—often called extracurricular program—that your schools have in such great abundance."

"American youth exude pleasure and satisfaction in their school attendance: they exhibit a personal and co-operative attitude toward their teachers and school officials."

"Your youth are eager to learn and enjoy the part they have in directing their educational careers and experiences."

"The most striking difference in your schools is your philosophy of discipline—it's different, allowing a greater freedom than in our countries."

As to the quantity of education available, we can clearly claim superiority over other countries. Nationally, more than 80 per cent of all our adolescent youth group—ages twelve to eighteen—are in school. In some communities, the total exceeds 90 per cent. By contrast, the compulsory school laws in Italy require school attendance only until age fourteen and public schools charge a small annual fee.

These educational opportunities were not always available to all our youth. Our secondary (high) schools in the pioneer day were limited and selective, open only to those who could meet the academic standards of the period or whose families had sufficient financial means to send them to school. The early secondary schools were not open to girls.

In many ways, our secondary schools today retain the respected virtues of earlier days even though this heritage is not always recognized by parents and other citizens. In other ways, the schools have changed—just as have our means of transportation from horse and buggy to sleek auto and speedy airliner. Our world could not exist or operate effectively on a transportation system as outmoded as Old Dobbin and the "surrey with the fringe on top." In more rational moments, no one would attempt to justify a type of education that would equip our youthful citizens to live in a world of yesterday.

Education for youth through the years has become more popular and more necessary according to our workaday-world standards, and no longer do employers ask youthful applicants if they have a grammar-school education. It's "When did you graduate from high school and what course did you take?" For young people seeking admission to the professions, semiprofessions or administrative levels, more than a high-school education is required.

The tremendous growth in our public-school enrollment—from 32 per cent of all high-school-age children in 1920, a little more than a generation ago, to more than 80 per cent—has brought headaches to school officials. The difficulties cannot all be overcome by merely adding more buildings, more teachers, more instructional facilities and more parent-teacher associations.

Why Are They in School?

For example, a look at the present-day high-school enrollment will reveal more young people in the classrooms—yes, but not necessarily more youth with the same interests, the same career motives, or even the same intellectual capacities as school youth of the "good old days." Some are in school only because the school attendance law compels them to be there until they can graduate or attain the lawful age for leaving school. Many others in school have interests and aptitudes not in higher education, but in getting a job and earning a living. Still others there are overage; they should have been graduated a year or two ago but did not possess the intellectual capacity or the desire to apply themselves to meet the graduation standards of the school. Others—the slower learners—need more time to achieve mastery of the fundamentals.

Providing adequately and effectively for all these youth—in the face of rising education costs, generally low salary scales for qualified teachers, and scarcity of teaching recruits—presents almost insoluble problems for school officials.

A public office is a public trust and a responsibility. A school official can never dare be too progressive nor remain too traditional and conservative. To follow the former course casts him in the role of a reckless spendthrift of public funds for so-called educational nonsense. Following the alternate course of traditionalism not only plagues his own educational conscience in carrying the community responsibility vested in him, but may lead to a back-yard whispering campaign or criticism in the public press that he is not doing his job and must go. "Woe is me," says the educator; "is anything ever right or satisfactory?"

If he knew all the answers to the extremely complex problems of education for all youth of today, he

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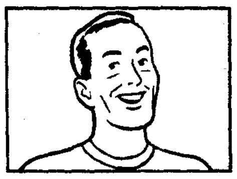

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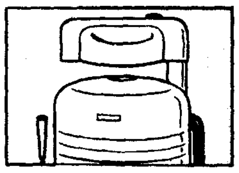

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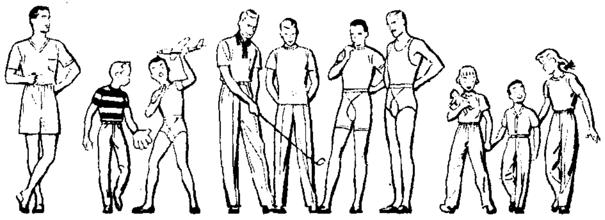

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IMPERATIVE
EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF YOUTH

Much of the program planning in high schools throughout the country today is based on the following 10 imperative educational needs of youth. The list was drawn up by the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association

1. **All youth need to develop salable skills and those understandings and attitudes that make the worker an intelligent and productive participant in economic life. To this end, most youth need supervised work experience as well as education in the skills and knowledge of their occupations.**

2. **All youth need to develop and maintain physical fitness and mental health.**

3. **All youth need to understand the rights and duties of the citizen of a democratic society, to be diligent and competent in the performance of their obligations as members of the community and citizens of the state and nation, and to have an understanding of the nations and peoples of the world.**

4. **All youth need to understand the significance of the family for the individual and society and the conditions conducive to successful family life.**

5. **All youth need to know how to purchase and use goods and services intelligently, understanding both the values received by the consumer and the economic consequences of their acts.**

6. **All youth need to understand the methods of science, the influence of science on human life, and the main scientific facts concerning the nature of the world and of man.**

7. **All youth need opportunities to develop their capacities to appreciate beauty in literature, art, music and nature.**

8. **All youth need to be able to use their leisure time well and to budget it wisely, balancing activities that yield satisfactions to the individual with those that are socially useful.**

9. **All youth need to develop respect for other persons, to grow in their insight into ethical values and principles, to be able to live and work cooperatively with others, and to grow in the moral and spiritual values of life.**

10. **All youth need to grow in their ability to think rationally, to express their thoughts clearly, and to read and listen with understanding.**

would announce his magic prescription and sell it to his community and the educational world, then push the proper button, keep the educational machine well oiled, the hopper full and worry not a whit about the outcome or the product.

The honest educator recognizes his inability to write an exact prescription for the education of all the youth of his community. But he shrinks from making such an admission publicly. He knows that some are waiting for an opportunity to ensnare him and to expose his uncertainty of action or his studied plan of caution and experiment before he engages in heavy expenditure of public funds.

"Breeze" Courses Explained

Whatever claims are made for the effectiveness of schools today, education needs and can benefit from constructive criticism. Some educators periodically invite communities to state what they expect of their schools and what they want their schools to include in their instructional program. This formula is being used effectively by Superintendent Kenneth E. Oberholtzer of the Denver, Colorado, schools. He has made many changes in the educational program after citizens have spoken out. However, some of the changes made as a result of parents' demands were deprecated as "breeze" courses by a visiting reporter in the March 19th issue of Collier's.

For example, a foods class in which boys of Denver's East High School were pictured making fudge was substantially authorized by the citizens; it is an elective course and can be taken only in addition to the required academic courses for graduation. Also, the day on which the writer visited the class was probably the only time throughout the entire school year that the class was engaged in making fudge. An examination of the curriculum content of the foods course reveals utilitarian objectives and benefits for boys. Undoubtedly, boys in this foods class will derive immeasurable pleasure and satisfaction in receiving recognition (which all humans desire) from their friends for a special culinary skill when the group goes on a week-end camping trip to the Rockies. The development of hobby interests through school stimulation and opportunity provides a constructive outlet for youthful resourcefulness. Such a course has career potentialities, too.

Also included in the "breeze" or "pipe" category by some school critics are the increasingly popular driver-education courses. Yet it is a known fact, fully established by studies in many places in our country, that youth who have school instruction in operating an automobile have fewer highway accidents than youth who do not have such instruction in school. The margin of safety for the school-instructed group is considerable and significant. A number of insurance companies offer reduced rates to boys and girls who learned to drive the safe way in school.

Other communities have also spoken out on their needs and their desires. In St. Paul, Minnesota, a citizens' committee of 66 representatives of all school districts and teachers made an intensive study of how they wanted the schools to report the educational achievement and progress of children. After considerable study and research, the committee made public its recommendations to the school board of the community in a public meeting, and the proposed system was put into effect.

The Critic Who Got a Write-Up

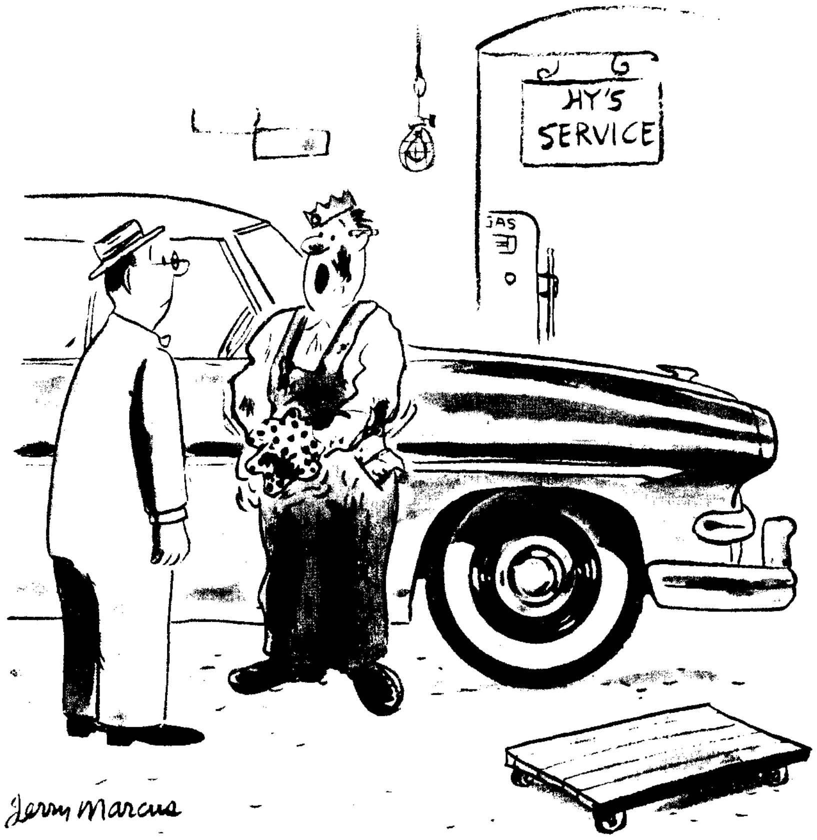
At the public meeting, *one* citizen and only one (fully within his rights) objected to a departure from the traditional system of report cards to parents. He, naturally, became an energetic antagonist of the schools and rushed to the public press. He subsequently received recognition from a visiting reporter in a write-up in a well-known magazine as expressing the prevailing sentiment of the community. The critic even used this published recognition of his cause to promote his campaign for a seat on the city council, requesting the citizens of the community to "speak out" for him in the voting booth. Exercising their democratic rights, the citizens "spoke out."

The critic was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving 3,156 votes to the leading candidate's 33,790.

When individuals speak out and give unwarranted and destructive criticism of education, they are often activated by personal motives and have exaggerated grievances involving some member of their own family.

Here is a typical case: Daughter Mary has not been able to live up to the high hopes and ambitions of her indulgent parents. Mary has her difficulties (not at all uncommon) with geometry. Fond father enters the scene after a busy and trying day at the office, further complicated by an evening engagement for bridge made by the devoted mother. In assisting daughter Mary, he deduces that geometry was not taught "that way" in his day. More repetitions of this scene on subsequent evenings add to a growing condition of impatience and irritation toward "schooling" under the modern educators. Mary, under such tutelage, develops concurrently an un-co-operative attitude toward the school, especially if one of her teachers reproved her the day after Father "taught" her the way he was taught. The case becomes even more aggravated if Father happened to make a careless but serious mathematical error and the unsuspecting teacher discovered it in Mary's work.

In time, a report card unfamiliar to Father arrives and further baffles him. He recalls his mark in geometry, which he passed with honors 35 years ago in the little red schoolhouse. The father castigates the teacher, the principal of the school or the superintendent, rushes to a school board member or to the local newspaper and critically defames the entire local school system. Some few such parents—very few—become authors of books and magazine articles, declaiming and accentuating the defects in the entire educational program. "These educators," the authors say, "are progressives (in the ugliest sense) and all parents are helpless in their



COLLIER'S "I couldn't get the rattle out but I put a knock in it so you won't hear the rattle" JERRY MARCUS

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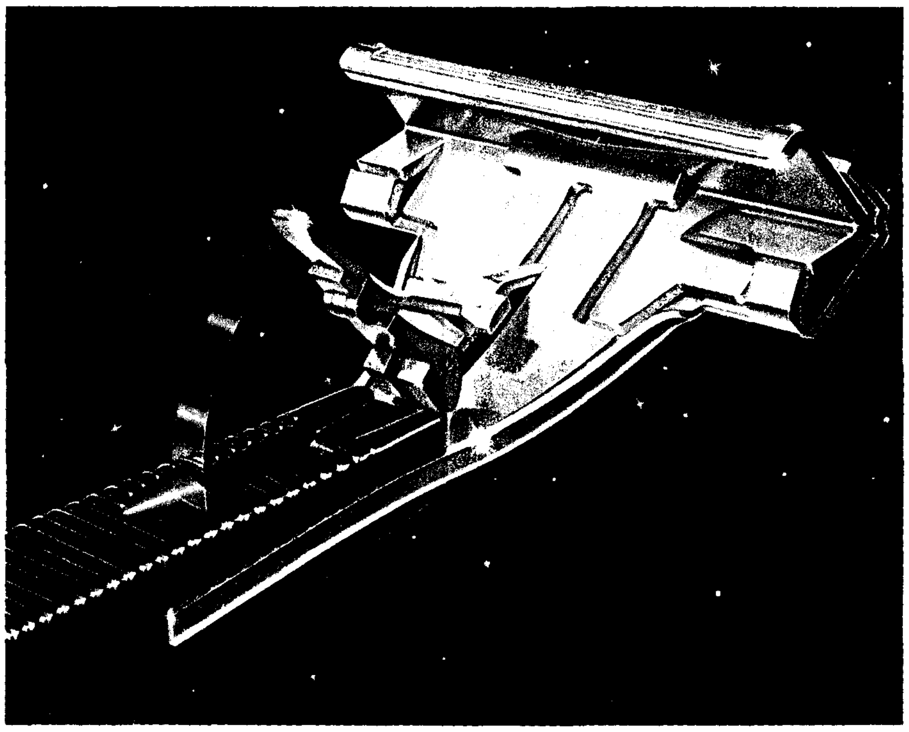

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for closer, faster, safer shaves!

How do recent crops of high-school graduates stac

hands in permitting them to perpetrate such perfidy in the name of education, the three R's or the fundamentals."

Most school communities experience such an incident at some time, but more often parents have the good sense to consult with the school personnel. They learn that Mary, on a series of objective tests in mathematical ability, does not show the aptitude for mathematics that the determined father might have shown if he had had such a testing experience a generation ago. Mary does reveal an aptitude in several other learning areas. Many parents make an intelligent attempt to understand the entire situation and realize that advanced mathematics should not be on Mary's program next year or that she needs more time to master the essentials. Maybe, too, the mother will not insist that her daughter attempt to enter her alma mater. She may be intelligently realistic in guiding Mary to another institution of high rank where the child's special interests and aptitudes can be better served. Schools are eager to give this type of personal counseling to parents and youth.

Seeking to Meet Modern Needs

School people have devoted themselves in a professional manner to a sensible solution of the present-day issues in education. They are earnest and sincere in attempting to meet the educational needs of youth, as set forth in the publications, Education for ALL American Youth, by the Educational Policies Commission, and in Planning for American Youth, by the National Association of Secondary-School Principals. Both organizations are important sections of the National Education Association. These educational needs suggest basic education for all types of youth now in our schools. This program was first proposed, after years of study, in 1944 and has justified its place in our total program of education. The list of educational needs is given on page 80.

Citizens who understand today's situation and the purpose of education know that we will have a better world if we include in a program of education other objectives than the mere acquisition of knowledge and mastery of the three R's according to a predetermined pattern. They want their schools to make an intelligent attempt to teach their sons and daughters to be good citizens in our democracy and to be productive and useful members in our society. It's a big order, though, and we cannot expect our schools to attain a higher degree of success than do our doctors, who are just as sincerely desirous of keeping all their patients free from disease and obtaining perfect health for all.

Our country has no single national program of education. Its shape and content are largely the responsibility of every local community. There are defects and deficiencies in many schools, and school officials need the co-operation and support of the people to make the educational program a good and promising investment for their community.

There are now serious shortages in school buildings, instructional materials and qualified teachers. These conditions were recognized by President Eisenhower in his message on the State of the Union. "Youth—our greatest resource—is being seriously neglected in a vital respect," the President said. "The nation as a whole is not preparing teachers or building schools fast enough to keep up with the increase in our population."

COLLIER'S "They gave away a free pair of stockings to the first 25 women to enter the store" STAN FINE

Expenditures for education have lagged far behind the growing need. Unless citizens and communities provide this needed support, schools will be more overcrowded, will have fewer qualified teachers and will soon develop a condition that will make good teaching extremely difficult and certainly less effective and efficient.

Now, what are some of the present-day achievements of our schools, especially when compared with the schools of a generation ago?

Today our annual high-school graduating "crop" performs better in post-school life than the school "crop" of a generation ago. Let us look at our college-bound graduates; it is they and the educational program they have that seem to draw the greatest public criticism. They are included in the intellectually gifted group, and it is claimed that they do not have the same mastery of the fundamentals or the same rigorous training that their parents had. There are few tests of long-enough existence to provide a battery of normal scores that could have been applied to the youth of years ago. However, we have some evidence, limited as it may be, that youth performs better today on mastery of the fundamentals than in the "good old days."

In Dearborn, Michigan, in 1926, tests were given to more than 1,000 children in reading, writing, arithmetic, language usage and spelling. The same tests were given again in 1951. In general, the age-grade reports indicated that youth today in Dearborn, although eight months younger in corresponding class or grade placement, are achieving a standard of mastery in these subjects that required five months to a year more training 25 years ago.

In Austin, Minnesota, comprehensive surveys were made in 1921 and, using the same tests, in 1951. In general, the children of 1951 were found to be "intellectually more competent than those in 1921," with differences in some learning areas ranging from six months to a full year.

High Percentage of Rejections

What leading colleges will admit that their academic standards are lower today than a generation or two ago? We do know that more applicants apply now for admission to Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other leading colleges. It is reported that Princeton had approximately 4,300 applicants last year and selected about 750 for its freshman class. Similar reports are made for Harvard and Yale.

In many of these cases, all the applicants have passed the necessary college-entrance examinations. The students admitted were selected on the basis of superiority in the examinations, personality factors, geographical quotas, the preferences of the college president, parental affiliation with the college—or some mysterious mechanism applied by the director of admissions, who often has pressures exerted upon him from many quarters.

Speaking as an examiner of 30 years ago for the College Entrance Board Examinations, the author claims that

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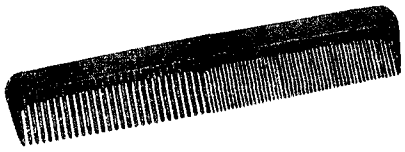

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p against those of other years?

the present examinations are more difficult and that colleges using these examinations for admission are exercising a higher limiting and selective factor in admitting students to the freshman class. Studies have been carried on by the Ford Fund for the Advancement of Education which seem to reveal that today's youth can carry college work successfully even if they have not completed their high-school courses, or can enter college directly upon graduation from high school with advanced standing. It is too early to make extensive claims on this latter study.

College Math of Yesteryear

Then let me invite you to examine the standard of the average freshman course in college mathematics (one of the fundamentals) of the 1900-1915 period. That course in essence is now taught in our better high schools, where trigonometry, advanced algebra (or college algebra) and introduction to calculus and analytical geometry are included in the senior-year course.

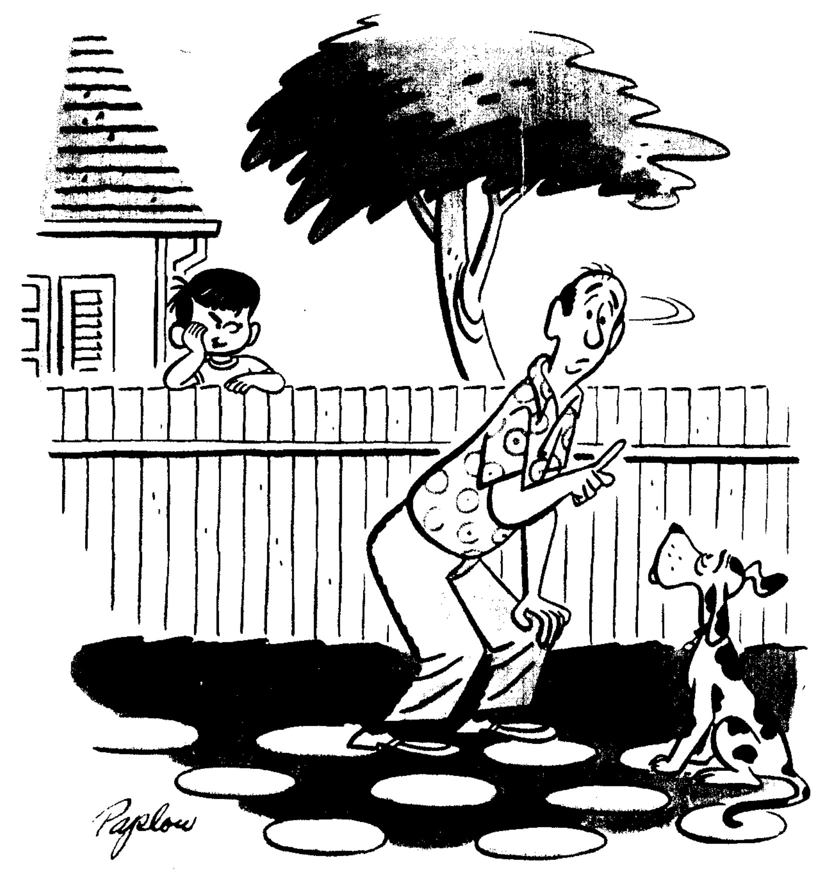
The same claims can be made in other subject areas, such as English, science and some of the foreign languages. Yet with this gradual advance of academic standards in the college, some college professors who teach freshmen continue to complain as they always have about the inadequate high-school preparation of their students. These outspoken college professors—and there are very few—cry the eternal complaint, "My students are poorly prepared."

Professor John Warren Tilton of Yale University reports that a comparison of the Army Alpha Test scores of members of the armed forces in 1917 with results of the Army General Classification Tests given in 1940-'45 provides a measure of the improvement in educational status in the United States during that 25-year period. In general, the amount of schooling increased 3.7 grades, from a 6.8 to a 10.5 grade level. The educational gain was substantial, showing a greatly improved status in reading and arithmetic. In fact, the middle (median) score in the Army in World War II was above that of the highest ranking state during World War I. Three fourths of the 1940-'45 group were above the middle score of 1917.

What were the potent causes of this significant improvement in our educational status?

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," in the words of Tennyson. This can be said of all American institutions, including our public schools, especially the secondary schools. Many citizens have had little contact with these changing schools and are rightfully raising the question of what has been happening in education. "Is the new as good as the old?" "Are our schools as good as they ought to be?" "Are they in competent hands?"

These questions are difficult to answer to everyone's satisfaction. Fair and competent judges, however, state that more educational opportunities are available to more youth today. Conditions for effective teaching are not as favorable as in a former day, but the results and benefits to American youth and to our nation are better and greater than a generation ago. ▲▲▲



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What Are We Doing in

We've launched a tremendous building program to make Spain a bastion against Re

By BILL STAPLETON

Madrid

THERE is a flap and a bustle in Spain today probably unmatched since the Spanish Armada sailed against Drake and England. The Americans are arriving—airmen, sailors, soldiers, construction "stiffs"—and they'll spend hundreds of millions of dollars in an attempt to make this proud, centuries-old nation a healthy partner in the Western alliance against Communism.

Under the Spanish-American defense agreements signed last year, the United States is giving Spain military and economic aid in exchange for the use of some of her naval and air bases for the next 10 to 20 years. The double dose of American energy and American dollars is acting like a shot in the arm to the Spanish economy and the Spanish people.

American jet bombers and fighters have begun to scream overhead, shiny new American staff cars help jam Madrid streets, American business overloads the country's already inadequate telephone and power circuits, American accents compete with Spanish voices on the street corners. And the Spanish people—most of them, anyway—seem to like it fine. They're friendly, co-operative and excited.

I began to sense the excitement as soon as I landed at Getafe, 12 miles south of Madrid. Built in 1917 and still a Spanish air force base, Getafe was opened to American military aircraft last January 28th. Two weeks later, the U.S. Air Force erected two Quonset huts—one for operations and the other to house cargo and maintenance supplies. Six more are planned.

"First air-base construction in Spain—those two Quonsets," a Navy commander told me as I clambered from a Skymaster at Getafe after a flight from Port Lyautey, French Morocco. "A little old five-hundred-dollar subcontract, and the airfield's already got more business than Goose Bay."

He was right. American troop carriers from Germany and Military Air Transport Service planes from Naples and Tripoli and Châteauroux (France) fly in daily with military passengers and cargo. American control-tower operators guide them down past a 256-foot-high stone figure of Christ on high ground overlooking the airport. (The monument was erected by popular subscription at the geographical center of Spain. The con-

Americans use helicopter to survey air-base sites. Wherever it appears, curious crowds gather. Here it hovers over a field near Madrid

U.S. AIR FORCE
12999

Spain?

gression. How's it coming?

trol tower orders military planes to give the statue 500 feet clearance in clear weather, more if the ceiling is low.)

American operations at Getafe already dwarf those of the Spanish air force. But that doesn't bother Colonel Carlos Sartorius Díaz de Mendoza, Spanish commander at Getafe. He delights in telling visitors in excellent English (he picked it up while observing the Berlin air lift) that he had always heard the Americans came in and gave everybody everything. "Now the shoe is on the other foot," he says. "I have to give the MATS gasoline for their planes, telephone service, electric light and part of my very fine airport."

Obsolete German Military Planes

I got a close-up look at some Spanish air force planes as we set out over a new dirt road for Madrid. The aircraft were parked along the edge of the airport. They were German World War II models—Spanish-built Messerschmitt 109 fighters, trimotored Junkers transports and Heinkel bombers. Time obviously has passed the Spanish air force by.

Within Madrid itself, the reawakening of Spain is almost tangible. The excitement stems from the realization that the country is now a vitally important consort of the United States and an active participant in the over-all strategic defense of Western civilization against the hated Communists.

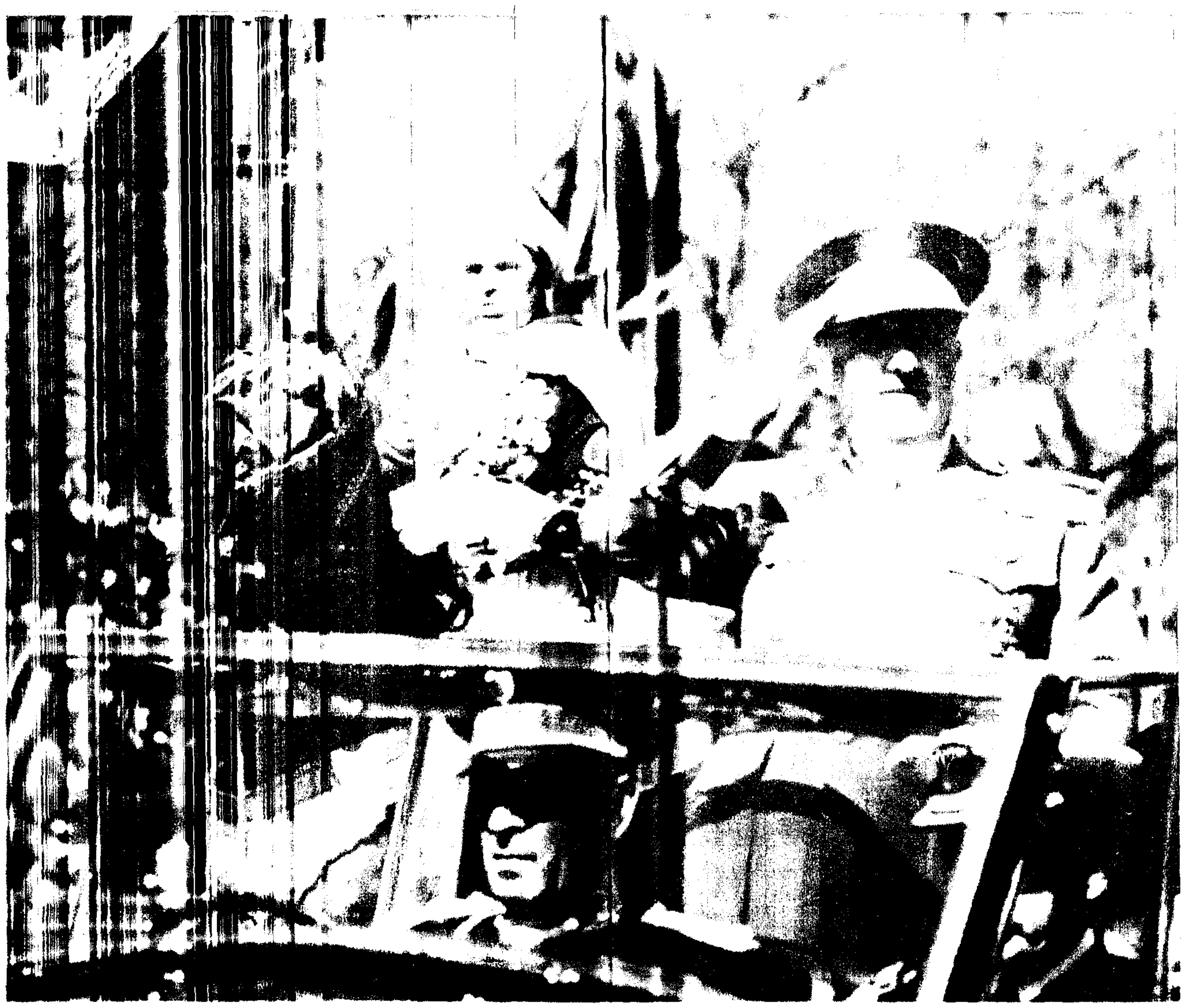
Spaniards know their country has a glass jaw today. Just as their air force must rely on 900 obsolete planes, so the navy of 25,000 officers and men must man over-age ships, and the army of 450,000 soldiers must fight without enough heavy arms or motorized transport. The Spanish-American defense agreement obviously means that a new era is dawning for Generalissimo Francisco Franco's armed services.

It also has bolstered the national ego: there is a renewed clamor for Britain to return Gibraltar. Painted signs on walls demand the return of "The Rock," and Madrid protested to London against Elizabeth II's visit to the Mediterranean outpost.

More important to the Spanish economy, America's interest in Spain has led to a tremendous upsurge in the tourist industry. There is a noticeable flurry in the tomblike offices of the Spanish Ministry of Tourism and Information. Last year—while negotiations for the defense agreement were going on—140,000 Americans registered in hotels and government *paradores* (country inns). This year jubilant members of the Sindicato Nacional Hostelería are preparing to cater to the whims of 200,000 visitors from the United States.

For the first time, two American airlines—Trans World and Pan American—are running cheaper-fare tourist flights between New York City and Spain. Americans need neither visas nor vaccinations to enter the country, and they can enjoy themselves on less money than almost anywhere else in postwar Europe.

Spain's 28,300,000 citizens are rising to the occasion. They are interested in everything about the inhabitants and customs of *los Estados Unidos*. Noticias de Actualidad, a weekly magazine published by the U.S. Information Service, has a mailing list of 40,000 subscribers. More than 15,000 people from all parts of Spain have written the U.S. Embassy praising the USIS-sponsored national radio program series known as Bob and María. The program relates the honeymoon adventures of an American and his Spanish wife on a trip to the United States. Harold M. Null, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USIS field co-ordinator for Spain, plays Bob, and Mary Carmen Goñi, a professional Spanish radio actress, is María.



Generalissimo Franco, shown at parade marking anniversary of civil war victory, agreed to let U.S. develop and use Spanish bases in exchange for military and economic assistance

Friends of the United States clubs have been organized in several cities. The largest is in Albacete, astride the highway between Madrid and Cartagena. It has enrolled 505 members since its first meeting last January 22d. Dues are the equivalent of 25 cents a week, and they entitle a member to English lessons given by a local high-school teacher, Professor Don José Antonio Baca, movies three times a week and dancing on Saturday night.

The U.S. Embassy has given every encouragement to the clubs. Ambassador James C. Dunn himself opened the Albacete club in a basement opposite the city hall, and the U.S. Sixth Fleet sent 30 seamen and 10 officers from Barcelona to visit it. "Those boys enjoyed themselves much more than if they had stayed in Barcelona," the club president, Eduardo Navarro Armero, proudly told me. (He's the local Ford dealer—but he sells only farm machinery and bicycle parts because more than 130 per cent in taxes on new American automobiles bought by residents of Spain discourages any would-be purchasers.)

Despite the hospitality that awaits them in the rest of Spain, Madrid is the number one attraction for Americans—tourists or servicemen. It is a city of lavish modernity, museums, magnificent parks—and some of Europe's worst slums. It is a city whose new hotels (seven de luxe establishments completed in the last three years) snub hundreds of half-finished apartment houses. And it is a city of sidewalk cafés, leisurely hours, romantic legends and beautiful women.

More than 350 Americans connected with the Spanish bases program already have taken up residence in the capital. The soldiers, sailors, airmen, WACs and WAVEs among them don't wear uniforms, however. As one GI told me, "We don't want these people all shook up by a lot of jokers running around Madrid looking like there was a war on." But even so, Spaniards have a faculty for spotting the *norteamericano* visitors from several hundred feet away. Who else would wear a loud sport coat, drape trousers, crew cuts and shoes that have no fancy leather curlicues?

Spaniards now accept the growing numbers of Americans as part of the Madrid scene. But the Yanks are taking longer to get acclimated. Although the city's prices are among the lowest in Western European capitals, many Americans are finding living here pretty expensive.

Uncle Sam has taken cognizance of the fact: military people on permanent duty in Spain get $4 a day extra as a living allowance, and those on temporary duty get $10 a day extra.

Luxury Taxes Boost Cost of Meals

In such top hotels as the new American-run Castellana Hilton or the Spanish-operated Fénix, a single room costs about $7.50 a day. The price of a room in a good Spanish family hotel is $2.50. But to each bill in a de luxe hotel is added a 35 per cent luxury tax on breakfast, a 10 per cent luxury tax on lunch and dinner, a 15 per cent service charge and the tip. Built-in taxes, in fact, can raise a hotel bill as much as 25 per cent.

Most Americans who come to Spain for the bases program live in hotels, but many are trying to find other quarters. And they are discovering that apartments can come high, too.

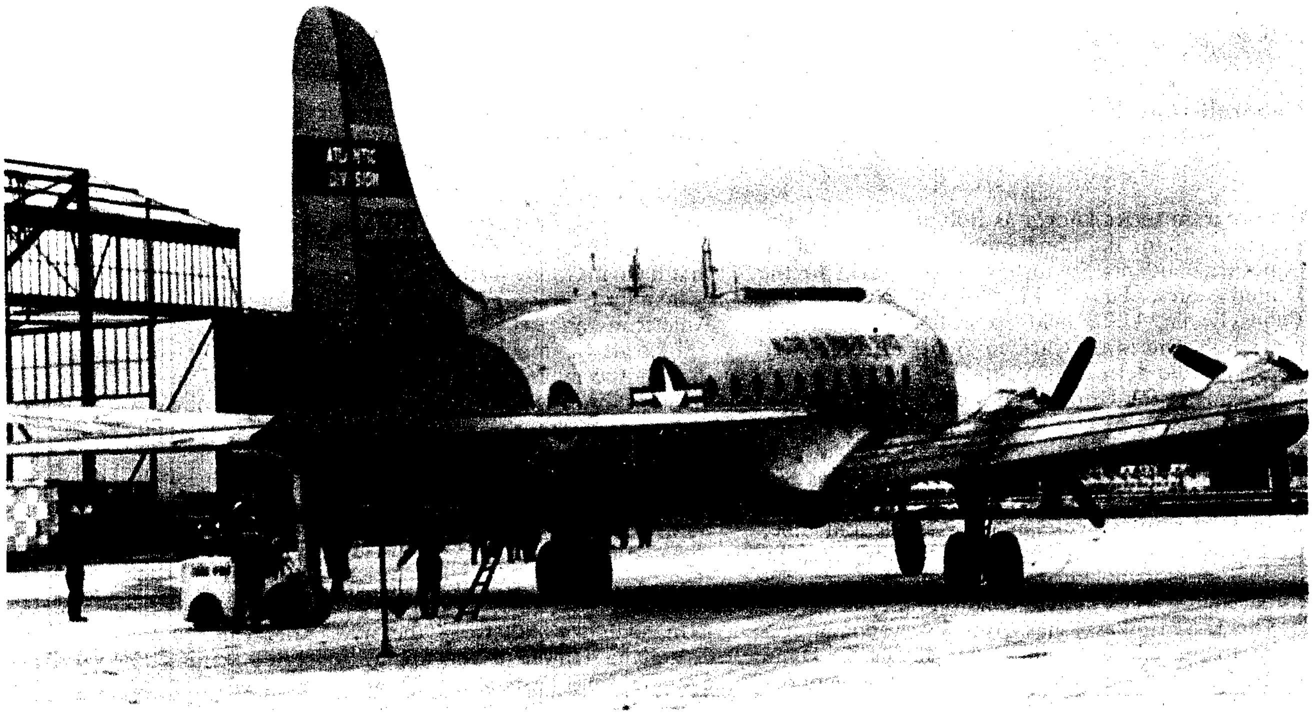
"They saw me coming," a Navy lieutenant told me. "I'm paying $190 a month for an apartment, and there's no place for the kids to play. The landlord raises Cain about them playing in the hall, but the street is too dangerous. I've got to move."

Air Force Technical Sergeant Frank Blankenship, of Troy, Ohio, was more fortunate. "What a deal I got," he said. "The British doctor who owned this house got the daylights kicked out of him in the last riot about Gibraltar, so he's all washed up with Spain. I happened to come along and rented the whole place—big yard, furniture, garden, the works—for only $100 a month. Of course, that doesn't count the two maids. They're extra—$10 a month each."

American military headquarters has just organized a housing and billeting section, complete with bilingual Spanish lawyers, to help newly arrived personnel get settled and to ensure that they get a

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

Cmdr. John J. McGaraghan, U.S. Navy construction specialist from Idaho Falls, Idaho, looks over shoulder of Spanish surveyor Eloy Serrano at air base near Seville, southwest Spain



Above: An American MATS plane unloads at Getafe, 12 miles south of Madrid. Below: Aviation Machinist's Mate 3d Class Richard H. Marquard, Brooklyn, N.Y., chats with a sheepherder, an interpreter and two Spanish pilots at Getafe. Outmoded Spanish planes are in the background

fair shake when it comes to signing tricky leases or adjusting water bills.

The Americans make their working headquarters in two Madrid buildings a half mile apart. One is just off the carefully manicured Plaza de España, where Madrileños have raised a statue to those irrepressible heroes, Don Quixote de la Mancha and his faithful retainer, Sancho Panza. Any *simpático* soul who stands before the statue and sights along the lance gripped firmly in the left hand of the Knight of Mournful Countenance will find himself looking halfway up the sparkling new Edificio España, Spain's largest office building (23 stories) and one of the few skyscrapers in Europe. Here, on several floors, are the busy offices of American architects, engineers, construction specialists and contractors.

The rest of the Joint U.S. Military Group in charge of the base-construction program occupies the better part of a floor in the Spanish Air Ministry Building. Together, the two offices will supervise, watch and worry over the greatest construction job in the world right now—a project estimated to require twice the effort that went into the building of the Panama Canal.

Just what does it entail?

We will transform four Spanish military airfields—Torrejón, the Spanish air force research and development center, outside Madrid; Zaragoza, between Madrid and Barcelona; and Dos Hermanas and Morón de la Frontera, near Seville—into reliable 12,000-foot launching points for our big jet bombers. They will give us bases less than an hour and a half from the Rhine, four hours-plus from Russia's vital Dnieper Dam—and less than six hours from the Kremlin itself.

Spanish Ports Improved for Our Fleet

We will improve the famous ports of Cádiz on the Atlantic and Cartagena on the Mediterranean for use as U.S. fleet anchorages. Blueprints are also in the works to utilize El Ferrol in the northwest corner of Spain, Valencia on the east coast, Barcelona in the northeast corner and Mahón in the Balearic Islands as Navy fuel bunkers and ammunition depots. A flyaway strip for carrier planes is planned at Rota, near Cádiz.

Radar, radiotelephone, railways and roads will be built to provide easy access to and between the various bases. A 670-mile fuel pipeline will cross most of Spain. By the time the last road is paved, the last clause of the defense treaty fulfilled, we may have spent more than a billion dollars.

To appreciate the intricate military and civilian table of organization for carrying out this huge program, it is necessary to take a quick look at the chain of command in Spain. Like large-scale U.S. operations everywhere, the set-up is complicated and replete with gobbledygook abbreviations.

Number one man is graying career diplomat Ambassador Dunn, who represents President Eisenhower in any top-level talks with Generalissimo Francisco Franco. On the next rung down is slim, efficient Major General August W. Kissner, Air Force bombing specialist. The Air Force transferred him from chief of staff of the Strategic Air Command, Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska, to help negotiate the treaty with Spain. He now heads the Joint U.S. Military Group (JUSMG) and the Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG). His opposite number is Lieutenant General Juan Vigón, director-general of the Spanish High General Staff and a great personal friend of Franco.

Edward L. Williams, of Kings Point, Great Neck, New York, Foreign Operations Administration (FOA) chief, is economics mastermind of the program; he recently replaced George F. Train, of Washington.

Responsibility for the actual construction work rests with the Navy. Representing the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks (BuDocks) are two topnotch Navy Civil Engineer Corps officers, Rear

Admiral Harold West Johnson, of Sparrow Bush, New York, director of Navy construction in Spain, and Captain Robert H. Meade, of Denver, Colorado, officer in charge of construction.

As this is written, the American prime contractors working under Johnson and Meade are busy interviewing Spanish subcontractors and American construction "stiffs" who have flocked here from all over the world to take part in the huge building program. The prime contractors are: Brown & Root, Inc., Houston, Texas; Raymond Concrete Pile Company, New York City; and Walsh Construction Company, Davenport, Iowa.

U.S. Firms Busy on Construction Plans

The date for the start of actual construction will depend on the findings of the Architects and Engineers for Spanish Bases (AESB), probably the busiest group of all in phase one of the vast and complicated program. Their offices in the Edificio España are knee-deep in charts, aerial photos, maps and reams of paper. Many of the draftsmen are Spanish, but the work is supervised jointly by four American firms: Shaw, Metz & Dolio, Chicago, Illinois; Metcalf & Eddy, Boston, Massachusetts; Frederic R. Harris, Inc., New York City; and Pereira & Luckman, Los Angeles, California.

A high plywood wall keeps out the nosy. Charming, security-conscious bilingual secretaries run interference for the architects. But there are occasional language difficulties, as witness the experience of George Hazas, vice-president and general manager of Kaiser Engineers, a division of Henry J. Kaiser Company, who called Madrid from Barcelona. He'd learned Spanish in Cuba. So he used it. When he finished talking to the secretary in Madrid, she said in purest Castilian: "Thank you, now would you mind repeating that in English?"

Security is the order of the day. "No one but the American gang, plus the top men in the Spanish ministries, ever sees all of these specifications at one time," Charles (Chuck) Luckman told me. Luckman, who returned to architecture after resigning as president of Lever Brothers Company, was acting as spokesman for the policy board of AESB.

"What about the youngster that serves coffee to everyone? Doesn't he get to see practically everything in the place?" I asked Luckman.

"Esteban can't read; that's why we hired him," Luckman answered placidly. "Besides—he makes good coffee."

Young Esteban Aliaga couldn't possibly keep track of all the details anyway. Mushrooming stacks of field reports are all but swamping the most talented in every office.

Nevertheless, progress on the bases is slow—intentionally so, in this preliminary stage. Everyone concerned with the program is moving cautiously and deliberately until major decisions have been made. All are mindful of the mistakes made during the building of bases in French Morocco; Senate investigators charged that haste, waste and corruption added at least $120,000,000 to the cost of five Moroccan airfields.

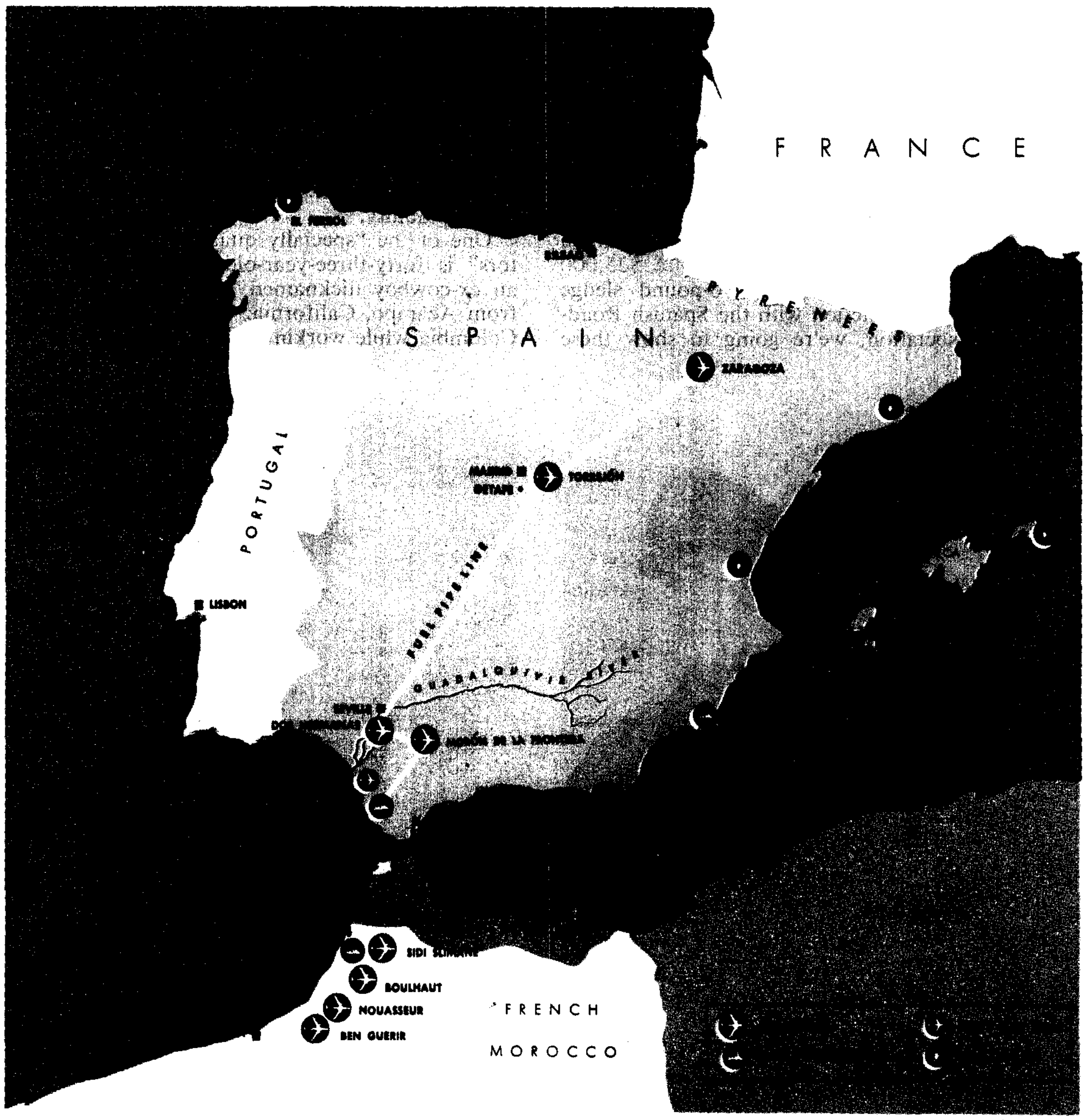
In a further attempt to avoid the pitfalls into which the Moroccan project floundered, Navy, Air Force, U.S. civilian and Spanish agencies are holding day-long conferences on such questions as personnel problems, budgets, time-penalty clauses in contracts and Spanish labor laws.

The Americans fretted for a time over the Spanish custom of a daily lunch-siesta period, which halts all work from 2:00 to 4:00 P.M. But they apparently have made up their minds not to object too strenuously if keeping the custom means better labor relations.

Just what kind of workman is the Spanish laborer? The question is often discussed by Americans, and the answer is important because we may be employing 15,000 of them.

"I'm satisfied with them as workmen," says Wil-

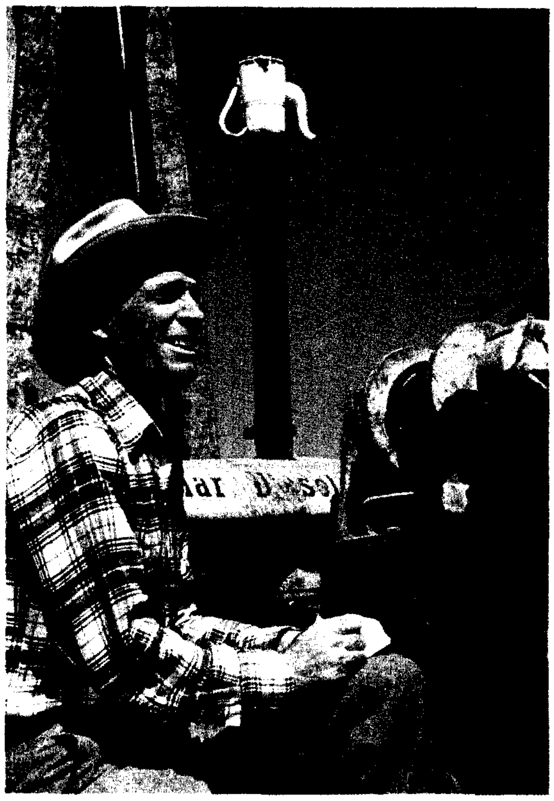
Master Sergeant Herbert C. Kirkland, Yankeetown, Fla., shows two Spanish army captains one of the first Patton heavy tanks delivered to Spain under Spanish-American defense agreements



AL TARTER

Map shows sites of Spanish bases which United States plans to develop for its own use under the Spanish-American agreements. North African bases were completed under an earlier program

Where will the Navy get the machines to build the Spanish air bases? Well, there



Leeowen (Tex) Taylor, Acampo, Calif., checks equipment in Africa for possible use in Spain

Truck and bulldozer work in quarry near site of U.S. air base at Sidi Slimane, North Africa. Scene will be re-enacted in Spain when the new bases construction program gets fully under way

liam J. Russell, an American executive who employs more than a hundred at a tungsten mine near Vigo. "As you've noticed, in big cities they've undertaken a terrific amount of rebuilding—usually with nothing more than brute strength and handmade bricks. They have little or no machinery."

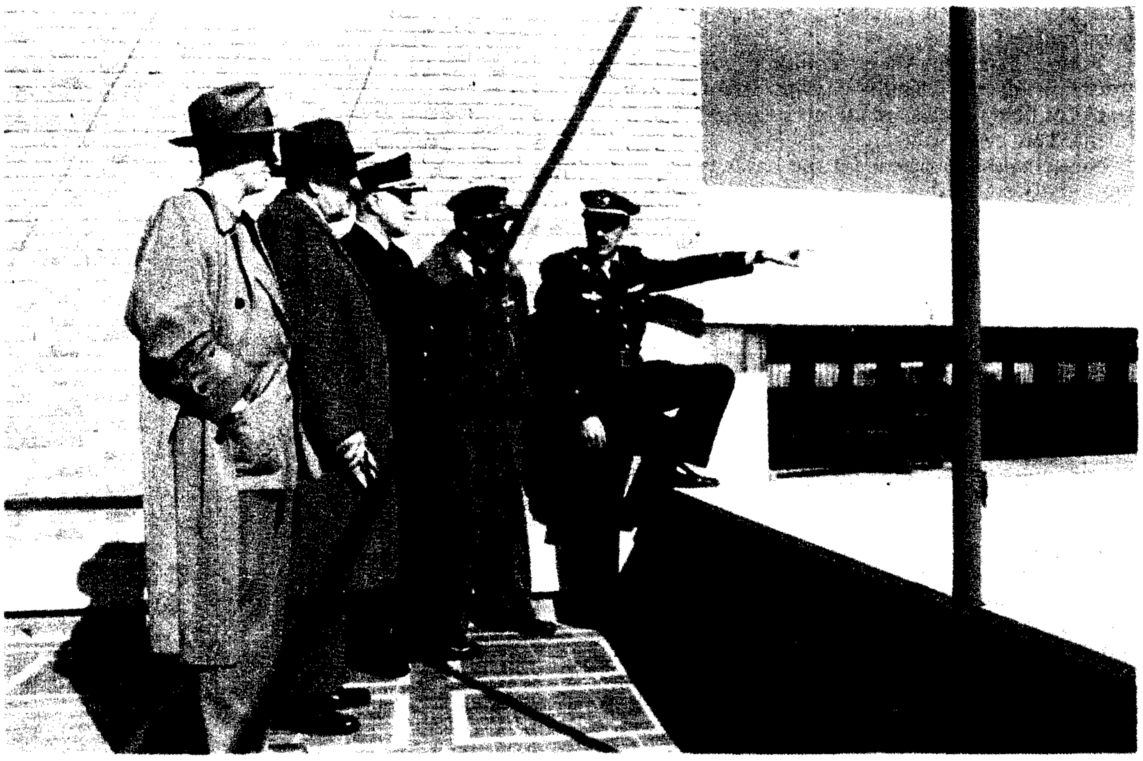
Rear Admiral Johnson, the Navy's construction boss, intends to set up a school to show unskilled laborers the wonderful advantages of a $25,000 side-boom caterpillar over a two-pound sledge hammer. "In conjunction with the Spanish Roadbuilders Association, we're going to show these men how to handle cranes, jumbo tractors and earth movers," he says. "When we get going, I expect to have more than enough operators for the job. We intend to use specially qualified civilian and Seabee instructors and, mister, I have no qualms about the Spaniards. They have a wonderful sense of adaptability."

One of the "specially qualified civilian instructors" is forty-three-year-old Leeowen T. Taylor, an ex-cowboy nicknamed Tex, although he hails from Acampo, California. He learned Spanish in Colombia while working for an oil company.

Tex was in Bangkok, Thailand, teaching the miracles of machinery to Thai workmen when the American contractors summoned him to Spain by cable. He arrived 32 hours later. "Just put down that last plate of fish and rice and took off, fella," he explains. After less than 24 hours in Spain, he left for North Africa to see what equipment could be requisitioned for the new program.

I caught up with Tex at the U.S. Air Force base at Nouasseur, near Casablanca, French Morocco. He was wearing a cowpuncher's Stetson and a checked shirt. "My gosh, look at the stuff here,"

AF Maj. Gen. August Kissner (r.), who heads program, talks with Spanish Col. Carlos Díaz



At Torrejón air base (left to right): American contractors E. M. Shanley, J. J. Collins; U.S. Navy construction officer Capt. R. H. Meade; Spanish air force Capts. G. Palance, Alonso Vega

Tex said to me, waving at several acres of parked dump trucks, rock crushers, draglines and steam shovels used in our North African airport-building program. "Got enough to plow Spain flat, fella," he said while crawling under a bulldozer to check part of its transmission.

Actually some $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 worth of construction material is sitting under the broiling sun in North Africa. Navy and Army engineers used some of the equipment to build the airfields at Port Lyautey and Sidi Slimane, but it's still considered in good shape. Tex's prize find of the lot, though, was nearly two square miles of new, unused equipment marked USAF. The equipment had arrived too late to be used in the North African program.

"But every time I go near it the Air Force people here start squealing like a pig caught under a gate," Tex said. "Got to find out about this. Why, fella, they got fifty-six big D-8 cats [bulldozers] and I only need fifty. They got thirty-five rubber-tired motor graders and I just need fifteen."

Back in Madrid, the word from the U.S. Military Group is that it intends to draw on *any* existing equipment, spare parts and tools needed for the Spanish construction program. Beach loading and unloading from landing craft is being considered to move material quickly.

Air-Base Sites Surveyed from Copter

Other U.S. Military Group officials are trying to avoid waste by making certain that the sites chosen for the projected air bases are the best possible. They use a U.S. Air Force 10-passenger helicopter on their inspection and survey rounds. According to the crew, the helicopter has been "shakin' up chickens all over the country."

Many Spaniards have never seen a helicopter before, and crowds gather wherever it sets down. The relief pilot, Lieutenant Gordon Hazell, of Lakeport, California, said he'd learned through Air Force channels that he'd been shot at several times, once by a trigger-happy guard accompanying a Spanish government party. The government sent apologies to the U.S. Military Group. "I didn't know anything about it," Hazell says. "They must have been lousy shots. There aren't any holes in the aircraft."

The helicopter has proved especially useful in surveying the territory around Seville for an air base on which heavy bombers could land. The first site chosen was El Copero, a training center for Spanish cadet pilots. But surveyors—Spanish as well as American—pointed out that El Copero was on the edge of a flood plain, too near the confluence of the Guadalquivir and Guadaira Rivers for effective drainage during spring floods. Records show that during the rainy season in the past, streets in Seville's suburbs have been flooded to a depth as great as 10 feet.

A new system of dikes for El Copero, it was estimated, would add as much as 10 per cent to the estimated $30,000,000 cost of improving the airport. As this is written, JUSMG is planning to build the new airfield at Dos Hermanas, 18 miles south of Seville.

"That's why we've got people like the AESB checking all our locations," unruffled General Kissner explained. "We intend to take the best possible sites."

To Colonel Norman N. Dole, of Huntington Park, California, chief of the Air Force Installations Group, the "best possible sites" are locations with surrounding areas clear enough to permit approach and take-off paths totaling 25 miles and ground that is firm enough to take 100,000-pound wheel loads. The taxi ways and aprons will be of 16-inch-thick concrete or 27-inch-thick subgrade composition topped by asphalt.

Despite the U.S. Military Group's declared policy of utilizing Spanish materials and labor, it's doubtful that Spain's 35 main cement plants will be able to turn out enough cement for the job. Much of the cement, as well as all of the asphalt, will probably have to be imported.

The sources of cement and asphalt are not the only unknowns connected with the bases program—at least so far as the American and Spanish people are concerned. Far more important, neither the U.S. nor the Spanish government has yet disclosed whether there are any limitations on the numbers or types of planes, equipment and personnel we'll be able to maintain in Spain—in short, whether we'll be able to operate from the bases with complete combat capability.

Newspaper correspondents thought for a time that Secretary of the Air Force Harold E. Talbott had let the cat out of the bag during a visit here early last November. They quoted him as saying that the Air Force eventually would keep supplies of atomic weapons in Spain for use against any enemy. But Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson refuted the statement, and Talbott later said his remarks had been misinterpreted.

How Many Pesetas for a Dollar?

Another unanswered question is the rate to be used by the United States and Spain in exchanging dollars and pesetas used to finance the bases program. The answer could mean a difference of millions of dollars to American taxpayers. During the current fiscal year alone, we are giving financial assistance to Spain totaling $226,000,000—$141,000,000 in military aid, plus $85,000,000 for economic and technical assistance. Spain is also putting up $85,000,000 for the economic and technical aid program, but in pesetas for purchases in Spain; both sums will be administered jointly by the U.S. and Spanish governments.

There is widespread conjecture that the exchange will be at the rate of 35 pesetas to the dollar—low compared with the Tangier free-market rate of 43.75, the World Commerce Corporation (Madrid) rate of 42.50 and the tourist rate of 38.75. I asked Ambassador Dunn about it.

"That is something we do not wish to discuss," he told me.

How long will it be before all the bases will be completed and ready for use? Best estimates are about three years. By then, the number of Americans assigned to Spain will total nearly 10,000. Most of them, however, will be Air Force crews, mechanics and attached fighter- and bomber-wing personnel who will stay for only 90 days at a time, returning home to make room for another batch.

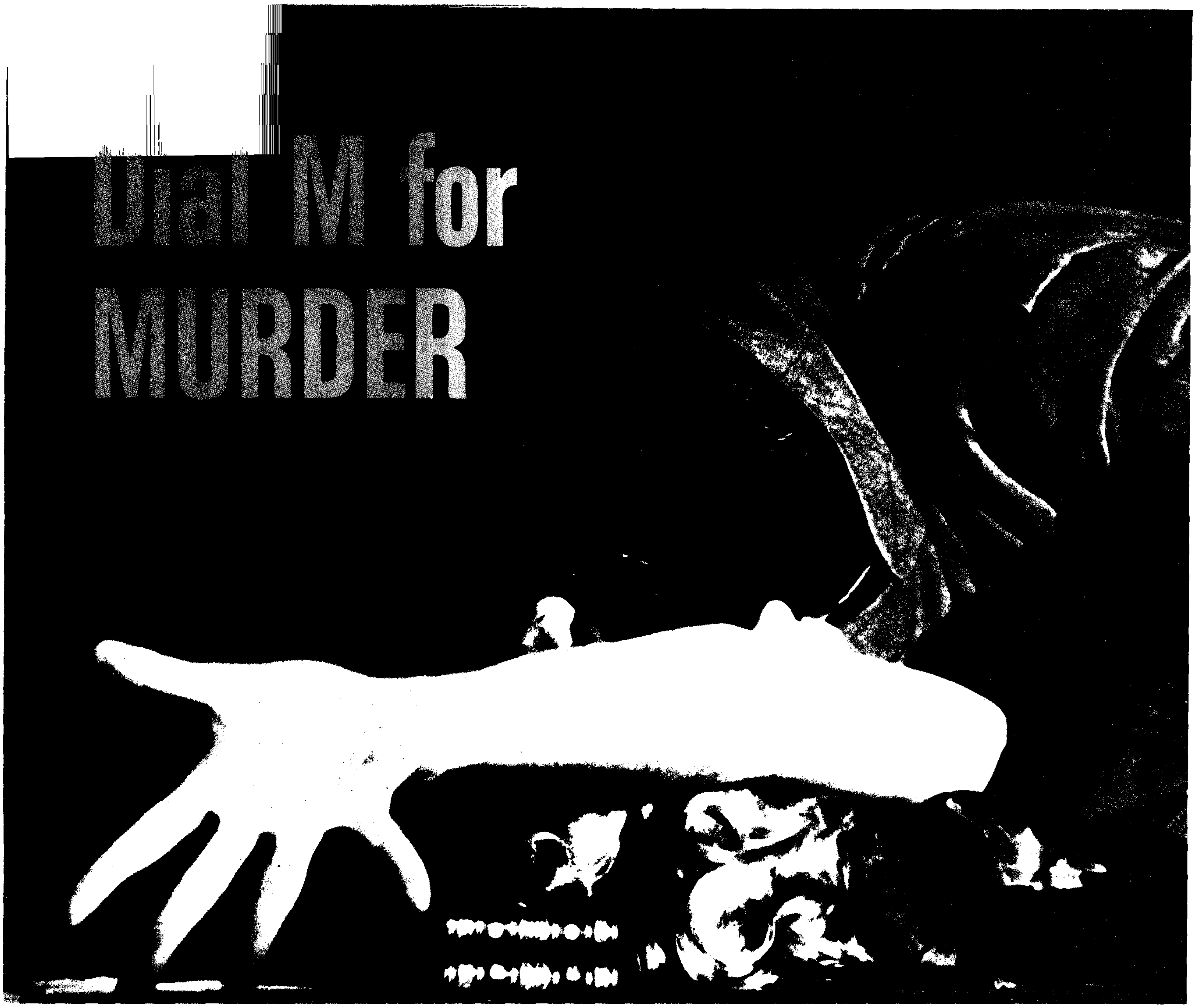
By then, too, thanks to American dollars and know-how, Spain should be one of the best prepared of all Western European nations to meet the threat of Communist aggression. And the United States should have an unsinkable aircraft carrier from which to help thwart any Soviet designs on the New World. As an investment in our security, the hundreds of millions of dollars the program costs would seem to be money well spent.

Spanish labor, like men shown above, will be used as far as possible in bases program . . .

. . . Special classes will be established to show Spaniards how to use U.S. machines . . .

. . . At present they have few laborsaving devices; they rely on old-fashioned methods

Dial M for MURDER



Hollywood's master of murder breaks [illegible]

TO DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock a murder that's tidy and businesslike is no murder at all. Moviedom's Master of the Furtive Footfall knows that the terror prolonged by little accidents, the hazards and happenchance that delay the bullet or the knife, these are what freeze audiences to their folding chairs.

So what does the director do when faced with an almost suspenseless plot? Take Dial M for Murder, the new 3-D WarnerColor version of Frederick Knott's successful stage chiller. In the film, as in the play, a murder is planned in a polite, British, brandy-and-soda atmosphere. The audience is witness. And the villain is openly the villain from the first flicker of Reel One.

Hitchcock, who has presided over some 40 movie demises, has succeeded once again in making even the predictable petrifying. For Dial M, he says, "We squeezed every drop out of the lemon." In so doing, he used all the devices of staging, lighting, props and camerawork which make a Hitchcock credit synonymous with cinema crammed with the creeping meemies.

In the sequence shown on these pages, Hitchcock horror is at its height. The scene is lighted entirely by firelight. The principals are involved in the key action of the plot—a murder that boomerangs. Grace Kelly, making her second thriller with Hitchcock in as many months (the other, Paramount's Rear Window), is being strangled by Anthony Dawson, an assassin hired by husband Ray Milland. She brings off the spectacular climax by killing Dawson, instead, with a pair of shears.

"Through close-ups we bring the audience right up to the table where the murder takes place," says the director. "It's the difference between seeing an express train a long way off or close by. At a distance, there's no feeling about the train except the beauty of it. But when you're standing near the track, it blows your hair and it scares you."

Hitchcock follows his formula for intimate fright in dramatizing an expected phone call, focusing on the silent telephone, then showing a sinister close-up of the dial exchange at work in inexorable fashion. To convey realistically the dramatic significance of approaching footsteps a special tile floor was built outside the drawing-room set. And the emotional link between audience and players is intensified when cameras, shooting from an underground pit opening onto the set, show the villain scooping an incriminating letter from the floor and again when he finally falls on the lethal shears.

To bring off the stabbing effectively, Hitchcock had Miss Kelly stretch back agonizingly for the scissors, which were placed almost beyond her grasp. Then, reaching around the intruder, she stabs deeply into a thick pad concealed beneath Dawson's coat. Injured, but not yet mortally, he staggers and falls, back to audience. As he does so, a prop man off-camera manipulates the scissors by a wire so that when Dawson drops they remain erect, impaling him and appearing, as the gruesome close-up shows, to give the fatal thrust.

During one rehearsal of this scene, Hitchcock slumped into a chair, watched silently until the grunts and stifled screams were over. The exhausted principals looked up hopefully from the floor. "Nicely done," was the verdict. "But let's try it again. There wasn't enough gleam to the scissors. And the murder without gleaming scissors is like asparagus without hollandaise sauce."

—EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SANFORD ROTH

Plot backfires as Grace Kelly stabs would-be murderer at grim point in Hitchcock thriller

Killer Anthony Dawson staggers, clutching at back, as scene builds achingly to final shock

Camera at floor level catches chilling sight of Dawson's fall, as impact drives the gleaming scissors deeper into his body

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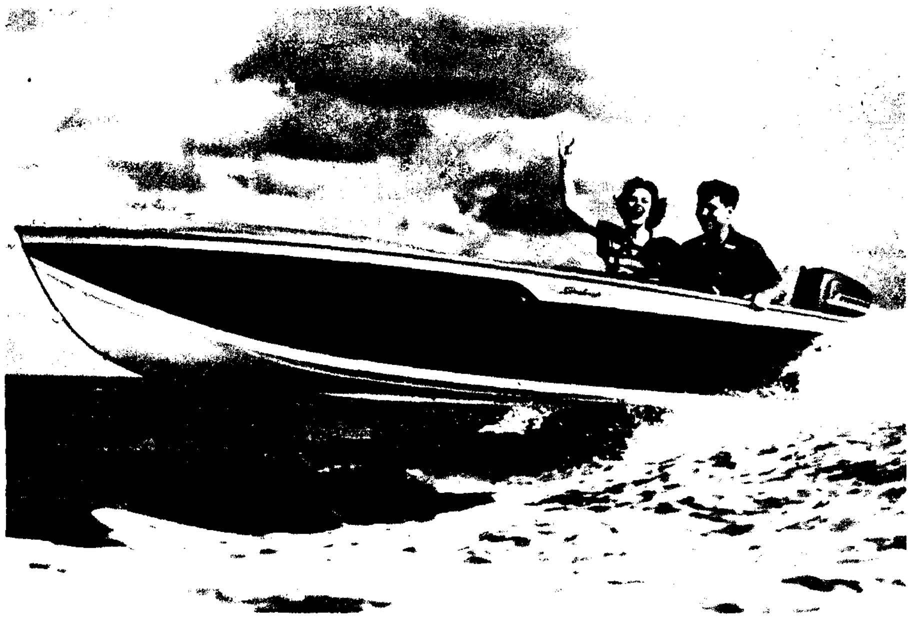

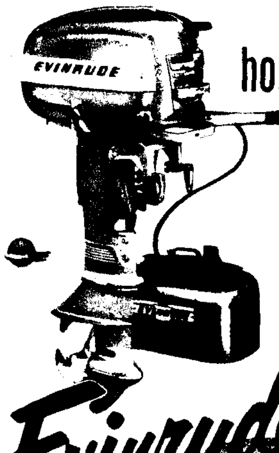

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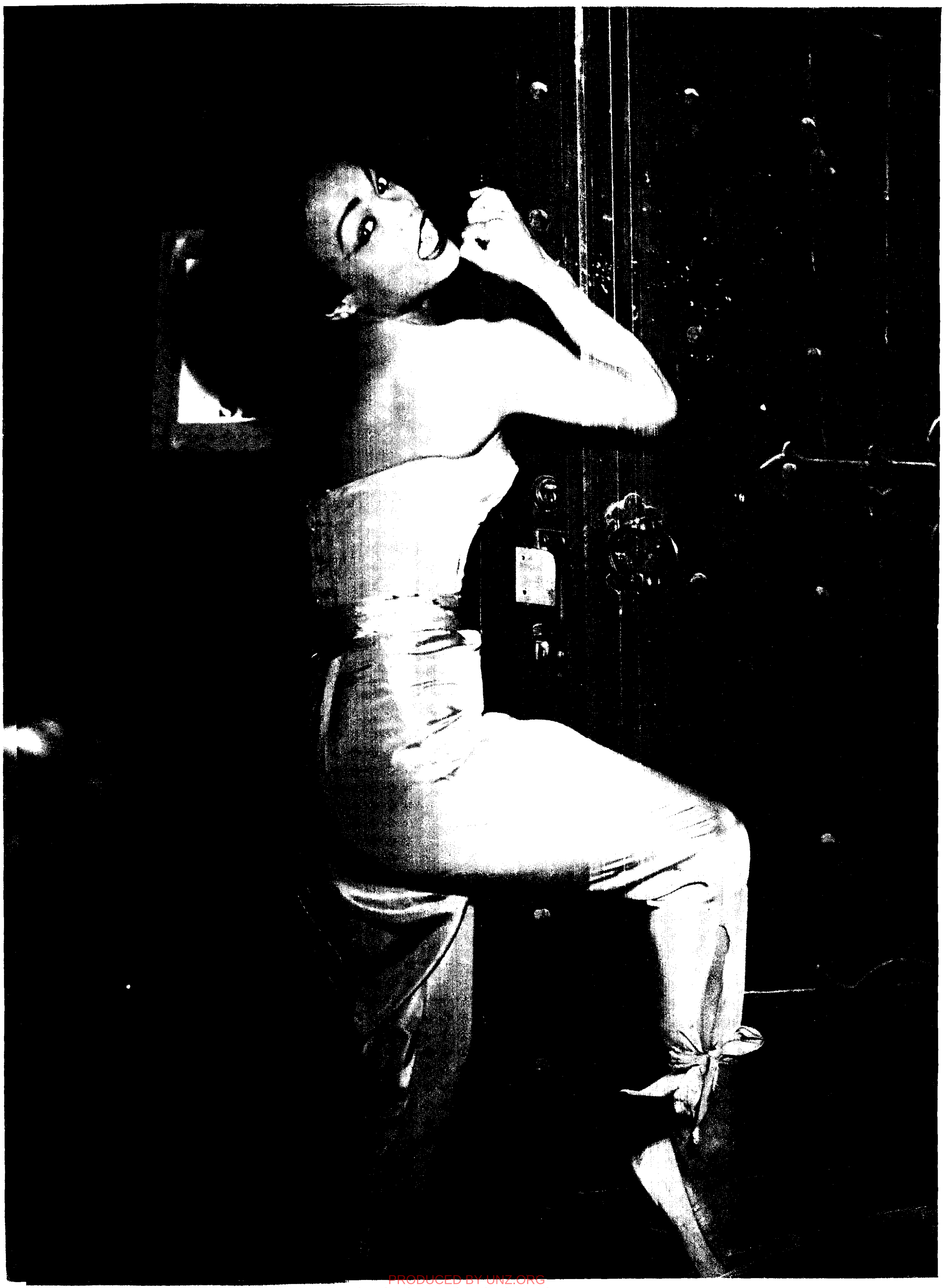

This smoldering songstress has set the entertainment world ablaze in three continents and six languages. Her talents are unusual. "Two choruses," declares one observer, "and every man is a king of beasts"

By RICHARD DONOVAN

The cool Kitt, relaxing between performances

Eartha Kitt... FIRE IN ICE

LIKE a young lioness in game country, Miss Eartha Kitt ran an interested eye over the late-show customers at the Mocambo night club in Hollywood, one recent midnight. She was singing her curtain number. *"C'est si bon,"* she crooned, weaving the shoulders that have caused unrest on three continents. *"Je cherche un millionaire . . ."*

In the dim spotlight, Miss Kitt's small, moody, up-angled face had a considering expression, as though she could not decide whether to caress the customers or spring for their jugular veins. Her great, dark eyes seemed to brim with warmth while staring straight through various boiled shirt fronts. Below the eyes, the main event, a five-foot-two, 110-pound figure, vibrating with health and handsome, concealed muscles, filled a sequined gown with a suggestion of animal force powerful enough to transfix the young and make the old take cover.

"Si bon . . ." she sang, her gaze licking hungrily about. ". . . . *Avec des grands* Cadillac cars. . . . m-m-m-m. . . ."

When she finished singing, the customers, who had been crouching in silence, rose with a sustained roar of applause that shook the Mocambo as never before. Even the bartenders were surprised at the volume. Bowing her way off stage, Miss Kitt smiled sleepily and possessively. Once out of sight, however, her smile vanished. She came through her dressing-room door like grapeshot, grabbed a box of candy and hurled it, narrowly missing the Mocambo's proprietor, Charlie Morrison.

With practiced aplomb, Morrison's eye followed the trajectory of the missile. As the chocolates spattered about the floor, he turned to Miss Kitt with an air of calm interest.

"So what's new?" he inquired.

Startled by the number of chocolates that had shot out of the box, but determined to be angry anyhow, Miss Kitt began to splutter.

"That dead pan in the corner!" she fumed. "I couldn't see his face but I saw his hands. He didn't clap once. Not once!"

Regarding Miss Kitt with the patience of one who has lived long and precariously in a world of candy-throwers, Morrison arose slowly. "Observe," he said, waving a hand around at the room, which was groaning with gifts of flowers, perfume, chocolates, congratulatory telegrams, invitations from other club owners to play their places, and other trappings of triumph. "Listen," he said, opening the door to let in the sound of the record applause.

"The world is coming in the windows and you worry about one dead pan. Besides," he added, "the dead pan was me. How can I applaud on what I'm paying you?"

Abruptly, Miss Kitt threw back her head and began to laugh uproariously. Morrison took this emotional about-face as he had her anger—as a matter of course. Of all the ladies to come down the entertainment road in his time, Miss Kitt certainly blew hotter and colder, more often and more suddenly, than anybody he had encountered. At one moment, Miss Kitt was all business. The next moment, she might start turning cart wheels; then she might grow haughty as a Spanish grandee; then begin, inexplicably, to weep; then cock a dry, analytical eye at world manners and morals; then turn suddenly childish.

Ragging a Scale of Personalities

In her repertoire, he had found Miss Kitt no less mercurial. She can sing with the ferocity of a camp-meeting shouter. Then, changing personalities as fast as she changes languages, she can turn innocent in Turkish, fire up in Spanish, sink into gloom in German, exuberate in Italian and subside into a friendly spirit of collaboration in Creole patois. At one moment, there is about her a distinct feeling of the alley and don't-give-your-right-name, at others, the chaste rustle of the seminary—all overlain by an aura of cold world-wisdom hard to imagine in one of her twenty-six years.

This rapidly alternating current in Miss Kitt has often swept various famous, talented, wealthy and titled gents into her gravitational field. Simultaneously, it has lighted up marquees all over the U.S.

In two years, Miss Kitt has risen from the relative obscurity of an intimate night-club *chanteuse* to break all-time attendance records at the Mocambo and other places. She became the principal draw of the recent hit revue New Faces of 1952, and the star attraction of its current movie version. Her fee for a single television guest shot has gone up from $500 to $5,000, while her weekly night-club fee has risen from $350 (at New York's Village Vanguard) to $10,000 (at Las Vegas' El Rancho Vegas).

Spectacular as her personal-appearance career has been, it is her recordings that have made her a national figure. According to RCA officials who wax her songs, she is one of that company's five best-selling recording stars, along with such well-established favorites as Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, Tony Martin and the Ames Brothers. She is also one of the top ten on the nation's jukeboxes, her releases of Monotonous, *C'est Si Bon,* Santa Baby, Uska Dara, I Want to Be Evil, Somebody Bad Stole de Wedding Bell, Lovin' Spree, Let's Do It and two albums (RCA-Victor Presents Eartha Kitt and The Bad Eartha) having sold over 2,000,000 in little more than 16 months.

Miss Kitt, who tends to be cool about her success, feels this showing is respectable for a newcomer. "Particularly when they say I haven't got a voice," she adds crisply.

By many record makers and disc jockeys, Miss Kitt is indeed pronounced virtually voiceless. But when they try to account for her success in the disembodied world of records, they begin to fumble for an explanation.

"Eartha's a great stylist," says RCA vice-president Manie Sacks. "She can't compete with a Dinah Shore or a Doris Day on a pop record. She needs special material and a big-city audience. But with the right song, she comes through on wax so you never feel you've been cheated out of a performance."

"She's a sound, a very singular sound," says Joe Carlton, RCA's Popular Artists and Repertoire man. "There are better voices around. But no matter how fast you spin your dial, you identify her immediately."

"She's bought for her interpretation," says the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANDRE DE DIENES

Her musicians often hit sour notes—because they can't play and watch, too

CARL PERUTZ

Eartha sings. Most critics say she has only a fair voice, but they differ about what makes her great. The answer may be her unique delivery, described by one man as "red-hot-remote"

nation's number one disc jockey, Martin Block. "You could drive a truck through her vibrato. But who cares?"

Even on television, with the celebrated Kitt equipment in there to back up the words and music, such an experienced master of ceremonies as Ed Sullivan finds explanation difficult.

"When this girl drops her head and walks straight at you, staring straight at you, it's like getting hit with a blackjack," he says. "When most singers walk, they walk. When Kitt walks, it becomes a personal proposition."

Other minds have struggled manfully to unravel the Kitt enigma, with equally inconclusive results. The man who has come as close as any other to the answer is an astute press agent who has described her air of controlled combustibility as "red-hot-remote." He meant that when the average male comes within range of Miss Kitt, he hears, or thinks he hears, an unmistakable call of the wild. Looking closer, however, he is chilled by her aloofness. Nevertheless, the call comes again, seemingly directed at him alone. "You can't ignore a message like that," says this observer. "Two choruses of anything, even Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, and every man's a king of beasts."

Miss Kitt may have a sound and a message, as the gentlemen say, but so have many other performers. It is Miss Kitt's capacity for grinding, hard labor that has made the difference. In working out the routine for her New Faces hit song, Monotonous, for example, she worked 30 days, trying one approach and then another until she felt she had it right to the last note and movement. She flew to New York from Detroit to rehearse for her recent TV appearance on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, and, according to producer Marlo Lewis, worked like a precision instrument.

"When we first had Eartha on our show," says Lewis, "she was very correct and reserved, called everybody by their last name. This time she seemed much more secure, personally and professionally. She came in wearing blue jeans and flats, and started ironing out her two numbers, which were complicated by elaborate backgrounds. She took hours on every step and every bit of delivery. She must have rehearsed each number a dozen times—after she had them down cold.

"Every so often," Lewis adds, "she'd switch from the skilled technician to the child. In one number, she was working with puppets, and she became so fascinated by them she kept forgetting her lyrics. Then Sammy Davis, Jr., a singer friend who had dropped by, gave her a toy panda almost as big as she was. She lugged it all over the stage—we couldn't get the damn' thing away from her. Held up rehearsal half an hour."

When she is making a record, Miss Kitt works just as hard, even though the wax may have to be cut again and again until it is right.

"She never makes a grand entrance," says RCA musical director Henri René. "No working temperament. She just sneaks into the sound studio in slacks and sits in a corner, or else gets up and prowls around, talking to the musicians, trying to play the horns, full of chatter and curiosity until we're ready to go. Then she bears down. Eartha," says René, "is very expressive, physically, when she sings. This makes for a lot of green notes in the background. The musicians can't watch her and the music at the same time."

She's Critical of Her Own Records

Working or playing, Miss Kitt radiates an atmosphere of tautness, as though she contained a tightly wound spring. Listening to her own records, she sits hunched over and frowning, taking them apart as she might those of a competitor. She does not just watch TV, she studies it for pointers.

"Eartha does everything at top speed," says one friend. "She rushes to open doors for herself. She is one of the fastest cooks in upper Manhattan, where she lives. A while ago she took up painting as a hobby, started rushing it and ended up at the Art Institute of Chicago, studying like mad. She also decided to relax with golf and the first time out was struggling furiously to break 100."

Outsiders who have encountered Miss Kitt have often concluded that, appearances notwithstanding, she is really quite a tough citizen, with an awesome power drive and a coldly calculating mind where her feelings ought to be. Certain of her activities probably help give rise to such estimates. She has negotiated many of her own contracts, for example, and has on occasion handled her own budget and business affairs.

This activity, which she conducts with chilly efficiency, horrifies hard bargainers—like the TV producer she recently dealt out of a $1,000 fee after the mighty William Morris Agency had been able to get her a top of only $750. It also embitters various show-business mercenaries, like the business manager who tried to take her over with a scare approach a few months ago. After reminding her that she might earn more than $300,000 in 1954, this man proceeded to warn her against all the wild beasts waiting to snap up just such an innocent as herself, with no husband to think for her —such an artist. He was perspiring at the thought of it when Miss Kitt, who had been figuring her income tax without assistance, asked him one question. "Sam," she inquired evenly, "if you had managed yourself better, would you have to go to all this trouble trying to manage me?"

Miss Kitt's steely intelligence has jarred more than one would-be protector. The fox is always surprised when the rabbit turns up with a high IQ. Respect for Miss Kitt's mental powers is not always based on the discovery that she can read the fine print, however. Recording officials have long been awed by her unerring judgment in her selection of songs. "We always work out arrangements together, tossing ideas back and forth," says Henri René. "Lots of ideas, like that muttered Cadillac business in *C'est Si Bon,* have been hers."

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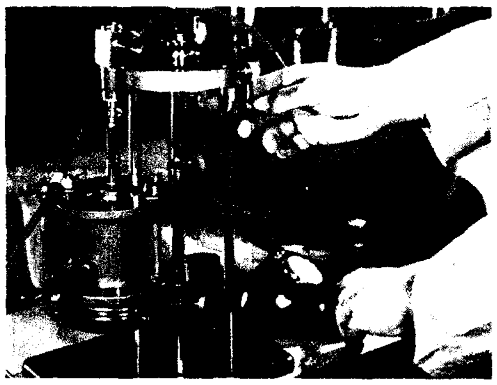

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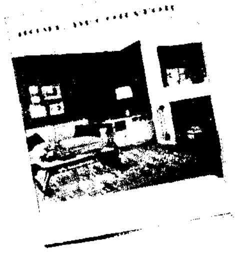

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Orson Welles acted with her in Paris and said: "T

club owners value most in Miss Kitt is her split-second ability to improvise behind the footlights. At the Blue Angel one midnight, for example, she was wearing a tight, jet-spangled gown with a "peek-a-boo hip" (a slit that ran from her waist down one thigh). While she was en route to the spotlight, a thread on the rear of her gown caught on a piece of scenery. As she undulated on stage with the back of her gown unraveling visibly, she caught audience titters over her song, discovered that her glamor was rapidly vanishing (or perhaps increasing) behind, took the thread in her hand and leisurely unraveled the gown herself, thus turning a possible rout into the season's most interesting strip tease.

Two Conflicting Impressions

While pleasing to her employers, Miss Kitt's presence of mind in the pinches, plus her drive and tension, have caused many casual acquaintances to see her as a self-propelled projectile targeted on success. Friends take a warmer view.

"Eartha can't help playing the great lady with strangers," says Jimmy Shelton, a song-writer friend of hers. "It's a defense. Sometimes when she has the tiara on, I'll say, 'Come off it; who do you think you are—the queen of England?' And she'll break up with laughter. Actually," Shelton adds, "she's a child and a very shy one. Occasionally, shyness seems like defiance with her . . ."

When New Faces was in Boston, Shelton and some of the cast were invited to a party at the home of a top-drawer Back Bay family.

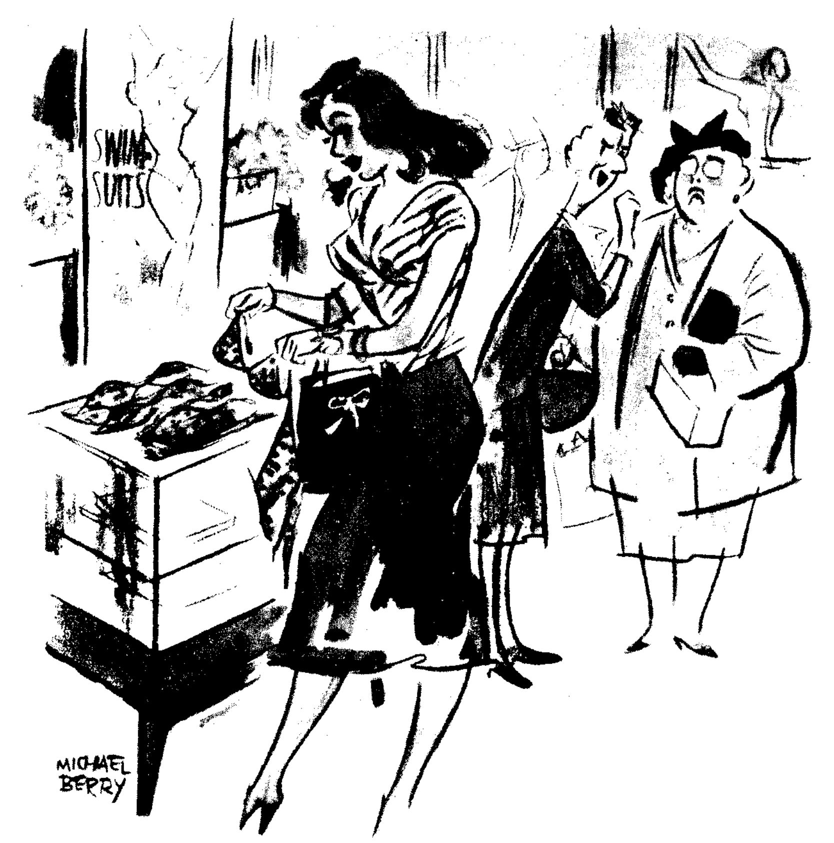
"She was tremendously shy," Shelton says. "Everybody tried to talk to her but she wouldn't say a word. When someone asked her to sing, she walked over to the piano and ran through an entire song with her back to the people. All evening long, Eartha never did quit defying whatever it was she was defying."

For a long time, Virginia Wicks, who is Miss Kitt's handsome and lively press agent, did not know what to think of her star client. On one occasion, Miss Kitt shook her publicist off coldly when Miss Wicks tried to thank her for two costly gifts. On another, when Miss Wicks was very ill and being fed intravenously in a hospital, Miss Kitt arrived with a mutual friend, gave the press agent an airy, "Well, how long are you going to be in here?" for a greeting, conversed distantly for a few minutes and left without a good-by.

"That performance might have retarded my convalescence," says Miss Wicks. "But the friend called later to say that Eartha had cried all the way home and into the night. When I asked her about it finally, she said: 'Ginny, I can't show emotion. But you're supposed to *know* how I feel.' "

It is often difficult to know how Miss Kitt feels, since, under stress, she sometimes retreats into a private emotional world. On such retreats, she may lock herself in her room and remain wordless for hours, giving free rein to her brooding, fatalistic sense.

"Then suddenly she'll feel like pouring it all out," says Miss Wicks, "and she'll jump up and start singing, or giggling like a vivacious little girl."



COLLIER'S "When she buys tiny garments they're for herself" MICHAEL BERRY

Last summer, when the Misses Kitt and Wicks arrived at a rather sedate Pennsylvania boys' camp to visit Miss Wicks's young son, Michael Dunaway, Eartha suddenly felt like pouring it all out. With a clutch of visiting parents watching on the camp's big front lawn, she got out of her car and did handsprings down the entire length of grass.

Off stage, Miss Kitt has small concern for observers. After dressing to the teeth for an interview and picture session in Hollywood recently, she suddenly noticed that one of her three cats was missing. After searching her bungalow yard in panic, she heard a meow under the house, got down on her stomach in a $500 gown, crawled through filth and cobwebs, retrieved the cat and was comforting it when the press arrived. She greeted them as though there were nothing at all out of the way.

"For Eartha," Miss Wicks says, "it was a simple matter: cat's under the house; get the cat. That's all."

Miss Wicks, who has been watching Miss Kitt's head in action for some time now, says that she is very easily hurt by others, which is why she withdraws; that she is incapable of insincerity, which is why she often speaks her mind in startling fashion; that she enjoys acclaim but gets frightened at too much of it, and that she believes in following her feelings although her mind is her balance wheel.

"Eartha is also a child of nature," Miss Wicks adds.

A reporter who interviewed Miss Kitt in San Francisco recently had occasion to observe this child-of-nature bent. Miss Kitt, drawn to a fine edge from overwork, was sitting alone in her dressing room, reading Dostoevski's Notes from Underground and weeping quietly. The reporter, who felt unwell himself that day—he believed he had a fever which might indicate something serious developing—asked what the trouble was. "My tongue is coated," said Miss Kitt sorrowfully, sticking it out. Her tongue *was* coated. Positive he was closeted with something catching, the reporter hurried his questions, which she answered vaguely. Then, without warning, Miss Kitt stood up, slipped suddenly and startlingly out of a quilted robe and began to walk around absolutely unprotected from dangerous drafts, her mind far away, like nature's child. The reporter felt his brow. He had a fever, all right.

In Orson Welles's Faust

The reporter's malaise was not without precedent. Around the world, Miss Kitt has raised more temperatures than chicken pox.

In Paris, for example, Orson Welles flatly declared Miss Kitt to be "the most exciting woman in the world." He spoke from close-in observation. When he was casting his European production of Faust in late 1951, Welles summoned her for an interview, listened to a few moments of her husky reading and immediately cast her opposite him in the role of Helen of Troy.

"In the third act," Miss Kitt remembers, "I was supposed to make Faust, played by Orson, immortal with a kiss. He gave the script such a literal reading that my lips were constantly bruised. One night he bit me. When I asked what that was for, he said it was his 'compliment to all women of all times.' Inscrutable. No?"

Mr. Welles is not the only man who has strained his vocabulary in Miss Kitt's behalf. In Cannes, Porfirio Rubirosa, who often escorted her and whose observations on female life must be considered definitive, recently pronounced her "a woman of deep and troubling restlessness . . . a fire in ice." At Churchills night club in London, where she has performed, an obscure member of the House of Windsor undershot this gentleman a little by confining his remarks to Miss Kitt's figure. “Eartha,” he said, “is an arrangement to unhinge men's minds.” At the same night club, the maharaja of Cooch Behar, a turbaned *aficionado* of Continental night life, was heard to sing out like a borzoi while watching her give a few simple tosses in a little Turkish hip dance. *“Ravissante!”* bayed the maharaja hoarsely. “I am destroyed!”

Many Men Get Similar Ideas

Of all these polished estimates, the maharaja's is probably the most expressive. It was used, in essence, by Yale boys who this year voted Miss Kitt the girl with whom they would most like to attend their junior prom. Old gentlemen, offering in letters to share their farms or hardware businesses with her, have used versions of it, as have bankers, businessmen and bounding youths who have sent flowers, perfume and notes to her dressing rooms. The thought has occurred to Paris designers who wanted her to wear their gowns, to choreographers who wanted her to do their dances, to meticulously groomed Greeks who wanted to talk about Aphrodite and to Turks who wanted to talk turkey, as the saying is. Sculptors who have persistently seen in Miss Kitt a reincarnation of famous, combustible women of antiquity, such as Cleopatra and the Egyptian queen, Nefertiti, have often echoed the maharaja's phrase. So have those possibly intuitive admirers who have sent her dozens of blooded cats as gifts.

Not long ago, a Wisconsin graduate student, a Hotspur of the Dairy State, wrote her as follows: “You are one of those one-in-a-million international women who have enriched history from age to age . . . I cannot imagine you ever having been separate from luxury and pleasure. . . . ‘Exotic’ is the word that comes to mind . . .”

Miss Kitt answers almost every letter she gets, but she threw that one in the wastebasket. “If this boy really believes all that,” she said, “I'm not going to write and confuse him with my memoirs.”

It was a reasonable attitude. Miss Kitt's memoirs can be disenchanting. They begin in the town of North, South Carolina. In 1928, when she was born there, North was a few pine-board-and-tar-paper shacks on a steaming cotton lowland, surrounded by a brooding forest—back country heavy with poverty and superstition.

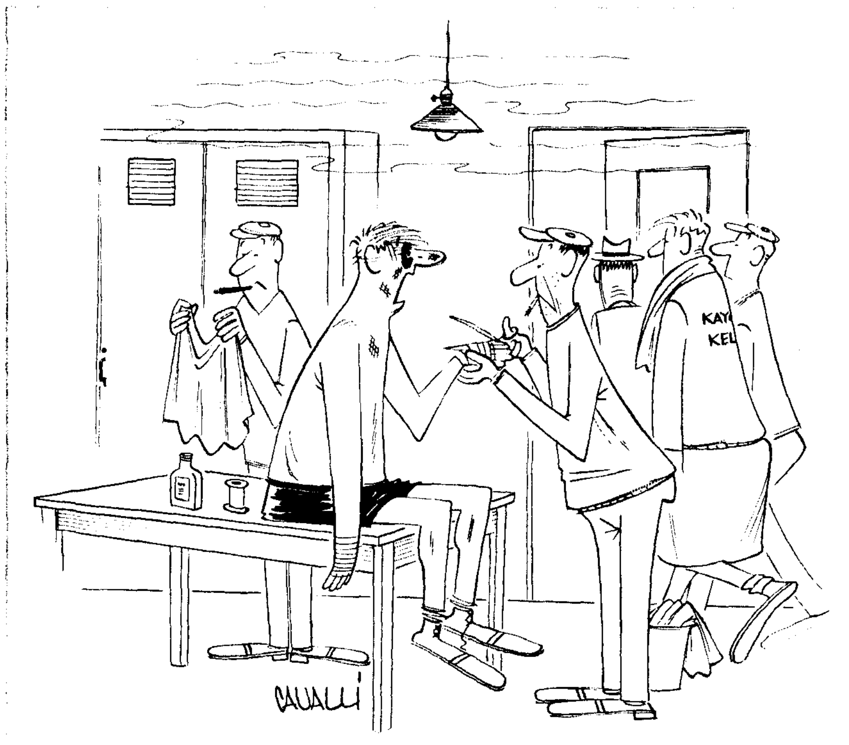
“The first thing I remember,” Miss Kitt says, “is a long dirt road in the sundown and my mother had me by the hand and my sister Anna Pearl on her arm and we were walking through North to the house of a widow woman we knew, named Aunt Rosa. I was six and my sister was four. The important thing about this walk is that my sister and I weren't coming back from it.”

The reasons were involved, as Miss Kitt recalls. Her father, a cotton sharecropper who had named her Eartha to thank the land for one good yield in six, had run off one day, leaving her mother to labor as a field hand and live around with relatives and friends. Then her mother had married again and her stepfather had agreed to take Anna Pearl to another town to raise. But not Eartha.

“I was too fair,” she explains. “Also, my hair was long and brown—it's still brown but I dye it black. While we were walking, I heard my mother telling me that that was why my sister and I had to go live with the widow woman, so we wouldn't be separated. I was too fair. ‘Eartha,’ I remember my mother said to me the last time I saw her, ‘we only are what we can do. And we do what we can. You try hard now. You hear?’ And I said I heard.”

For a long time, Miss Kitt says, she believed she was only on loan to Aunt Rosa and that her mother would come back for her any day.

But when Eartha was seven, her mother died and was buried in a forest graveyard halfway to the big white house where the owner of all the fields



COLLIER'S

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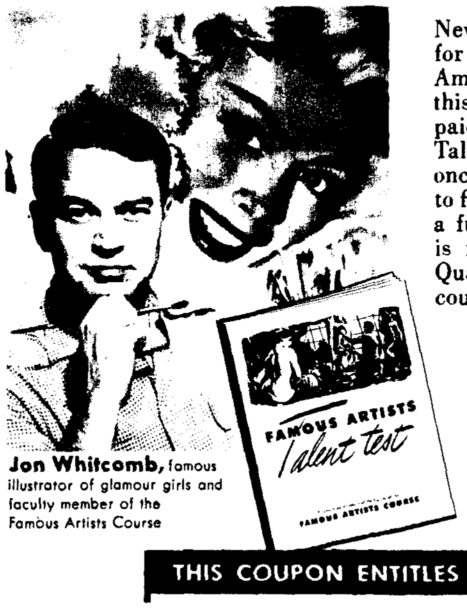

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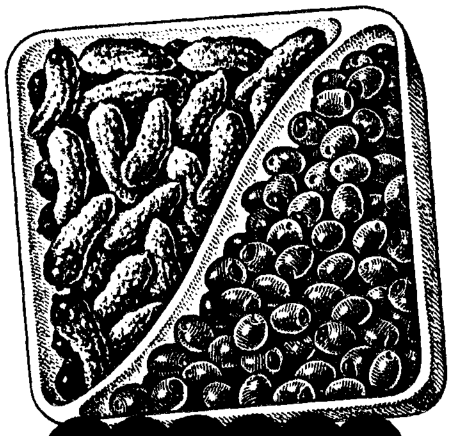

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She began her career by getting a dance scholarsh

lived. One night shortly after that, Aunt Rosa sickened. As the news got around, relatives and friends gathered at her shack. Around midnight, it became clear that someone would have to go to the white house for medicine. But it was a night of the young moon, dim and windless, moving with shadow and the dark, dry rustling of the dead; a night when the dogs whined.

The white house was three miles away by the shortest path, which led through the forest and past the cemetery. The elders stood around, not looking at one another.

Walking Alone in the Dark

"Suddenly, I heard myself saying I'd go," Miss Kitt remembers. "A man named Bug looked at me and asked if I really would, and I said yes. I was excited. I didn't feel the fear until I was out in the dark and they closed the door behind me.

"In the forest," Miss Kitt went on, "I walked very small so as not to attract the shapes. But I rattled a stone and felt the touch. When I saw the graveyard, I backed up against a tree and stood for a long time. Then it came to me that if I took the side path past my mother's grave, she would rise and speak for me among the spirits and I could pass. And I did that. After I got the medicine," she concluded, "I ran most of the way home, but not any longer out of fear."

To those who nowadays think her cold, Miss Kitt says: "Not cold—just a little numb sometimes. Courtesy of my childhood."

Miss Kitt was particularly numb over a message that arrived one day when she was eight. A family friend named Joyce Wayde, who lived in Harlem, wrote to say that she would like to adopt Eartha. She sent a box of clothes and train fare. The news shook North, South Carolina. On the great day, Eartha was bathed in a tub in Aunt Rosa's front room before the assembled relatives and friends. For the first time in her life, her hair was combed and plaited in three braids, one of which hung over her forehead like a turkey comb. With ritualistic gravity, the elders put every piece of clothing in the box on her—two suits of long underwear, button shoes and three pairs of black-ribbed stockings, two dresses, a sweater, a windbreaker, an overcoat, mittens and a tam. It was known to be dangerously cold in New York. Thus fortified, she was given food—a box lunch of catfish sandwiches, some celery and an apple.

"They warned me about New York City," Miss Kitt recalls. "Trains ran through the air and fell off, killing hundreds of people, they said. Buildings as tall as mountains leaned all around and sometimes fell down. I tried to say I didn't want to go to a place like that. But I just sat and hung onto my train ticket."

After the brooding Carolina back country, eight-year-old Eartha Kitt took one look at New York and felt she had fallen into a cement mixer. Roarings came from underground, lights flashed everywhere, machines seemed to run the place. Once more, she walked very small. Only gradually, under Mrs. Wayde's patient tutelage, did Eartha learn to accept plumbing, electricity, radio and the other city mysteries to be found in and outside the Wayde tenement in Harlem. At school she was grave and watchful, saying little but hearing and remembering everything. In the eighth grade, she did after-school sewing. In 1943, she left high school at the end of her second year, and went to work, five to eleven each weekday night, in a Brooklyn factory that repaired used Army uniforms. The uniforms, newly washed but yet unbleached, had been taken from the wounded and dead on the battlefields of the war. Bending over her sewing machine, repairing the jagged blood-stained holes, she became haunted by fantasies. Midnight after midnight, with her heels echoing and her mind swarming with imagined strangers who had been hit in the legs, or the back or the chest, she walked home through the dark streets of Harlem.

"When I felt I might start yelling, I took the bus," she says.

At sixteen, when Miss Kitt thought she might never get out of the factory, destiny in the shape of another young Negro girl stopped her on the street one day and inquired the way to the Katherine Dunham studio. On impulse, Eartha went along to try out for the famed Dunham dance group.

"I didn't know how to dance," Miss Kitt says, "but I tried anyhow. I was desperate."

To her astonishment, Eartha was awarded a scholarship. But her giddiness at this triumph soon vanished when she began the grueling training grind of the usual Dunham neophyte. "I never got out of the studio to see the footlights," she says. For almost a year she labored to learn the intricate patterns of Miss Dunham's Haitian, Cuban and African dances. On the side, she also started memorizing the complex Afro-Cuban and Creole patois songs.

"Eartha never did slow down," says Dolores Marki, a former pianist for the Dunham company who lives in Miss Kitt's New York apartment building, and is one of her oldest and closest friends. "She worked like she was possessed," Mrs. Marki added. "It was that drive, plus her great natural talent, that made her one of the few in the group who pulled out on her own."

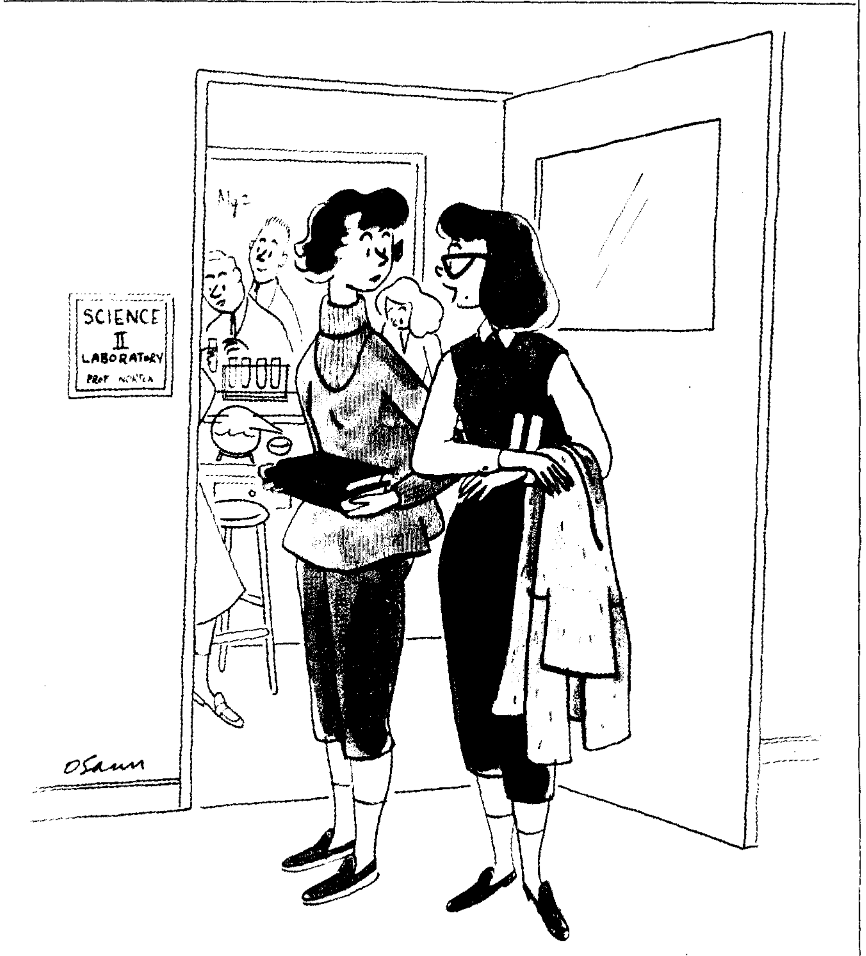
On Tour in Many Countries

At twenty, Eartha was ready to tour Mexico and then Europe with Miss Dunham's first company. In each country, most of her off hours were spent away from the group, among Frenchmen, Swedes, Turks, Egyptians and other nationals, learning all she could about them, including their languages. She soaked up sights, sounds and world wisdom like a sponge. "It was as though she had only a year to grow up in," says Mrs. Marki. Simultaneously, her performances began attracting so much attention that, by 1950, she felt confident enough to leave the group to take an offer to sing at Carroll's night club, in Paris.

Shaking violently in a high-necked gown, Miss Kitt faced her first audience alone.

"The manager saw me just before my cue," she recalls, "and he grabbed

TIZZY



"Professor Norton seems to be improving as a teacher. I've been learning a lot lately"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

his head and came running over, yelling, 'You can't go on that way!' Then he reached down and tore my gown to the hips on both sides and pushed me out into the spotlight. I had wanted them to like me for my voice," she says "not my thighs. But my notices next day were very good. Very good. In fact, I stayed at Carroll's eleven months."

By the end of her engagement, the French were calling her the rage of Paris. Not to be outdone, the English called her the rage of London when she opened at Churchills. Later, the Turks who crowded the Kervansaray, in Istanbul, apparently considered that faint praise. On her opening night at that club, they talked loudly through her first number and more loudly still through her second. As Miss Kitt was about to walk out in tears, the manager came running up in ecstasy.

"I have never heard such talking," he cried. "It is the highest accolade. You are a sensation. Sing some more, and there may be even shouting."

Miss Kitt sang some more.

"Never before has there been shouting in the Kervansaray," said the manager, brokenly. "You are the sun and the moon!"

So far as Europe was concerned, Miss Kitt, who had been a factory seamstress some seven years earlier, had emerged as the ranking great lady of the night clubs. Her simmering air, her growing entourage of celebrated escorts, the ways she looked in a string of dazzling gowns and the multilingual virtuosity of her singing combined to stamp her personality firmly on the mind of the Continental night dweller. "Europe," wrote one Parisian reviewer, "will listen to Miss Kitt as long as she cares to sing."

"The reviews read fine," she says. "But I still had to go home. In New York, I was practically nobody."

When Miss Kitt opened at La Vie En Rose in New York in December, 1951, she was again scared stiff. Everybody had been telling her what to do and what to sing, and she had listened. As a result, the red-hot-remote was only remote. "Miss Kitt seemed to be trying to demonstrate the number of languages in which it is possible for a human being to sing," wrote one critic. The opening was a misfortune, the succeeding performances were worse.

"It got so bad I began to look frantically for a way out," Miss Kitt says. "After five days, I found it. I slipped and hit my chin on the floor. I was laid up six weeks and I couldn't have been more relieved."

Back to Blues and Spirituals

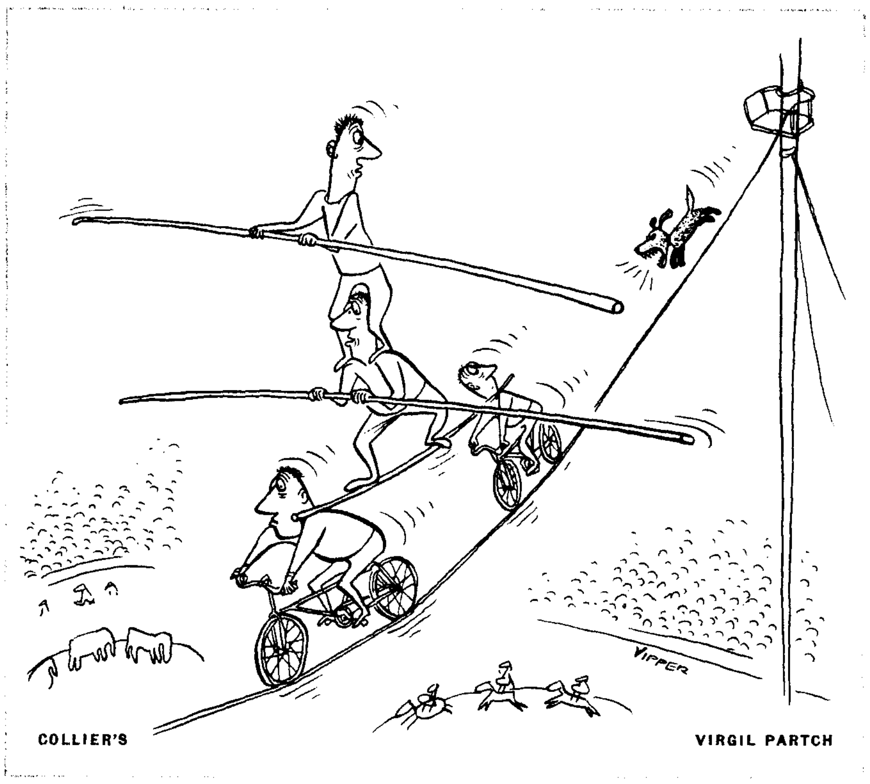
In her second try at New York—at the Village Vanguard—Miss Kitt stopped listening to advice and rang in spirituals, the blues and some old Bessie Smith belters along with the cultivated material. Suddenly, the fierce will, forged in the backwoods and the factory, began to burn through the overlay of sophistication that had begun to seal her in. The blast sent the critics away talking in the rapturous language to which Miss Kitt has since become accustomed.

"After that, I never let anybody tell me what the secret of my success could be for fear I might find out what it was, and lose it," she says. "I just let things go along."

Things, as Miss Kitt says, have certainly gone along. Her yearly gross exceeds that of most businesses; Jacques Fath creations dominate her $25,000 wardrobe; she has stimulated the interest of the jukebox set in the French language; dozens of song writers strain themselves to compose special material for her; she has had at least seven play offers and an equal number of movie offers, and television and night-club employers now stand in line for her services.

"Eartha," says one friend, "has a solid greenback future."

On the other side of the greenback, however, she has more obligations than a defunct bank. She must move fast, keep smiling and produce big every time, for there is a threat of extinction even in the warmest applause. She must appear at benefits, parties, the photographer's, the voice teacher's, the hairdresser's, at ad agencies, press



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"The faster I go, the faster it seems I have to go"

agencies, talent agencies, song agencies, business agencies, railroad stations, airports, studios, dressing rooms and rehearsals—and always on time. Success is a series of imperatives. Her accelerating career requires that she respond to hundreds of sudden demands—a telegram eats up two weeks for a night-club stint in Buffalo, a phone call blots out three days for a New York TV performance the week end of the twenty-fifth; Monday must be set aside for the cutting of a record. Appointment by appointment, day by day, the months vanish.

"The only appointments I never seem able to keep are the ones I make with myself," she says.

Miss Kitt meets most of her obligations steadily. But when they grow too formidable, she retreats.

"Occasionally, I have to get some real life," she says.

In the Privacy of Her Home

Real life, for North, South Carolina's only international *chanteuse*, centers around her headquarters—a softly decorated, picture-and-book-lined, four-room terraced penthouse apartment overlooking the Hudson, in upper Manhattan. When the pressures force her to take time off, she vanishes for days into this apartment, wandering silently around, listening to the music of Bartok and Bach and Ravel, rereading various king posts of literature, with emphasis on Ibsen, Shaw and the Russians, sewing a few personal touches into a gown by Dior or a hat by Daché, frying bacon and eggs now and then or watching the sun go down or the big storms come in from across the continent. The telephone is muffled and the only life around her emanates from her cats.

On such retreats she may appear at midnight in a bathrobe at the lower-floor apartment door of her friend, Mrs. Marki, in search of aimless talk and some of Mrs. Marki's matzoth-ball soup. Clad in jeans and a sweater, she may show up in a kids' ball game in a nearby park. She is considered a good shortstop and a fair switch hitter. As interest returns, she may step out one afternoon, quietly though expensively suited, wearing no make-up or jewelry, and go for a ride in her convertible. She may return, eyes blazing, to inform Mrs. Marki that she is going out and raise hell, and at six o'clock the next morning, she may come swinging in with an escort to pound on Mrs. Marki's door and cheerfully demand that she get up and make coffee.

"When Eartha starts to get thoughtless about me and her half-dozen other close friends," says Mrs. Marki contentedly, "we all know that she's all right again."

And then, abruptly, the relentless momentum of her professional life takes over again. Last year, Miss Kitt spent nine days in her apartment. The rest of the time, she and her bright and lively secretary, Mrs. Rennie Morrissey, and Mrs. Morrissey's buoyant four-year-old son, John, who is the man in Miss Kitt's life, tore through a world of schedules, phone calls, tips, taxis, bell-hops, picked-at meals, discreetly worded statements, matinees and late late shows, with Eartha's ears pricked always for any change in the volume of the handclapping. Reports came in: "This is your big fame year; 1954 will be your big money year." Contradictory advice came in: "You'd better stick to special material," and, "You'd better try a few straight songs to change the pace." Bank statements came in: "Expenses are running $750 a week." Speculation came in: "Miss Kitt's career will last as long as any fad," and, "Miss Kitt's career will last as long as she wants it to."

Young John Morrissey took the frantic life very cool. He spread toy trains and soldiers and six-guns all over the plush, multiroomed apartments Miss Kitt rented in various towns, to give them some illusion of permanence in the high wind. Mrs. Morrissey grew a little jumpy and dark around the eyes, but her sense of humor held up. In Eartha, the spring wound tighter and tighter. "Of course I'm happy," she wrote to a friend recently. "But the faster I go, the faster it seems I have to go. Even now I can't see the scenery going by . . . I don't know. I started out to get me some freedom and I seem to have wound up in a jail of commitments. I'm losing my feeling of independence . . . and I'm certainly not free . . ."

In a bungalow-type hotel in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, Miss Kitt awoke just after noon feeling flushed and achy. For days, she had been playing evening performances with New Faces, doubling nights for two shows at the Mocambo and keeping an on-the-hour schedule of appointments. Her voice was down to a hoarse rasp. "Someday," she had been telling Mrs. Morrissey constantly, "we are going to have a whole day off to ourselves. We've got to have that day."

Mrs. Morrissey brought in the papers and a thermometer. "Rennie!" exclaimed Miss Kitt, delightedly. "Look here! I've got a fever of 101!"

"I'll call the doctor," said Mrs. Morrissey, worriedly.

"No!" breathed Miss Kitt, a delirious vision of taking not one but seven days off springing up in her mind. "Don't call the doctor! Call Leonard"—New Faces producer Leonard Sillman—"and tell him I can't show up tonight. Call Charlie Morrison and tell him I'm sick. Maybe," sighed Miss Kitt dreamily, sinking back on her pillow, "maybe we'll put a pillow on the telephone and get a quarantine sign on the door."

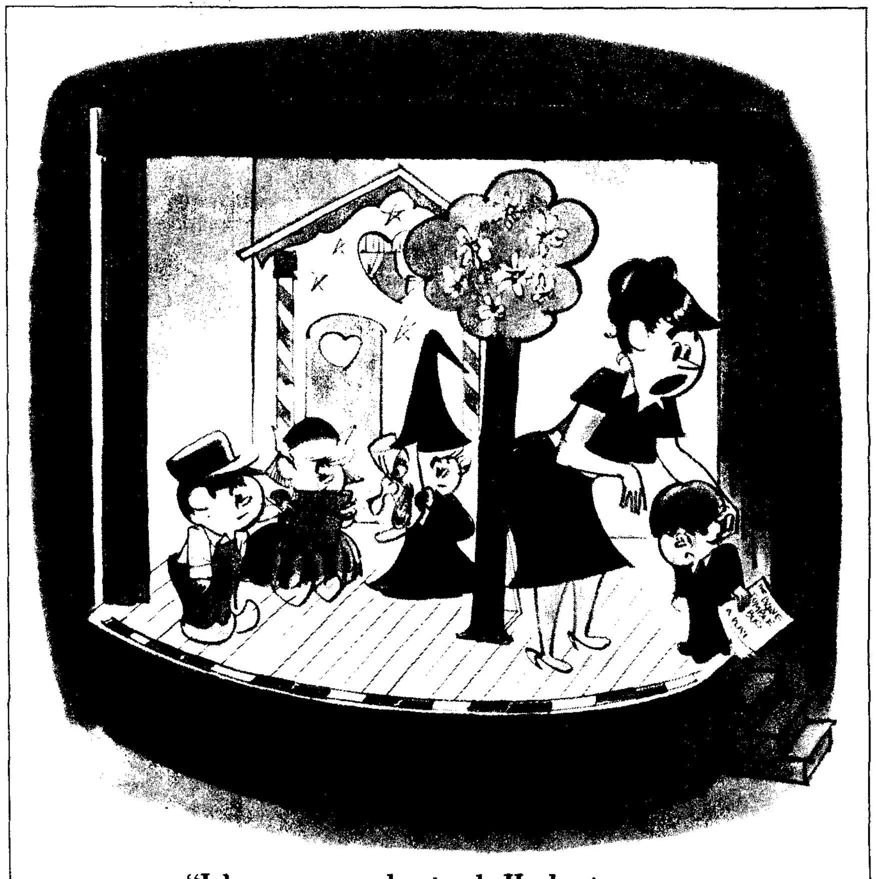
The Promise of a Week in Bed

The doctor told Miss Kitt she had a stomach upset caused by tension, and that she ought to be up and around in a couple of days. "I'm going to spend the whole week in bed," she said firmly. Next morning, Mrs. Morrissey brought in the papers and sat on the edge of her bed, watching her. There were two Kitt items. One said: "Success seems to have gone to Eartha Kitt's well-known temperament. Last night, she disappointed hundreds of theatergoers at the Biltmore without explanation." The other writer was testy about her failure to show at the Mocambo.

"Rennie," said Miss Kitt flatly, looking over the paper. "Call Leonard and Charlie and tell them I'll be there tonight."

"Anything else?" asked Mrs. Morrissey.

"Yes," said Miss Kitt. "Take the pillow off the telephone." ▲▲▲



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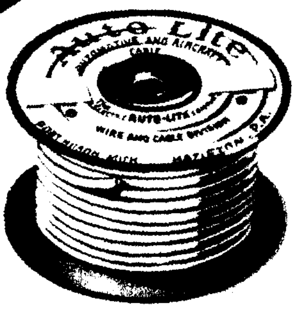
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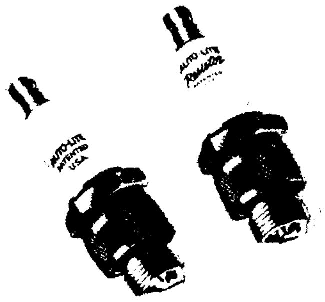
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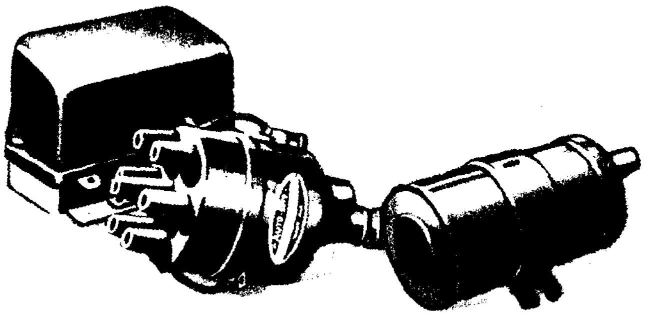

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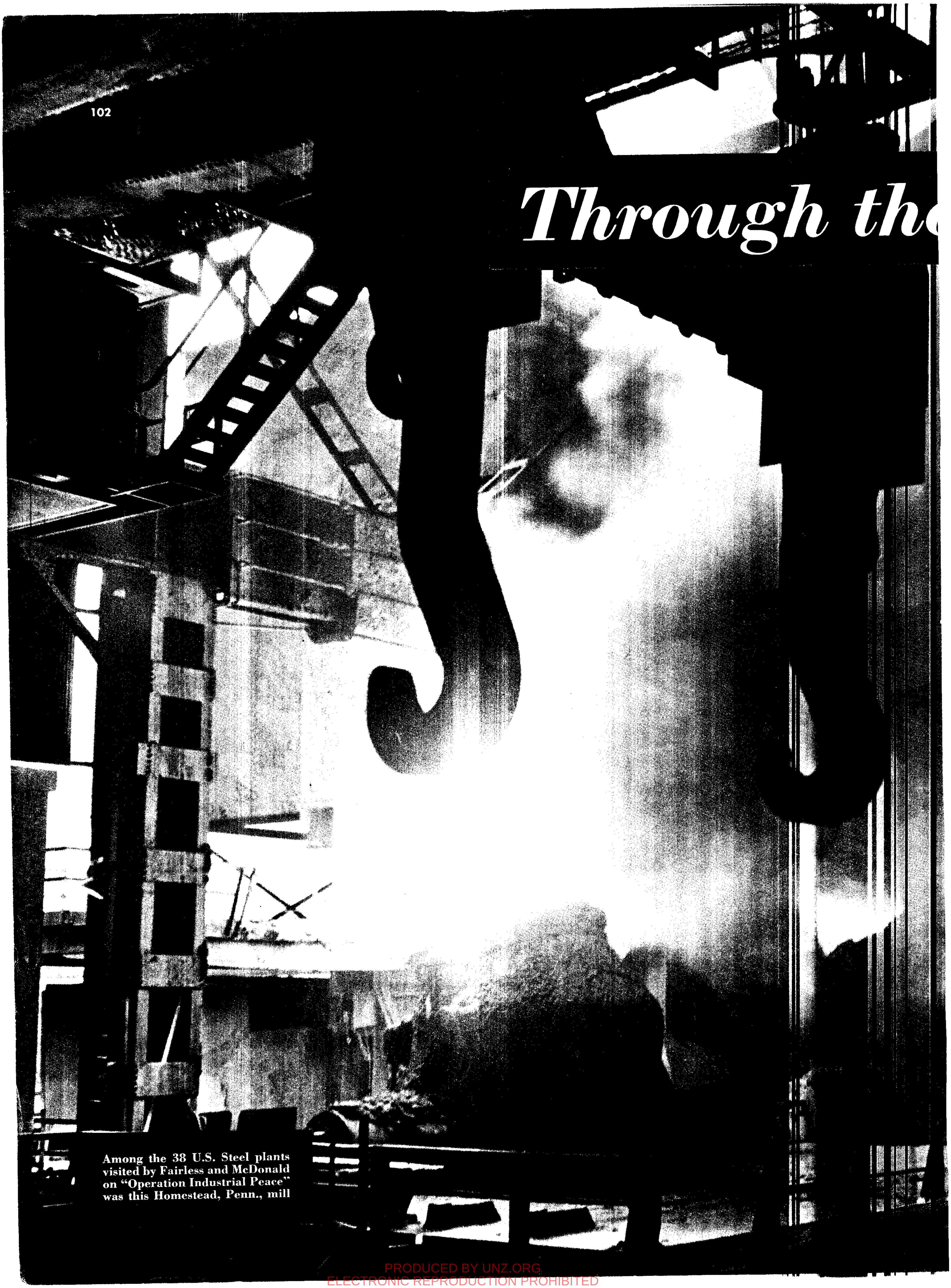

Among the 38 U.S. Steel plants visited by Fairless and McDonald on "Operation Industrial Peace" was this Homestead, Penn., mill

U.S. STEEL PHOTO

Mill with DAVE and BEN

The union leader and the steel company boss try out a new approach to industrial peace—a "back-to-the-hearth" movement. Will it work?

WIDE WORLD

U.S. Steel's Ben Fairless (l.) and Steelworkers' Dave McDonald

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

ONE morning last November a limousine drew up to the gates of the sprawling Lorain, Ohio, plant of the National Tube Company, a United States Steel subsidiary. Two stocky, well-dressed men stepped out, threw up their arms in greeting to the several hundred workers gathered to watch their arrival, then plunged into the roaring depths of the mill.

Labor-management history rode that limousine in Lorain, and the two visitors knew it. Inwardly each was more than a little nervous. This was the start of a unique experiment—the first in a series of visits they were going to make during the following five months to 38 U.S. Steel plants around the country. If their unprecedented mission succeeded, it could well lead to a drastic change in U.S. industrial relations.

The men were Benjamin F. Fairless, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel, and David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers of America, CIO. Traditions die hard in this country, and one of the most stubborn is that though we have left behind the actual bloodshed of the early days of unions, labor and management are still happiest when at each other's throat. That Fairless and McDonald were at each other's side in obvious harmony is in itself worth mention; much more remarkable was the nature of their joint venture.

The ranking chieftains of management and labor in the nation's most vital industry proposed to break through the wall that separates the top hierarchy, both company and union, from the men who do the industry's physical work. They wanted to meet the workers, talk to them, but mostly listen to them. Whatever these men had to say, however trifling their grievances, McDonald and Fairless wanted to hear, and—all important—hear together. Their objective, in short, was to explore at the same time, under the same circumstances and in each other's company the sources of the little local fires that can burst into plant- or even industry-wide conflagrations.

When they began their visits, neither Fairless nor McDonald professed to know, months ahead, what course the contract negotiations now under way between the union and steel companies would take. They did not discount the possibility of bitterness across the bargaining table. During their tours they carefully refrained from discussing either union or company policy or the terms of the new contract to be hammered out.

Time and again, when union skeptics voiced fear that the visits would weaken labor's position in the negotiations, McDonald reassured them. Fairless, with equal vigor, denied the suspicions of other steelmakers that the trips were an attempt by U.S. Steel to curry favor with the union before bargaining time.

Fairless told me: "No doubt Dave's critics will accuse him of softening up. Perhaps I myself will be criticized by my own business associates. But neither of us cares very much about that. If, through this series of plant visits, we can find the better way a little faster, we'll take all the criticism they can dish out."

Both men saw the project—Operation Industrial

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"I come from a union family," Fairless told the me

IN THE course of our plant visits Dave McDonald and I have had a real chance to let down our back hair a little and get to know each other better. In fact, I suspect both of us may have been a little surprised to discover we are a couple of pretty reasonable fellows after all. We also have had an opportunity to look beyond the issues that divide us and to see in much better perspective the overshadowing task that confronts all of us today: the task of finding a road to industrial peace. This can be accomplished simply if we can rid ourselves of the utterly false idea that our economic interests are in conflict and that, therefore, we must always try to take something away from each other.

**—Benjamin Fairless, Chairman of the Board,
United States Steel Corporation**

I AM SURE that great good came out of these tours by Ben Fairless and myself through the plants of the United States Steel Corporation. The United Steelworkers of America is a responsible union. It is proud of its contract and will not permit it to be abrogated. If we were able to impress upon both labor and management that much of the responsibility for continuing industrial peace lies at the plant level and that industrial peace can exist through measures of honest cooperation at that level, then, I am sure, our mission was a success. I see no reason why labor and management everywhere—both in and out of the steel industry—cannot benefit from this experiment in grass-roots mutual understanding.

**—David J. McDonald, President of the
United Steelworkers of America, CIO**

Peace, it was dubbed—as a long-range affair divorced from the present negotiations, however stormy they might be. That a mutual, amicable undertaking might be followed by storm and strife at the bargaining table did not seem to trouble them. It was, in fact, during the last great bitter siege between steel management and labor two years ago—an industry-wide strike which entangled steel and labor, President and Supreme Court—that the idea for the tours was born.

Phil Murray Was Co-operative

"Phil Murray and I were at the White House together," Fairless recalled. "Phil headed the union then, and I told him there should be a better way to settle our differences than by slugging it out. We agreed that we should be able to find a solution that would not involve giving up the rights and privileges of either party.

"There in the White House we decided, Phil and I, to visit the plants together and try to find the causes of industrial peace. I wish Phil Murray had lived to make these trips with us. I think he would have felt, as I do, that they have been very worth while."

After Murray died late in 1952, leadership of the union fell to gray-haired Dave McDonald, Murray's close friend and associate since the violent early New Deal days when steel was first organized. McDonald felt it his duty to carry out Murray's promise. Plans were made late last summer, and in November the tours began at Lorain and Cleveland.

Both men felt strongly that the tours should not be a publicity stunt. Reporters and photographers were barred from accompanying them through the plants. No notes or records were kept of speeches made at luncheons with local company brass and union officials. Everything possible was done to create a free, informal atmosphere. There was no politicianlike glad-handing. The schedule was laid out so that Fairless and McDonald would have time to visit and talk with the men at their work—not just breeze through the plants, shake a few hands and depart.

The company chairman and the union leader made three main trips together. The first took them to U.S. Steel plants in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; the second to mills in Pennsylvania, and the third to plants in California and Utah. Traveling with Fairless in his private railroad car was John A. Stephens, vice-president of U.S. Steel in charge of industrial relations. McDonald traveled by regular Pullman and—in a cross-continent hop—by commercial airliner. With him were I. W. Abel, secretary-treasurer of the United Steelworkers, and brawny James Thimmes, union vice-president.

The two parties made their own travel arrangements and paid their own expenses, but met at a prearranged city for the start of each tour. In all, they covered more than 6,000 miles. At each of the 38 plants visited, their routine went something like this:

Top plant executives and local union officials met with Fairless and McDonald at a hotel for breakfast. Then the whole group piled into chartered buses—with Fairless and McDonald sitting together at the front of the lead bus—for the trip to the plant. (The limousine was given up after Lorain as too undemocratic.)

Large crowds of workers, including many from the night shifts who had hung around to "see the show," were on hand. Signs, hastily thrown together or chalked on walls, read: "Welcome, Ben!" and "Hi, Dave!"

Inside the plants, Fairless and McDonald walked miles past coke ovens, open hearths, rolling mills, blooming mills. Along the way they stopped and talked with grimy, sweating workers, trying to ferret out the big and little human factors behind the wildcat and quickie strikes that far too often disrupt production despite a contract which specifically bars work stoppages.

Man-to-Man Talks with Workers

Without fanfare, the board chairman and the union boss got down on the floor of the plants and, with the smell of steel in their nostrils and the heat of the open hearth on their necks, did their best to "level" with the men under their command.

At every plant, the workers listened intently as Ben Fairless declared:

"Some people still seem to think that the corporation is antiunion. I can definitely say that this is not the case. I certainly am not. I come from a union family. My father was a coal miner and carried a union card all his working life. And my brother has belonged to the Steelworkers since the union was organized.

"Personally I signed the first contract with the Steelworkers. It has been one of my great ambitions to perfect peaceable ways of making our contracts effective. We accept the union as part of our industrial system. Although we have our differences, we think that collective bargaining is the best way to work them out.

"Of course we think that methods can be improved. And we are especially anxious, once we have settled our big differences in collective bargaining, to conduct our day-to-day operations in an intelligent and peaceable way. One of the principal reasons for our trips to the plants is to find the causes of differences—so often such little differences—which develop at the plant level and then sometimes blossom into big troubles. We want to learn how to settle them where they start."

Warned to Respect Contracts

The workers listened with equal attention to Dave McDonald when he spoke to them of their own responsibility, legal and moral, to live up to the terms of their contract. He declared that at no time would the union allow the company to abrogate its contract obligations, and he warned the men that unauthorized strikes would only weaken the union. He told them:

"All the procedures set forth in the contract should be used before resorting to a strike. Remember, the gains thus won—as opposed to those won by strikes in violation of the contract—are not easily withdrawn, or evaded."

McDonald asked questions about specific past occurrences in the plants; Fairless listened as the men spoke their gripes. Sometimes workers told how seniority rights were being abused in certain departments—the very problem that had caused a quickie strike at the Geneva plant at Provo, Utah, a week before McDonald and Fairless visited there. Or company superintendents complained about "some hotheaded young union guy" who was trying to make "a name for himself" by pulling a wildcat strike on some issue that should, under the contract, have been worked out in arbitration.

In one vast Midwestern mill Fairless, unaccompanied by McDonald, climbed into a tower where men at levers guide white-hot ingots through the rolling machinery. Most of the men greeted him cordially, shook hands, joked. But one worker gave him the cold-shoulder treatment.

Fairless tried to draw him out and find what was griping him. It was no use. The thwarted chairman climbed down to where McDonald was standing, a big grin on his face.

“Whew,” Fairless gasped. “What an old grouch! Nothing satisfied him.”

McDonald, who had been tipped off by other men in the mill, said: “You mean that fourth man from the end? The only thing wrong with that old sourpuss is he's the only nonunion man in the plant.”

Everywhere men who had known Ben Fairless “back in the days when he worked for a living” and men who had fought alongside McDonald and Murray for recognition of the Steelworkers Union dropped their tools to shake hands, reminisce and swap jokes.

A Gift Necktie from Tony

In one Midwestern blooming mill, a veteran of 30 years stepped from his storeroom post to greet “Ben.” Fairless blinked at the brilliant tie the old-timer sported.

“You like?” asked Tony, slipping it from his neck and presenting it with an exaggerated bow to “the big fellow.”

In another plant, a burly fellow working at a blast furnace walked up to Fairless.

“Are you really Ben Fairless?”

“Sure am.”

“Well, what do you know! I always said I could lick Ben Fairless, and now I'm sure of it.”

Grinning, Dave McDonald, who was close by, said: “That sure is a study in ‘human relations.’ ”

Wherever he went, Fairless was kidded mercilessly about his baseball team; he is a director of the lowly Pittsburgh Pirates. In every mill, as he passed through, someone was sure to yell, “Why don't you get yourself a ball team, Ben?”

Fairless would reply in this vein: “You know, I've seen Dave McDonald on many nights out at Forbes Field, trying his best to root the Pirates out of the cellar. And I'm grateful for his loyal support. But I'm afraid cheering isn't enough. What I wish he'd do is ferret out Casey Stengel's secret—and come up with a workable plan for a Guaranteed Annual Pennant!”

Since a “workable” guaranteed annual wage even then loomed as a major goal of the Steelworkers Union, the Fairless retort always drew a roar of delight. At one mill a determined-looking group approached the board chairman, but not to “gripe about conditions”; they wanted to sell him on a young shortstop. So convincing were they that Fairless promised to have Pirate boss Branch Rickey send his best scout to look the lad over.

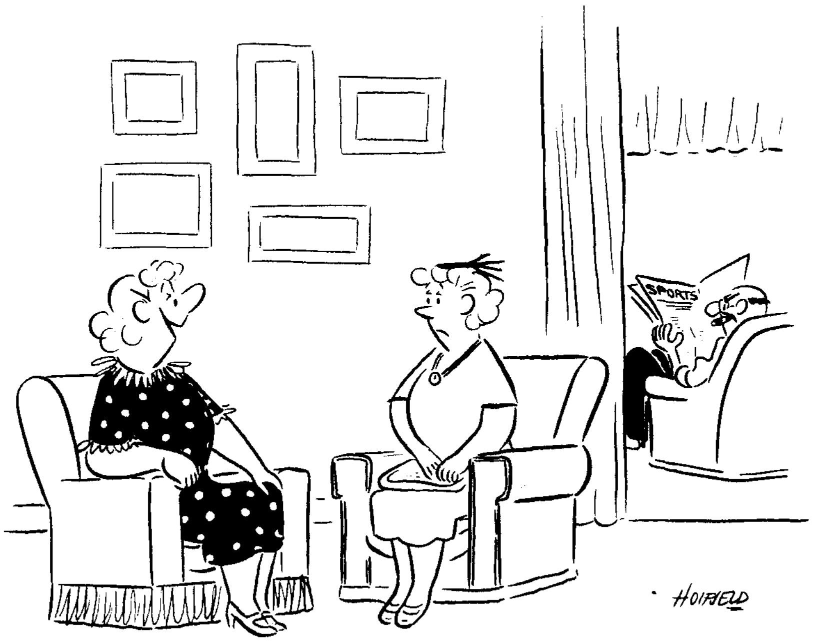
Whenever possible, McDonald and Fairless spent the entire morning touring as much of a plant as possible. Then followed a luncheon where the two men informally set forth the broad principles of their tours together. Hard-boiled company superintendents heard Fairless lay down his acceptance of the union as part of the industrial system in which he believed. Union men, from district leaders down to shop stewards and grievance men, heard McDonald inveigh against illegal strikes.

Afternoons the two leaders went back into the mills. Usually they wound up each visit with a dinner at a hotel. Often the dinner would be open to the local press. When speaking for publication, Fairless and McDonald discussed their problems in more general terms than at the informal, off-the-record plant luncheons.

At different plants I asked the men what they thought the net effects of the visits would be. Many were skeptical that any concrete good would result, but almost everyone said, in effect, “Well, it sure can't do any harm.”

More than one expressed himself similarly to a veteran union man in the National Tube works in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, who said: “Fairless talked some sense. Seems to me he meant what he said about the union being here to stay. Guess he ought to know. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We'll see.”

In a seamless hot mill in the Midwest, another summed up the reaction this way: “They're okay. I'll bet the walk this afternoon did them good. That's what those big executives need to do more often—get out and smell steel being made.”



“Ed likes to play the big-shot once in a while. Last week he lit his cigar with a twenty-dollar bill from the dress shop”

COLLIER'S NORMAN HOIFJELD

Another typical reaction, expressed in a Western wire mill, was: “It was all right. It makes the little guy feel for a change he isn't being left out. But, in the long run, maybe we're not so little after all. Without us there wouldn't be any steel made. But just the same, I was honored to shake Ben Fairless' hand.”

In a wire mill someone asked a tough furnaceman, locally famous for his cynical attitude, what he thought of the visit.

“Do you think we'd be going through the damn' mill with Dave and Ben,” he replied, “if we didn't like the company?”

“It was fellows like him,” McDonald told me later, “rough fellows in a fight, who would come up to Ben Fairless and lead him over to where they were working and say, ‘See that pressed steel, Ben? Well, there ain't nobody can make pressed steel like that except us, right here in *this* mill.’ And they meant it, too. I was struck everywhere by how much pride of workmanship, pride of shop, and even pride of company these men had. I know a lot of desk-bound company officials had their eyes opened on these trips. I know Ben Fairless was greatly impressed.”

Fear of Being Misunderstood

Fairless confirmed this. “I'll have to admit,” he told me, “that Dave and I approached the Lorain plant that first morning with some misgivings. We were both afraid that the entire concept would be misinterpreted and misunderstood. But from the moment we entered the plant we knew we were on the right track. The warmth and enthusiasm of the men made us sense that.

“It meant a lot to me to hear union officials in our plants say they make the best pipe, or best wire, or best pressed steel in the world. This pride in workmanship alone convinces me there is a sound basis for industrial peace.”

In the industry itself, this experiment in industrial relations, I gathered from talking with several steelmakers, was looked upon with mixed emotions. Some thought it just another “good-will gesture” that would be forgotten when the chips were down. Others strongly approved it. While McDonald and his union associates were on the West Coast, Henry J. Kaiser invited them to conduct a similar tour through the Kaiser Steel Corporation plants near San Francisco. Admiral Ben Moreell, wartime commander of the Seabees and now head of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, has arranged a trip through his mills with McDonald.

Both Fairless and McDonald agree that it is too early to appraise fully the results of Operation Industrial Peace. But both insist it was at least a step in the right direction. A quarter of a century ago, they point out, such a venture would have been unthinkable. Now that labor has won its major victories, they feel that an attempt by both sides to work out the little as well as the big problems should not be considered unusual, that to do it down on the mill floor as well as at the bargaining table makes sense.

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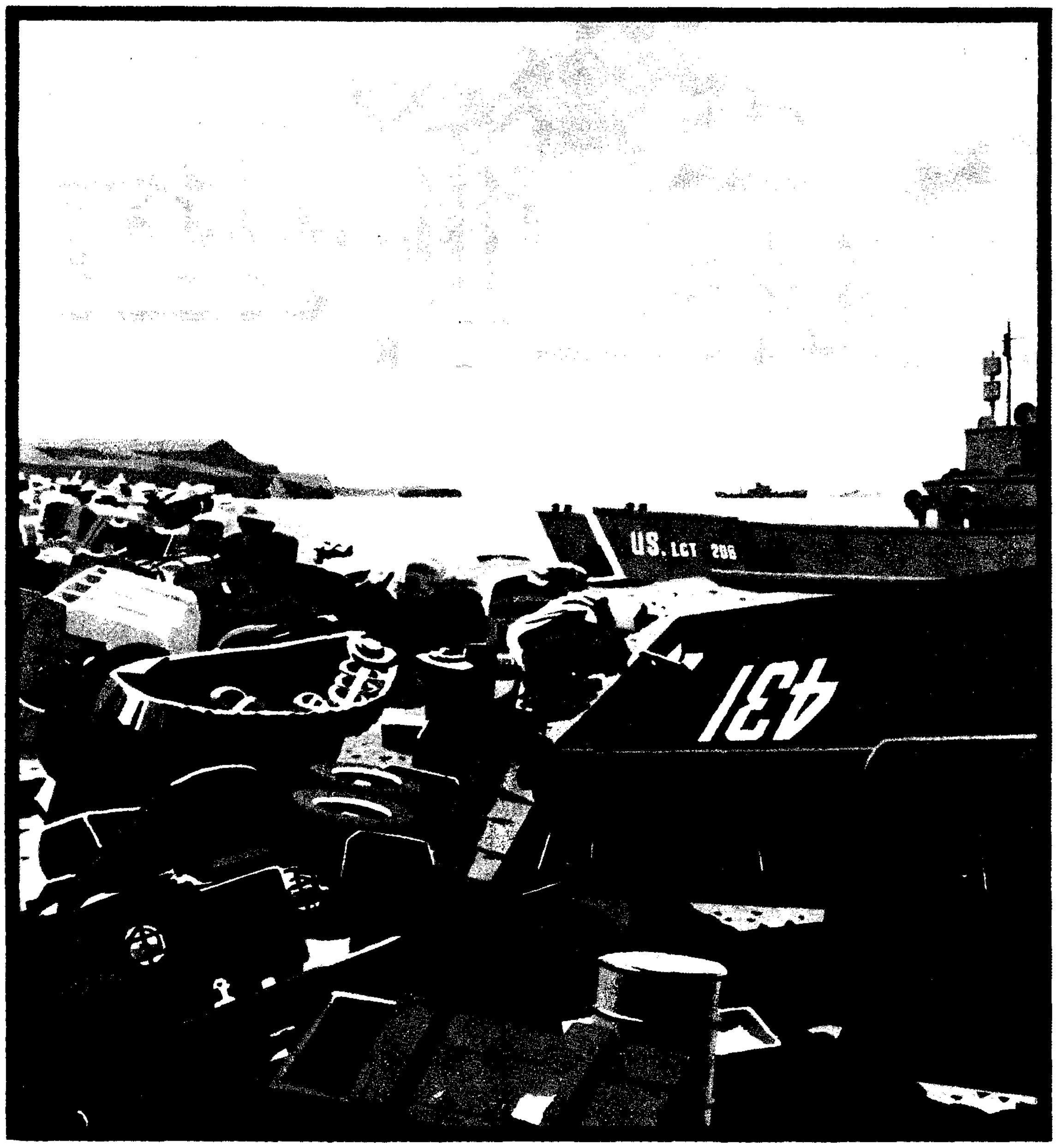


BERN HILL

Producing a Democracy

THIRTEEN DAYS after the Normandy invasion, on June 19, 1944, a hurricane struck the area where the grand assault was barely under way. During the four days that the storm continued, all sea communication with Britain was halted. Aircraft were grounded. The landing of men, weapons and supplies, all badly needed in a still indecisive battle, was virtually at a standstill. When calm weather finally returned, more than 300 wrecked vessels were counted along the Allied-held beach area.

Probably no one who took part in the invasion needs to have that storm recalled to him, or to be reminded of the potential catastrophe that it represented. But others may have forgotten what seems, in retrospect, a minor incident in a historic operation. We confess to such forgetfulness until we opened the Eisenhower memoirs, Crusade in Europe, to reread the story of the invasion as the tenth anniversary of D-day approached.

What struck us particularly, in General Eisenhower's account of the hurricane, was this paragraph: "There was no sight in the war that so impressed me with the industrial might of America as the wreckage on the landing beaches. To any other nation the disaster would have been almost decisive; but so great was America's productive capacity that the great storm occasioned little more than a ripple in the development of our build-up."

A very few years after this demonstration and proof of our country's industrial strength, there developed among some economists and legislators a theory that the bigness from which that strength derived was in itself an evil. Now, with a change in administration, there seems to have come a change in viewpoint. Nor is that change confined to Washington. For example, there is the opinion of Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia University, which he expressed in a speech before the Society of American Archivists.

Dr. Nevins predicted that the next generation of historians will adopt a "more appreciative attitude toward our material strength," and that they and other writers will stop apologizing for America's devotion to material progress, its worship of bigness and its muscular economic power.

"Had we applied restrictions to keep our economy small, tame and pure," Dr. Nevins said, "we would have lost the first World War. Had the United States not possessed the mightiest oil industry, the greatest steel industry, the best technological schools and the most ingenious working force in the world, we would indubitably have lost the second World War. . . . The architects of our material progress—the men like Whitney, McCormick, Westinghouse, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Hill and Ford—will yet stand forth in their true stature as builders of a strength which civilization found indispensable."

Dr. Nevins' ideas and words are not in the recent historical or political tradition. In fact, they still may sound like heresy to many. But isn't Dr. Nevins right? Governments may change, statesmen may blunder, theorists and politicians may come and go, but America's material strength remains and grows in a world beset by danger.

Naturally, material strength is only one component of our national strength. We must have decency, fair dealing, intelligence and courage if we are to use our material resources wisely. But without those resources America's highest aspirations and moral principles cannot proceed from thought to action. Our strength is not only something which civilization has found indispensable. It is now a power upon which civilization may have to depend for its very existence.

It's Always Treason

BACK IN FEBRUARY, 1951, an editorial in this magazine urged Congress to abolish the statute of limitations in cases of espionage, even in time of peace.

Now we are glad to note that Attorney General Brownell has sent to Capitol Hill a proposed measure which would make this treasonable crime punishable by death or any prison term up to a life sentence—and with no time-limit escape clause.

As we pointed out in the earlier editorial, there is no statute of limitations in a case of murder, and thus it seems illogical to close the books after ten years (until recently it was three years) on peacetime espionage which conceivably could mean the death of tens of thousands.

There is no reason why espionage ought to be treated differently from any other despicable offense. And there is no reason why it ought not to be combated with the oldest and most obvious deterrent to wrongdoing—the fear of punishment. Within fairly recent memory Congress has enacted or strengthened federal laws in regard to such crimes as kidnaping and white slavery, and we have seen the incidence of those crimes decrease.

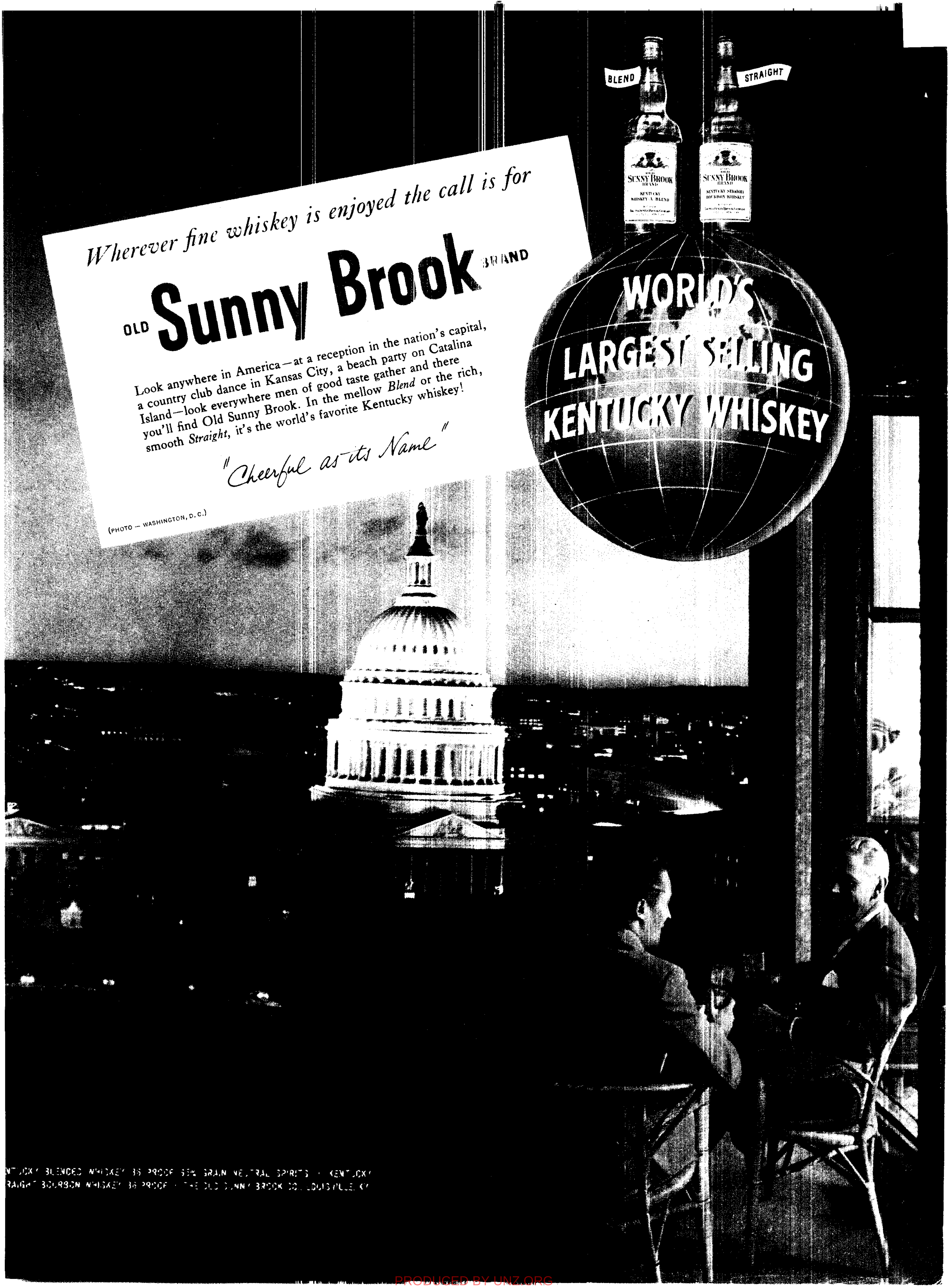
Now Congress, in this session, should finally enact a law covering espionage which would make the punishment fit the crime.

A Licking in Stamps

THE OTHER DAY a friend of ours received a letter from his congressman. It contained a list of 57 questions for the constituent to answer, including this one: "Do you favor increased postal rates to make the post office break even?"

With the questionnaire was a covering letter, in which the congressman informed the reader that "I am writing a hundred thousand of you." The envelope which contained both documents was, of course, marked FREE.

Our friend says he's going to send his own questionnaire to his representative in Washington. It will contain only one question: "Can't you think of some other way to lower postal costs—like not sending out 100,000 'free' letters at a time, for instance?"



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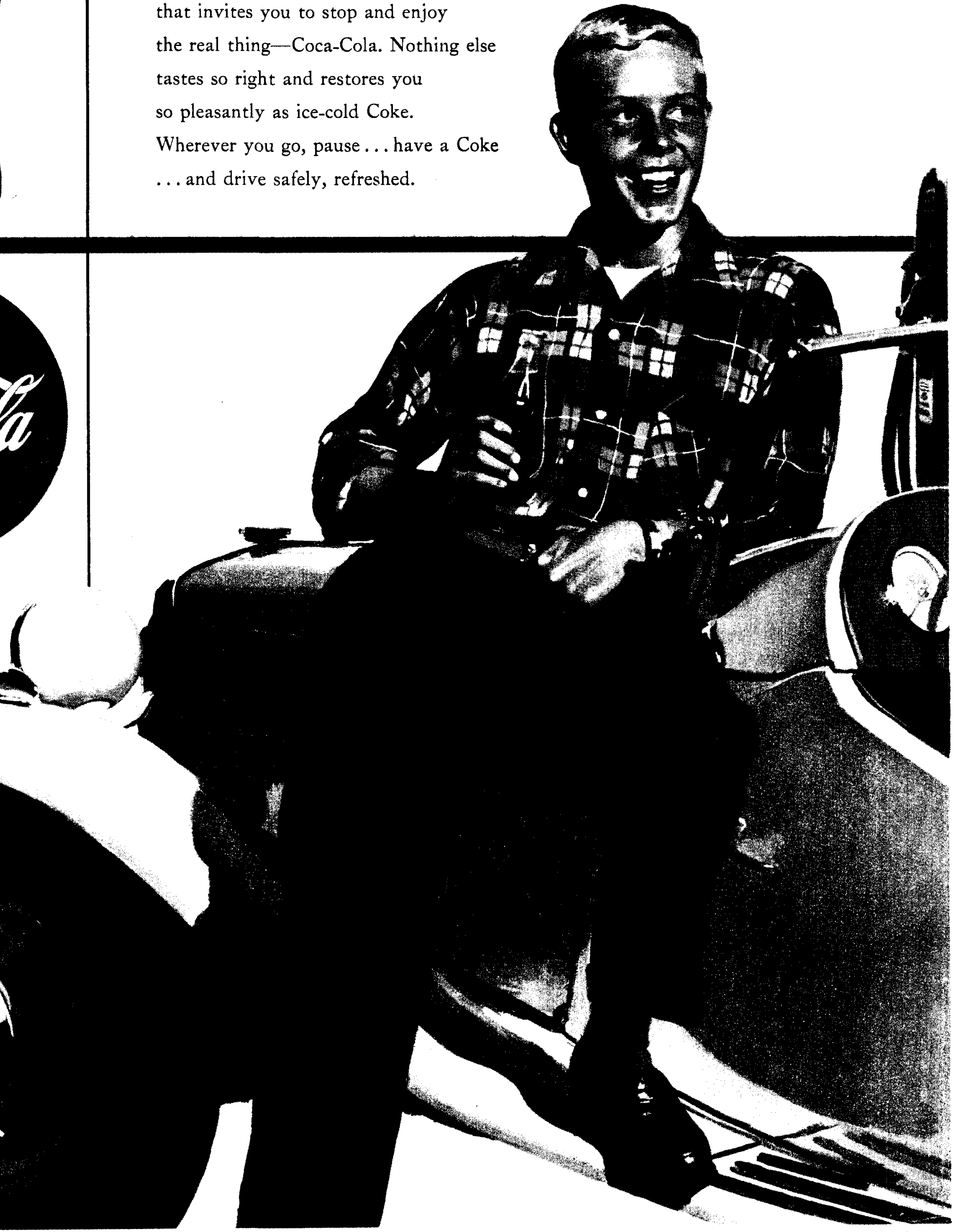

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